VOL · IX NOVEMBER 1926 NO · 35

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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An ideal realized and acclaimed!

SUCCESS always begins farther back than the public sees.

The New Safety Stutz began with an ideal, fostered for years in the mind of an engineer.

Patiently, he and his associates awaited their hour of opportunity.

It came—and a new type of automobile was born.

The motoring public, long accustomed to wolf-cries of "new", at first was skeptical.

But the creators of the New Safety Stutz, it was found, were not merely adding to the already long list of "good cars".

Instead, at the Automobile Shows last winter, observers saw in the Stutz exhibits an automobile genuinely advanced, from a mechanical standpoint.

They looked upon a motor car with new basic features rather than "talking points".

They saw a car carrying its "useful load" (passengers) radically lower than ever before; not a mere semblance of lowness, but actual mechanical lowness accomplished by real engineering—and without sacrifice of road clearance.

What they didn't see was the many engineering problems met and solved in order to gain this bona-fide close-to-the-groundness without reducing either head-room or road-clearance.

They couldn't well know that an entirely new mechanical theory had to be evolved so that the motorist might be given the benefits of this new automobile architecture.

And the full significance of the New Safety Stutz design was yet to be revealed to the public and the automobile industry alike.

But soon—by tens, by hundreds, by thousands—buyers got their cars out on the open road. Then came a nation-wide realization and acclamation of the real importance of Stutz accomplishment.

A flood of letters from owner-drivers poured in. These letters expressed a delighted surprise at the new and complete sense of security experienced in riding in the New Safety Stutz.

They exclaimed over the ease of handling, and absence of side-sway and usual road-shocks and jolts; its "road-adhesiveness", its surety around corners, and its non-skidding characteristics. And all these features were deliberately engineered into the car.

Today, the enthusiasm of the Stutz owner-body for their cars is the marvel of veteran automobile men. It is without precedent.

This enthusiasm, and the car that inspires it, are in no degree accidental. All is the fruition of the success that was founded in the dream of the engineer.

The New Safety Stutz is permanently protected against theft, by The Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

An exclusive feature is Loss-of-Use Insurance, paying the car owner five dollars per day, up to thirty days, for loss of the car's use through theft. This also is without cost to the car owner.

The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft.

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York.

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New SAFETY STUTZ

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ER 25, 1926.

H. L. Mencken

Henry Louis Mencken, author, editor and critic who, following a brief visit to the Pacific coast, has declared that Jim Reed of Missouri is the only man who can beat Coolidge in 1928.

MENCKEN ASSERTS PEOPLE ARE TIRED OF HIGH IDEALISM

Kansas City, Nov. 25.—(U. N.)—Bellowing in a voice that could be heard all over town, Henry L. Mencken, the world's heavyweight champion sniffler, declared Wednesday that the only civilized American alive who could beat President Coolidge in 1928 was Senator James A. Reed.

The favorite son of Kansas City is none other than Mencken's presidential favorite, and that probably is why the rough and tumble editor of the American Mercury wasn't shipped out of town on a rail.

Only a few minutes before, he had declared that "The Miracle," now showing here, was an obscene burlesque on Christianity.

"One difference between it and a circus," he said, with a fine indifference to the fact that the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce stands to lose a lot of money if the pantomime doesn't go over, "is that circuses as a rule are billed only 50 miles out. I noticed as I came in on the train last night that 'The Miracle' had been billed 200 miles out."

They let him get away with it when he switched the topic to Senator Reed, saying:

"I have been for Jim Reed ever since they kicked him out of the Democratic convention in San Francisco. I knew he was a great man when they did that. And he is. He is the outstanding figure of the senate. Look at the way he subdued those swine in the primary investigations.

"I believe he is the only man who could defeat Coolidge, for, of course, Coolidge will be renominated, if he wants to be. A sitting president never makes enemies. In a recent tour of the South I found that Reed is the universal second choice. Most of the first choices are favorite sons and individual preferences, who would be eliminated at a national convention. The people are tired of idealists in politics, they want a realist, and Jim Reed is a realist."

Mencken, who is in Kansas City on no particular business, unless it be to elect Senator Reed president, said that Al Smith couldn't be nominated because he was a provincial. "He knows New York," added Mencken, "but that's all. Of course, it would be a joy to see him president, because he'd make it very painful for 'wowerism.'"

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME IX November, 1926 NUMBER 35

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 38 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury, W. C. 1, London, England. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1926, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
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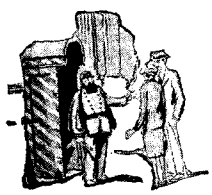

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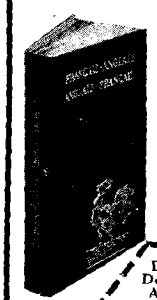

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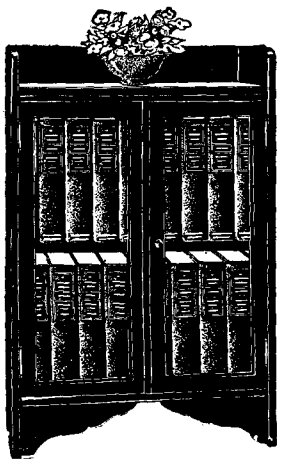

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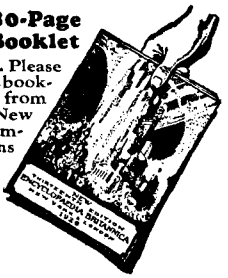

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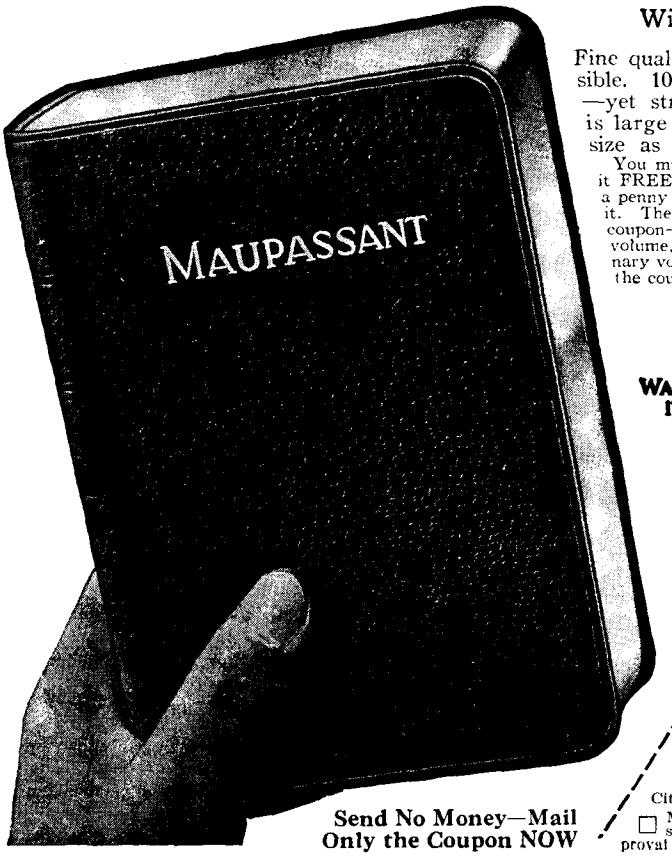

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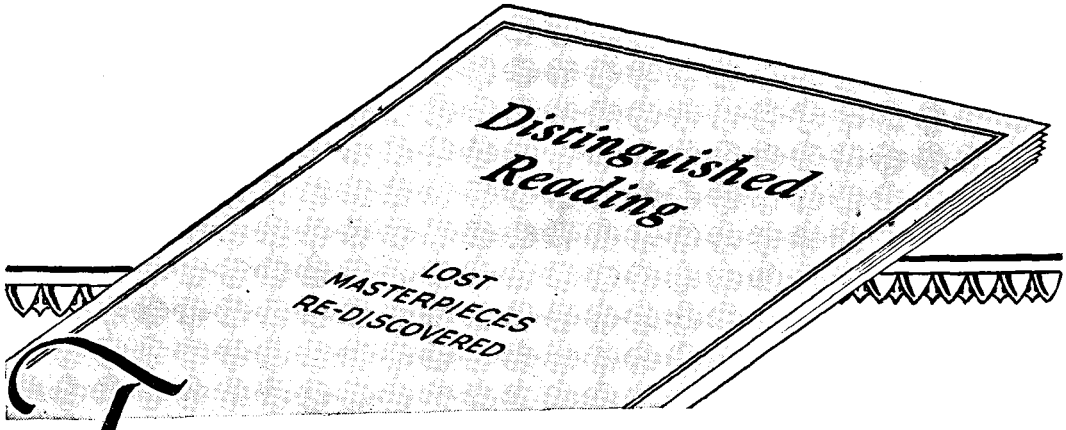

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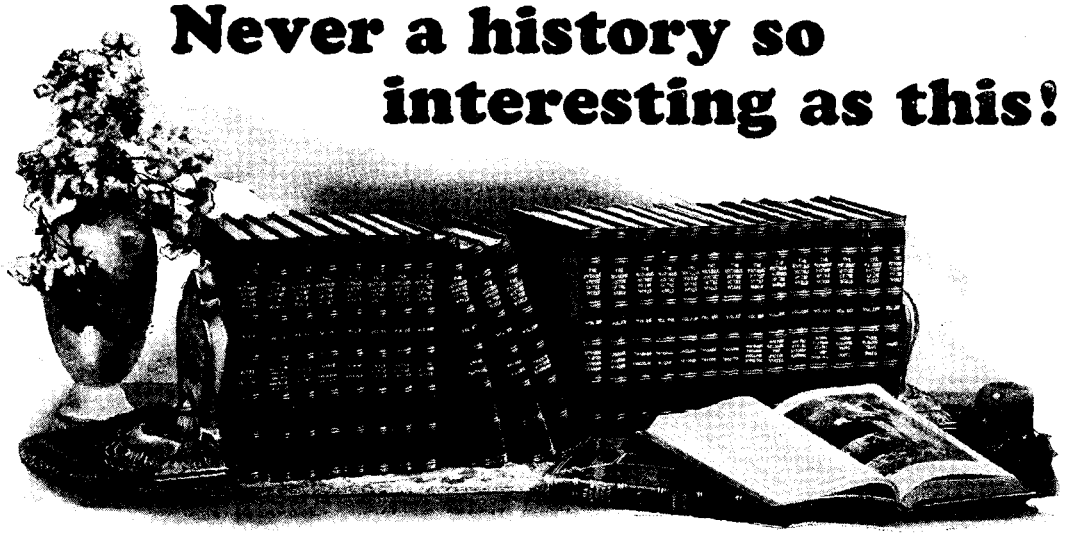

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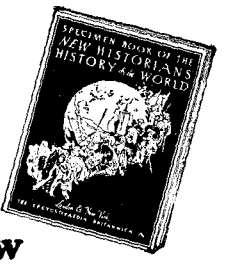

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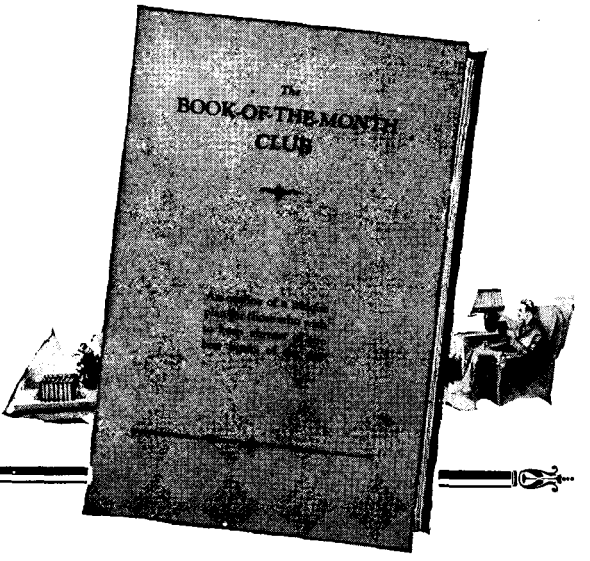

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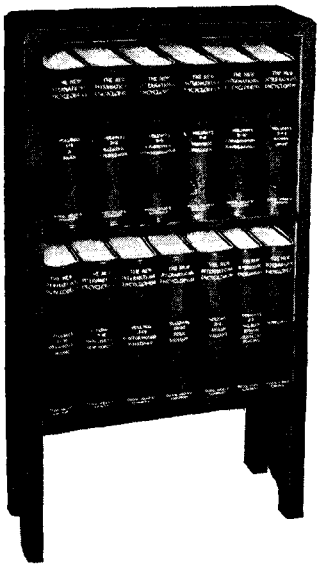

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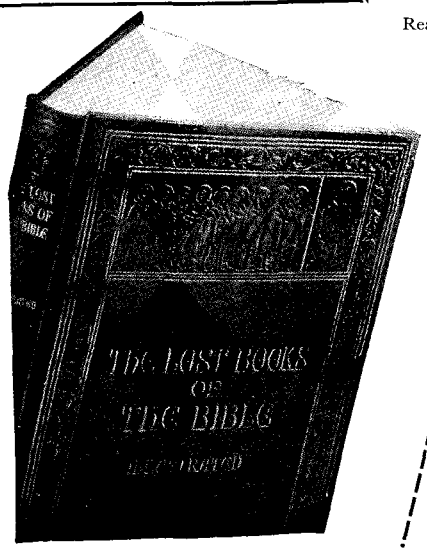

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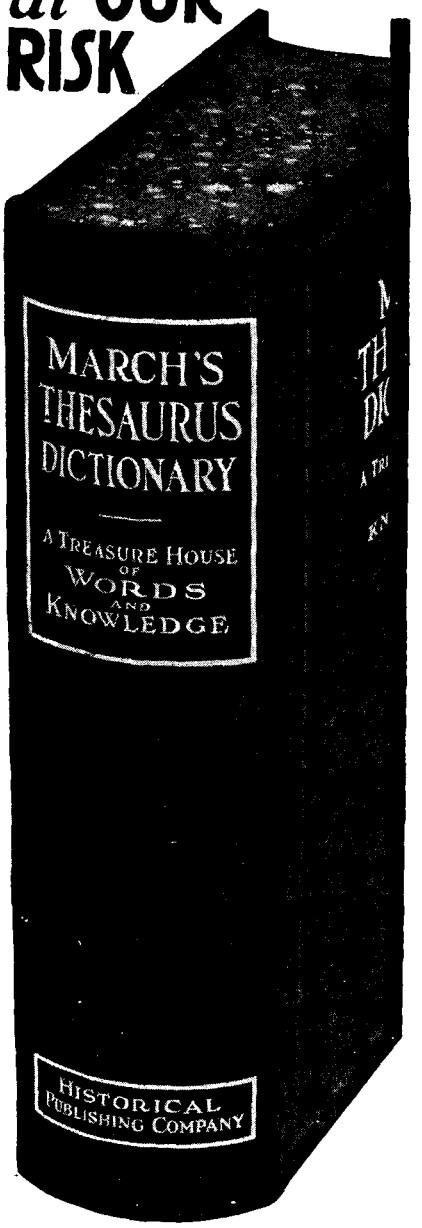

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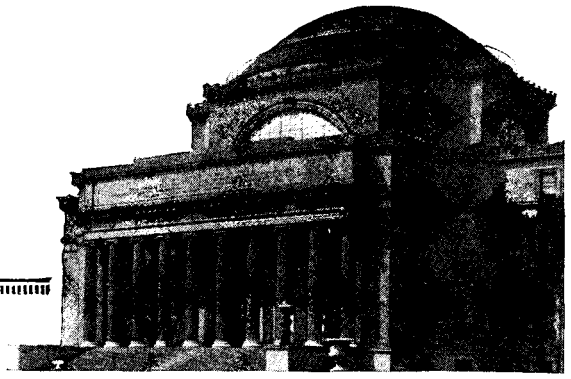

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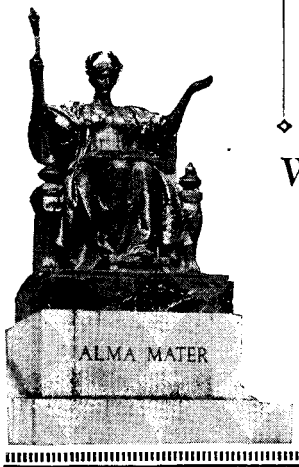

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Columbia University

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL.
By Abel Chevalley. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 4⅞; 259 pp. *New York*

The judgments set forth in this book are seldom novel, but it constitutes nevertheless a useful summary of the subject. The author is a Frenchman, and it was originally published in French for the use of students. The translation is by Ben Ray Redman. An index is missing, and badly wanted. There is a brief bibliography of French works.

EXCAVATIONS.
By Carl Van Vechten. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 285 pp. *New York*

Some of these essays come from previous books by Mr. Van Vechten, now out of print; others are from magazines. The persons dealt with are Philip Thicknesse, Ouida, Herman Melville, Edgar Saltus, H. B. Fuller, Matthew P. Shiel, Arthur Machen, Ronald Firbank, Sophie Arnould, Oscar Hammerstein, Léo Delibes, Arthur Sullivan, Isaac Albéniz and Erik Satie.

THE WRITING OF FICTION.
By Edith Wharton. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 8⅛ x 5½; 178 pp. *New York*

Chapters on the short story, and on the construction of the novel and character and situation in the novel, with an essay on Marcel Proust added. Mrs. Wharton has little to say that is new.

EUGENE O'NEILL.
By Barrett H. Clark. *Robert H. McBride & Company*
$1 7½ x 5; 110 pp. *New York*

This book belongs to the Modern American Writers series, edited by Ernest Boyd. It is the first study of O'Neill between covers so far published, and contains a great deal of hitherto inaccessible material, much of it of considerable interest. Mr. Clark discusses all of the O'Neill plays at length and with great insight. There is an exhaustive bibliography.

FORTY IMMORTALS.
By Benjamin De Casseres. *Joseph Lawren.*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 371 pp. *New York*

Unhackneyed and often brilliant essays upon various worthies, sometimes in the form of dithyrambs. Some of the men dealt with are Nietzsche, Blake, Spinoza, Ibsen, Thoreau, Balzac, Shelley, Emerson, Baudelaire, Strindberg, Whitman, Poe, Stirner, Amiel, Verlaine, Rousseau, Stendhal, Flaubert, Hawthorne and Hugo.

THE FINE ARTS

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE.
By Paul Guillaume and Thomas Munroe.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$6 19 x 7½; 134 pp. *New York*

This is the first adequate treatise on African sculpture in English, and it is so well done that little remains to be said upon the subject. There are chapters on the Negro mind, on the basic aims of Negro plastic, and on the different tribal styles. The excellent illustrations are from the collection of Dr. Albert C. Barnes.

PRINTS AND BOOKS.
By William M. Ivins, Jr. *The Harvard University Press*
$5 8 x 5¼; 375 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Many of these little essays were written for the *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and deal with prints in its collections. The book reveals the wide and sound knowledge of the author, and is full of charm.

HISTORY

SOLDIERS OF THE PLAINS.
By P. E. Byrne. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 260 pp. *New York*

This is an account of the Indian wars of the 60's and 70's, written from the standpoint of the Indians, and planned to do belated justice to their fortitude, daring and military skill. The author argues that the government should erect a monument to these "first patriots of the plains."

A SHORT HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.
By Lynn Thorndike. *F. S. Crofts & Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 619 pp. *New York*

A text intended mainly for college use. Dr. Thorndike has covered his immense field very skillfully, and has kept his narrative interesting without making much sacrifice of essential fact. His viewpoint is roughly that of H. G. Wells in "An Outline of History." There are useful bibliographies at the ends of the chapters.

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.
By Robert E. Spiller. *Henry Holt & Company*
$4 8½ x 5½; 416 pp. *New York*

This somewhat formidable volume summarizes the reports brought back from England by American trav-

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OTHER NEWS FROM BRICK HOUSE
FAMED BARD LAUDS FIRST NOVEL

Special to the American Mercury—

Clement Wood, poet, critic and novelist, wrote to the publishers of Gloria Goddard's new novel, *Backyard*, "It is the most distinguished first novel that I have ever encountered." When interviewed, subsequent to his statement, Mr. Wood said: "The method of *Backyard* has definitely enlarged the craft of fiction by furnishing it with a new tool. Measured beside the slim half dozen best American novels it loses none of its impressiveness. The book establishes the author, at first appearance, as one of the most significant figures in fiction that America has produced."

GLORIA GODDARD

Additional investigation by our star reporter elicited the information that *Backyard* is on sale at all bookstores at two dollars per copy.

FENCER'S FLASHING PHRASES STIR EDITORS

Mercury readers will be glad to learn of the publication on October 8th of Robert Nathan's *The Fiddler in Barly*. The delivery of a new manuscript by the brilliant young swordsman-novelist is always an event —even to a jaded editorial staff. This latest tale, which has to do with the adventures of a middle-aged fiddler and his dancing dog, is reported by them to be by far his finest work to date. It, also, may be purchased for two dollars.

CRITICS PROBE WRITERS

Two additional volumes, numbers five and six, have been added to the Modern American Writers Series which is under the general editorship of Ernest Boyd. Barrett Clark's *Eugene O'Neill* is the first book to be wholly devoted to the life work of the playwright and is said to be an excellent piece of work containing much new and interesting material. Ben Ray Redman's *Edwin Arlington Robinson* develops the thesis that that writer is the most considerable poet this country has

ROBERT NATHAN

yet produced, although the study, as a whole, is by no means one of uncritical enthusiasm. Each of these valuable works is priced at one dollar.

BRIEFER MENTION

Among other interesting Brick House publications are Harold Lamb's cossack novel, *White Falcon* ($2.00), the gorgeously illustrated *Encyclopedia of Furniture* ($15.00), ROMOLA and H. C. Anderson's fascinating history, *The Sailing-Ship* (illustrated, $5.00), Elise Lathrop's *Early American Inns and*

BEN RAY REDMAN

Taverns—the only complete work on the subject—(illustrated, $5.00), and the first three volumes of the *Drawings of the Great Masters*, Florentine, Flemish and Early German, priced at $5.00 each. These titles and many other Brick House publications may be purchased at your bookseller or from **ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY, 7 West 16th Street, New York City.**

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

elers during the time between the Revolution and the year 1835. The book seems to be a doctor's thesis, and shows the laboriousness of that sort of thing. But many of the quotations are interesting and amusing. There is an elaborate bibliography.

THE BEST LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.
Edited by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$2.50 8 x 5; 300 pp. *Boston*

There are seventy-seven letters in this collection and four other documents. The selections are very intelligently made, there is a sensible introduction by the editor, and a careful index makes reference easy.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA. *The Land of an Unconquerable Ideal.*
By Jessie Mothersole. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 296 pp. *New York*

A general handbook of the country and its people, written by an ardent admirer of both. The author argues that the Czechs "were not only pioneers in the work of the Reformation, but also in an early attempt to form a League of Nations, in the introduction of modern educational methods, in efforts toward promoting universal peace, and in the condemnation of war as a crime which punished the victor equally with the vanquished." There are sixty illustrations by the author in color and black and white, and a map.

THE HISTORY OF THE MOST NOTED PIRATES.
The Empire State Book Company
$3 8½ x 5¾; 295 pp. *New York*

Among the pirates whose exploits are discussed are Captains Robert Kidd, William Fly, Misson, John Bowen, John Cornelius, David Williams, Samuel Burgess and Nathaniel North. There are many engravings.

THE SCIENCES

RAIN-MAKING AND OTHER WEATHER VAGARIES.
By W. J. Humphreys. *The Williams & Wilkins Co.*
$2.50 7½ x 4⅞; 157 pp. *Baltimore*

Mr. Humphreys, who is a meteorological physicist attached to the Weather Bureau, here rehearses all the rain-making schemes heard of in modern times, and shows the imbecility of all of them. He adds some instructive chapters on equinoctial storms, moon farming, and other such phantasms.

BRAINS OF RATS AND MEN.
By C. Judson Herrick. *The University of Chicago Press*
$3 7⅜ x 5; 382 pp. *Chicago*

An elaborate study of the anatomy and physiology of the cortex, by the professor of neurology at Chicago. It is, perhaps, the best summary of the known facts about mental processes yet put into English. The lay reader will find parts of it difficult, but in the main it will be within his grasp. There is a full bibliography.

STARLIGHT.
By Harlow Shapley. *The George H. Doran Company*
$1 6¾ x 4⅜; 143 pp. *New York*

The author is director of the Harvard Observatory. His little book offers a capital summary of astronomical fact, and save for one passage, wherein he rashly toys with mathematical formulæ, should be comprehensible to every literate person. There are a number of excellent illustrations.

FLOWER SCENT.
By F. A. Hampton. *Dulau & Company*
6s. 7¼ x 4⅞; 135 pp. *London*

This is the first book upon the subject in English. The physiology of smell is first discussed, and then the different flower scents are analyzed, and the method of their recovery for the use of perfumers is described. There is a useful bibliography at the end of each chapter, and in an appendix there is a list of scented plants suitable for small gardens.

THE EINSTEIN DELUSION AND OTHER ESSAYS.
By L. A. Redman. *A. M. Robertson*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 217 pp. *San Francisco*

Practically all these essays deal with physical and astronomical problems, among them being the Einstein theory, gyroscopic motion, angular momentum, and the force of gravity. Of the first the author says, "Einstein cannot 'prove' his theory without in the course of his reasoning repudiating it."

CARGOES AND HARVESTS.
By Donald Culross Peattie. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5; 311 pp. *New York*

A popular account of the history of various useful plants: the potato, cotton, the poppy, tobacco, camphor, rubber, various spices, drugs, dyes, etc. The author is a botanist formerly attached to the Department of Agriculture and his book is authoritative and well-written. There are numerous maps, and at the end of each chapter there is a bibliography.

Continued on page xxx

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The Second Book *of* Negro Spirituals

Sixty-one songs and an introduction form a companion volume to the famous "Book of American Negro Spirituals," by the same editor and arranger. $3.50.

"We unreservedly recommend MOHAMMED as the season's biography. . . . such a pretty wit and so clear a sense of style as are possessed by Mr. Dibble."—*The World.* $3.00.

MOHAMMED

by

R. F. DIBBLE

Reading the opening paragraph of this novel, huge in scope and achievement, one is transported out of every-day reality by the magic of a color-laden romance. Herein are enacted the lives of hundreds of characters against the pageantry and decadence of the court of Württemberg in the early eighteenth century. One character towers above the rest: Jew Süss, the brilliant and insatiable money lender whose life forms a strange blending of actual history and legend. $2.50.

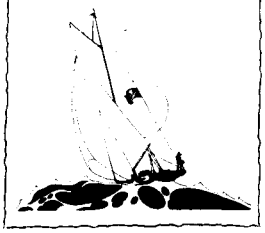
POWER

by

LION FEUCHTWANGER

Listen, Moon!

by LEONARD CLINE



One part moon madness, one part adventure clothed in exquisite prose, LISTEN, MOON! has made even the sober critics chortle and chuckle and shout in praise. $2.00.

Biography, anecdote and criticism combine in a fascinating depiction of Gautier and the literary giants who prided themselves on being romantics. Illustrated. $3.00.

GAUTIER

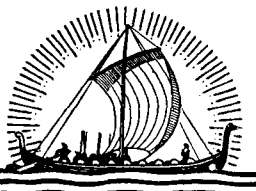
AND THE ROMANTICS

by

JOHN GARBER PALACHE

THE VIKING PRESS

PUBLISHERS



30 IRVING PLACE

NEW YORK

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NEWSPAPERS IN COMMUNITY SERVICE.
By Norman J. Radder. *The McGraw-Hill Book Company*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 269 pp. *New York*

A laborious and humorless treatise for the use of editors who yearn for Service. The author does not differentiate between the intelligent and useful varieties and those borrowed from Kiwanis. There is a bibliography.

SOLVING THE FARM RIDDLE.
By Edward Jerome Dies. *Pascal Covici*
$1.50 7½ x 5½; 147 pp. *Chicago*

A valuable and very interesting discussion of co-operation as a solution to the farming problem. Mr. Dies thinks that the McNary-Haughen bill is a "complicated parcel of sentimentality," but he believes that "coöperation should have the friendly assistance of the government. It should not be subsidized or underwritten by the government."

BOLSHEVISM IN TRADE UNIONS.
By John A. Dycho. *Boni & Liveright*
$2 7¼ x 4¾; 224 pp. *New York*

The author was formerly secretary of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, but is now an employer. He argues that the union has greatly injured the position of its members by harassing the larger shops with unjustified strikes and so forcing them to farm out their work to smaller shops and he alleges that this unwise policy is to be blamed upon self-seeking union politicians, more eager to make profitable trouble than to serve the rank and file of workers.

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.
By Edith Abbott. *The University of Chicago Press*
$4.50 9 x 6; 881 pp. *Chicago*

A collection of sources, comprehensive, well chosen, and supplied with sufficient explanatory notes. The author is professor of social economy in the University of Chicago.

THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL.
By James Waterman Wise. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 93 pp. *New York*

"The fact of the survival of the Jew is assured," says Mr. Wise. As for the renaissance of a Jewish state in Palestine, he is hot for it, and he thinks that it will "lend a new dignity to the position of the Jew in every land." Mr. Wise is the son of the distinguished prophet, the Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise.

THE CONSERVATION OF THE FAMILY.
By Paul Popenoe. *The Williams & Wilkins Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 266 pp. *Baltimore*

There is little new in this book. It summarizes the correct doctrine regarding illegitimacy, venereal disease, prostitution, abortion, etc., succinctly, but goes little beyond it.

THE TAXATION OF INHERITANCE.
By William J. Shultz. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8 x 5; 379 pp. *Boston*

An exhaustive study of the subject, beginning with a discussion of inheritance taxes among the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. The history of the American and European taxes is given in detail, and there is a long exposition of the theories underlying them. The book is one of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize essays in economics. The author is a professor at Hunter College.

TRAVEL

WHITE WATERS AND BLACK.
By Gordon MacCreagh. *The Century Company*
$4 8 x 5; 404 pp. *New York*

An extremely amusing book. It describes a journey across the Andes and down the headwaters of the Amazon. The author's position in the expedition is not quite clear; apparently he was taken along as an expert in wilderness travel. His portraits of his fellow travelers, most of them eminent scientists, are racy and merciless. In the end, after grotesque quarrels, all of them deserted. There are many illustrations.

RAINBOW COUNTRIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.
By Wallace Thompson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 284 pp. *New York*

The countries considered are Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador and Guatemala. The author discusses, not only their geography, but also their history, commerce and general cultural status. There are thirty half-tones and a map.

CORSICA: *The Surprising Island.*
By Hildegarde Hawthorne. *Duffield & Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 235 pp. *New York*

This book is the fruit of a four months' stay on the island. The author covered it from end to end, and describes it very attractively. There are sixteen full-page illustrations.

WOLKENKRATZER.
By Hans Christoph Kaergel. *Ostdeutsche Verlagsanstalt*
M. 4 7½ x 5¼; 182 pp. *Breslau*

Continued on page xxxii

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TRANSLATIONS *and* TOMFOOLERIES

By George Bernard Shaw

Mr. Shaw after addressing the world at large on the occasion of his seventieth birthday with a Jovian gesture presents to America this volume of six plays and one translation, all accompanied by his inimitable introductions.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
The First Civilized American

By Phillips Russell

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BY RUPERT HUGHES

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The stirring epic of a boy pioneer of the '40s. Second printing. ($1.75)

Young Folk, Old Folk
by CONSTANCE TRAVERS SWEATMAN
A new and kindly angle on the clash of the generations. ($2.00)

303 Fifth Ave. **New York**

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

AMERIKA UND SEIN PROBLEM.
By M. J. Bonn. *Meyer & Jessen*
M. 3 8 x 5¼; 176 pp. *Munich*

AMERIKA, DU HAST ES BESSER!
By Ann Tizia Leitich. *Steyermühl Verlag*
M. 3.75 7½ x 4¾; 192 pp. *Vienna*

Books on the United States pour from the presses of Central Europe in a gushing stream. They fall into two classes. Those of the first class are simply travelers' tales and full of gaudy marvels; those of the second are serious, and often extremely sensible, discussions of American policy and life. Herr Kaergel's and Fräulein Leitich's volumes belong to the first class; Herr Bonn's to the second.

THE FIRE OF DESERT FOLK.
By Ferdinand Ossendowski. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 354 pp. *New York*

This is an account of the author's travels through Morocco in 1924. It deals not only with the history and geography of the country, but also with its religion and its present-day politics. There are a map, a bibliography and a glossary.

MAJORCA.
By Henry C. Shelley. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅜; 275 pp. *Boston*

A careful and comprehensive, but often dull account of the larger of the Balearic Islands, in the Mediterranean. There is an excellent summary of its history. The twenty-four full-page illustrations are from photographs by the author. An introduction by the novelist, A. S. M. Hutchinson, adds nothing to the value of the book.

BIOGRAPHY

WHAT HAPPENS—
By John Herrmann. *The Contact Editions*
7⅜ x 4⅝; 273 pp. *Paris*

Three years from the life of a young man, largely devoted to his love affairs. The thing is crudely done, but has sound observation in it and is plainly sincere. The book has been barred from the United States by the wowsers of the Customs Service. Stuff ten times more dangerous to Christian virgins, male and female, goes through the mails by the ton.

THE TRAITOR.
By Harry K. Thaw. *Dorrance & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 271 pp. *Philadelphia*

In this incoherent and worthless volume Thaw tells the story of his life, including his assassination of Stanford White. The traitor of the title is one of his

Continued on page xxxiv

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EUROPE SINCE WATERLOO

A History by WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

¶Great men and great events from the Holy Alliance to the League of Nations. A profound, thoughtful and scholarly history in the modern fashion, by the author of "Roots of the War." Illustrations and maps. $5.00

FACING EUROPE

by FREDERICK BAUSMAN

¶Judge Bausman discloses the causes of the growing European envy and hatred of the U. S., the organized propaganda now under way to prepare for repudiation of debts, and the perilous diplomatic and military net which is being woven about us. $3.00

EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE

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¶An authoritative and fully informative book by the associate curator of the Metropolitan Museum. 171 illus. $4.00

EARLY AMERICAN POTTERY and CHINA

by JOHN SPARGO

¶Complete and authentic history of a precious early native art and its products; for collector, decorator or amateur. 95 illus. $4.00

LINCOLN'S Parentage and Childhood

by LOUIS A. WARREN

¶Newly discovered information answers the riddle of Lincoln's heredity. An informative and picturesque book, portraying a whole American pioneer generation. Illus. $3.50

BILL NYE: His Own Life Story

Continuity by FRANK WILSON NYE

¶A rarely colorful autobiography arranged by the great humorist's son from unpublished writings. Caricatures and illustrations. $4.00

THE NEGRO In American Life

by JEROME DOWD

¶A scholarly study of the black race, its history, potentialities, and probable future, by the Professor of Sociology, Oklahoma U. $5.00

TURGENEV

by AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

¶A brilliant life study of the great Russian novelist, an artist tremendous as the ocean, a man unstable as water, a lord of serfs and a slave of women. Dr. Yarmolinsky has recaptured Turgenev's own creative mood in a biography realistic and austere. Illustrated. $4.00

PALESTINE AWAKE

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¶Political and economic progress in the New Holy Land. Illus. $2.50

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Continued from page xxxii

lawyers, whom he accuses vaguely of betraying him. Half the book is devoted to dull accounts of banal social revels. There are whole passages that are quite unintelligible.

ADVENTURES IN EDITING.
By Charles Hanson Towne. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¼; 239 pp. *New York*

What Mr. Towne has to say is, in the main, trivial. He has met many authors, but his reminiscences of them are seldom illuminating. His book sadly needs an index.

ALLEGRA.
By Armistead C. Gordon. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¾; 266 pp. *New York*

A popular biography of Byron, dealing in the main with his love affairs. On page 210 Mr. Gordon says this of the poet: "Something in him of unappeasable restlessness told him that woman's tenderness and affection could never afford him any other relief than a transient one."

RELIGION

JESUS A MYTH.
By Georg Brandes. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 190 pp. *New York*

Brandes argues that Jesus, like William Tell, never existed in the flesh. The evidence he offers is extremely shaky. A far better job was done by the German professor, Arthur Drews, in "The Christ Myth," in 1910.

THE FACE OF SILENCE.
By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5½; 255 pp. *New York*

An account of Rama Krishna, a Brahmin, born in India in 1836, who founded a new religion in that priest-ridden and unhappy country, and is now worshipped as a god. Mr. Mukerji is very sympathetic, and his work will no doubt get an attentive reading in Los Angeles.

REPRINTS

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS.
Edited by Bliss Perry. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 357 pp. *New York*

Emerson's complete journals were printed in ten volumes in 1909–14. Dr. Perry here boils them down very judiciously, and the extracts make an extremely interesting book. There is an adequate index.

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GREAT BOOKS OF 1926

So MANY noteworthy books are being published these days that readers must be alert or treasures they have been awaiting will slip by them. The most popular book of the season thus far is SHOW BOAT ($2.00), a yellow bound novel by Edna Ferber you see everywhere. Kathleen Norris's powerful story of an American Tess, HILDEGARDE ($2.00), though recently published is gaining strong favor with readers every day as is INTRODUCTION TO SALLY, a charming story by "Elizabeth," author of "The Enchanted April." Readers are also finding flashes of the incomparable genius of Rudyard Kipling in his first new book of fiction in ten years, DEBITS AND CREDITS ($2.00), and of Sir Hugh Clifford in his IN DAYS THAT ARE DEAD ($2.00).

The favorite of the critics thus far is Ellen Glasgow's witty novel of a Virginia gentleman THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS ($2.50). It is the novelist's novel of the year, though Ada and Julian Street's magnificent story of our times TIDES ($2.00), to be published soon, will win wide praise. Robert E. McClure's story of youth, love, and war, SOME FOUND ADVENTURE ($2.00), is receiving fine praise as is a new novel by the author of "An American Idyll," Cornelia Stratton-Parker's A DAUGHTER OF PAN ($2.00).

By far the finest and most sympathetic picture we have of Woodrow Wilson is to be found in David F. Houston's EIGHT YEARS WITH WILSON'S CABINET (2 vols. $10.00). The former Secretary of the Treasury was a trained literary observer in Washington as Ambassador Page was in London. His book should stand beside "The Page Letters" everywhere.

These books are on sale at bookstores everywhere and are published by Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

[ONE]

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Continued from page xxxiv

SATIRICAL POEMS.
By William Mason. *The Oxford University Press*
$14 10½ x 7⅝; 157 pp. *New York*

Mason's poems, here printed for the first time, are dull indeed, but the notes by Horace Walpole are often very interesting. Poems and notes remained lost for years; finally they were unearthed in the Waller collection by the present editor, Paget Toynbee.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE FORMS OF POETRY.
By Louis Untermeyer. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.35 7½ x 5; 166 pp. *New York*

A useful handbook for apprentice poets. The principal poetic terms are defined under one alphabet and the forms of verse under another. There are also "A Brief Outline of English Poetry" and an annotated bibliography.

MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY.
By Francis A. March and Francis A. March, Jr.
The Historical Publishing Company
$9 10 x 7; 1190+251 pp. *Philadelphia*

This huge work first appeared in 1903. It contains all the synonyms and antonyms usually found in a thesaurus, and in addition defines all the words listed. To it have been added a treatise on English grammar, a history of the language, a list of roots, prefixes and affixes, lists of pen-names, names from fiction, abbreviations, given names, slang words, and words from various sciences, arts and industries. It is very bulky, but will be of constant use on the writing-desk.

FICTION

THE WEST VIRGINIAN.
By H. E. Danford. *Harold Vinal.*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 300 pp. *New York*

Robert Montgomery wanders into Mingo, where he takes part in a mine war. His exciting experiences with the desperadoes of both the labor unions and the operators' associations come to a conclusion when he wins the love of an old sweetheart, whom he thought he had lost long ago.

THE LOOM OF THE FOOL.
By Austin Macleod. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 373 pp. *New York*

Richard's wife dies. He grows moody, and decides to write a novel of his Great Experiences. He goes to New York, gets in touch with Real Life, tastes of forbidden fruit, and then rushes back to his home town and marries the stenographer who typed his novel.

Continued on page xxxviii

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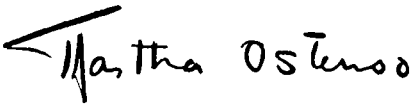

THE DARK DAWN, *by Martha Ostenso.* The Author of "Wild Geese" presents another forceful drama of Minnesota farm life, in which a woman of ruthless ambition marries a farmer's boy. The pathos, the humour, the tragedy, that crowds their years makes this one of the really great stories in American literature. $2.00

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HIGH SILVER, *by Anthony Richardson*, is a poignant story of idealistic young manhood confronted with disillusionment and the ruthlessness of life and love. Frustration drives him to compromise. $2.00

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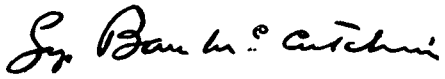
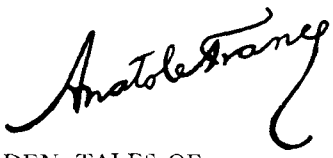


KINDLING AND ASHES, *by George Barr McCutcheon*, is a boldly original story. A feud between the Jaggards at the top of town and the Waynes at the bottom, winds up in a rush of original complications when the son of the Jaggards elopes with a daughter of the Waynes. $2.00



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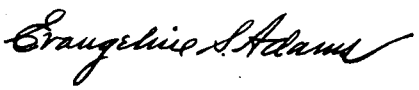

THE BOWL OF HEAVEN, *by Evangeline Adams.* An amazing and sincere chronicle of the career of a famous modern astrologer whose influence from her office in Carnegie Hall, New York, has guided the lives of the foremost people of our day—leaders in all walks of life. The evidence in this book will challenge you. $3.00

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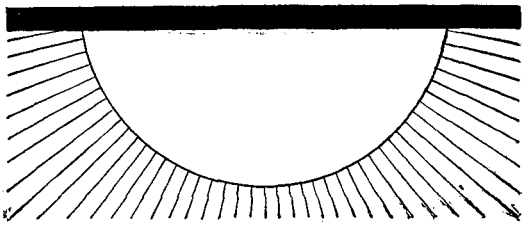

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- "Specialization, vegetable or intellectual, in time is poisonous."
- "The atom, once a satisfying little lump of ultimate solidity, has become a communistic gang of electrons acting as a unit."
- "Life is not the wax or wick of the candle. It is the burning."
- "The parts of modern thinking have grown faster than the whole."
- "Society has a behavior. It is a unit of human living that is too often observed only through the peepholes of individual actions."

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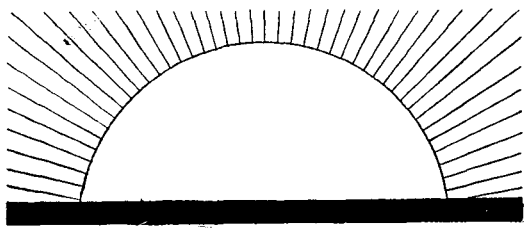

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

THE MAN THEY HANGED.
By Robert W. Chambers. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 416 pp. *New York*

In this story Mr. Chambers confessedly leans very heavily on historical documents, and his thread of fiction is rather slight. His theme is that Captain Kidd not only was not a pirate, but that he was a gentleman and a public servant of the highest standing.

PRECIOUS BANE.
By Mary Webb. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 356 pp. *New York*

A tale of the superstitions and customs of Shropshire county in Napoleon's day, centering about the lives of Prue Sarn and her brother Gideon, and told in the honest English of the time. It is an excellent piece of writing, and rich with interesting characters.

DRY MARTINI: *A Gentleman Turns to Love.*
By John Thomas. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 250 pp. *New York*

Willoughby Quimby left his wife and daughter in America twelve years ago, and is now in Paris, where he is filling himself with all sorts of drinks and womanly charms. His family suddenly comes upon him, and before long they beat him at his own game. Willoughby reforms and begs for reunion with his wife, but she answers his plea with the announcement that within a month she will become the wife of another man. Thus rebuffed, he rushes back to his favorite bar, and fills himself to overflowing.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.
By Alyse Gregory. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 263 pp. *New York*

Sylvia Brown is young and beautiful, her papa is rotten with money, and her tea-party mama is watchfully waiting for the future son-in-law. Sylvia, of course, breaks her heart by falling in love with a low-born—a gardener's son. In the course of events he attempts a kiss and all that goes with it. Her affection for him fades away at once, and—"I think I'd like to go home. I feel rather tired." Sylvia looks around for more spiritual men, but finds that they all come to the same thing in the end. So she marries Marcel, her first lover.

THE GOLDEN DANCER.
By Cyril Hume. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2 7½ x 5½; 261 pp. *New York*

Albert Wells, a factory worker, is dissatisfied with his cramped life, and sets out in search of something

Continued on page xl

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"*Where Addison failed Durant has succeeded. He has humanized philosophy. He has made it live and dance and sing. It is a fit companion for Wells' 'Outline of History.' We hereby fire a twenty-one gun salute for The Story of Philosophy.*"—Henry Hazlitt, New York Sun.

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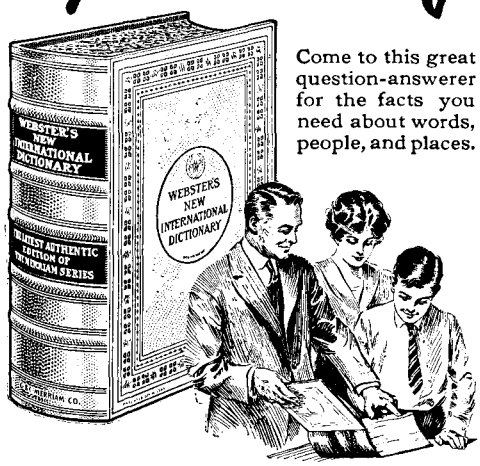

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finer. After a brief adventure as a Babbitt, he finds the girl, but there remains a lurking doubt in his mind that he has got what he really wants. There is good writing in this story, and snatches of genuine beauty.

THE CASUARINA TREE.
By W. Somerset Maugham.
The George H. Doran Company
$2 7½ x 5; 388 pp. *New York*

With this collection of six stories, all of which deal with the English in the Malay Peninsula and in Borneo, Mr. Maugham takes another tumble downward. Every one of them is manufactured, and has very little of the feeling of reality.

MENDEL MARANTZ.
By David Freedman. *Harper & Brothers*
$2 7¾ x 5; 301 pp. *New York*

Mendel Marantz spends all day long wise-cracking, thinking up inventions and loafing. His wife Zelde gives him hell, but that serves only as good material for Mendel's jokes. Prosperity soon comes, their daughter Sarah is married off to a combination veterinary, dentist and lawyer—and Zelde, in the brief time that intervenes before poverty returns, puts on weight and clothes. The story is full of artificialities, but there are some shrewd observations in it.

MISCELLANEOUS

PANTOMIMES *for the Children's Theatre.*
By M. Jagendorf. *Brentano's*
$3.50 10¾ x 7½; 234 pp. *New York*

There are four pantomimes in this collection: "The Gnomes' Workshop," "Gillone and Gillette," "Pierrot and Columbine on Little West Jones Street," and "Dick Whittington." In each case the story is given first, then the stage directions and, finally, the musical score. All of the pantomimes were originally produced by the Children's Playhouse of New York City. The music was arranged by Gertrude Hope, Ruth Shipley and Julius Mattfeld.

THE LETTERS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.
Edited by Edward S. Noyes.
The Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Mass.
$3 8¼ x 5½; 260 pp.

There are seventy-four letters in this collection—the largest number ever brought together. Fifteen

Continued on page xlii

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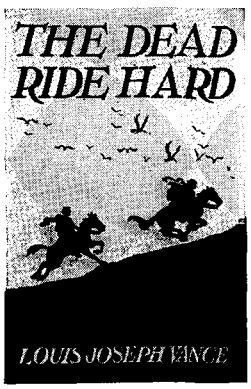

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Continued from page xl

of them are here published for the first time, and additions have been made to the text of thirteen others. The editor's notes, which show an exhaustive knowledge of the subject, take up more than half the book.

NO OLDER AT NIGHT.
By F. P. Millard. *The Christopher Publishing House*
$1.50 8 x 5¼; 173 pp. *Boston*

This is exactly the sort of bilge one would expect from a Y. M. C. A. secretary who gobbles up the daily profundities of Arthur Brisbane and is a faithful attendant at the lectures of itinerant "world famous psychologists." It oozes with pious preachments in behalf of Cheerfulness, Erect Posture, Clean Habits, Temperance, *et al.* A number of pages are devoted to the blessings of cold water, "Adam's Ale." And on Page 68 the author summarizes his Vision thus: "The young man who will read the *American Magazine* from one year's end to another, good books on autobiographies, and who will take these successful men as his guide, will not go far astray."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GUIBERT.
Translated by C. C. Swinton Bland. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
$3 7¾ x 5; 224 pp. *New York*

The writer of the brief introduction to this translation, G. G. Goulton, claims that it is the first rendering into English of the autobiography of the abbot of Nogent-Sous-Coucy, who lived in the latter half of the Eleventh and the first quarter of the Twelfth Centuries. Guibert was apparently very observant of the life about him, and his autobiography presents an interesting picture of his time.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS WRITTEN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
Edited by Kathleen W. Campbell. *Basil Blackwell*
6s. 7⅝ x 5; 212 pp. *Oxford*

This is a well-designed and useful anthology. The more easily accessible Eighteenth Century poems, such as Gray's "Elegy," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and Thomson's "Seasons," are omitted. The selections are intelligently made, the book is well printed, and there is a good preface by the editor.

FORTY YEARS A GAMBLER ON THE MISSISSIPPI.
By George H. Devol. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2 7½ x 4⅞; 288 pp. *New York*

Devol was in practice, not only along the lower Mississippi, but also over the full length of the frontier, chiefly before the Civil War. His book consists of a series of anecdotes. Many of them are instructive and amusing, but they grow very tiresome before the end.

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Latest Harvard Books

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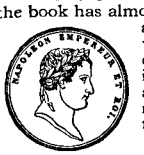

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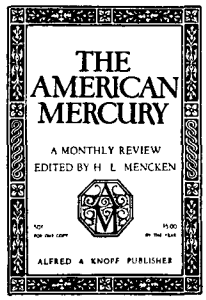

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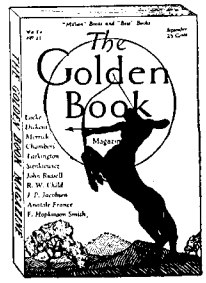

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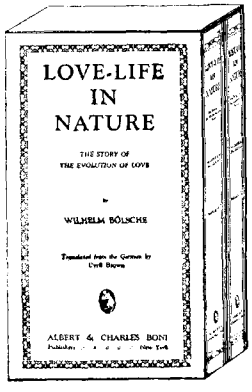

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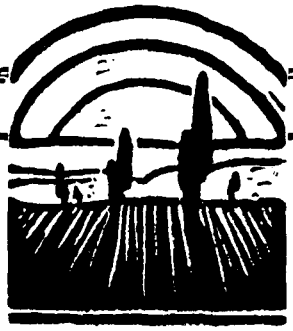

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VOLUME IX NUMBER 35

The American
MERCURY

November 1926

ART

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

I AM getting damned sick of art. I don't exactly know what it means, I couldn't define it; but it's an actuality with me none the less. It is, I suppose, a state of mind. When I was young, however, I knew everything about art. I was even, then, a painter; and people with excellent, if malicious, memories have assured me that my hair was longer than it is now and that I used to walk through the city unnecessarily carrying a paint-box. Yes, in those days art was as clear to me, as priceless, as it has since become an obscure nuisance. Perhaps, like love, art is a property of the young, that is—properly a property. At one time I complained bitterly about its absence in nearly everyone. It was a great hardship, a serious calamity, to live in a country and a society without art. The absence of a sympathy with art, of understanding, drove me into a scornful, a sarcastic, loneliness; except on a flight of steps at the Schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and in the highest gallery of the Academy of Music. There, in an atmosphere of art, I was free . . . to talk. At the academy of painting, in addition to being folded round in art, I was in love; and, to give variety to the talk, every day I washed the brushes of the person who had charmed me. This made a very full, a very artistic, existence. It was completely satisfying. Some of the phrases of that happy period, the definitions, have come back to me:

Art, I said, was the flawless amber which held beauty immortal. Art was the difference between what man had and what he desired. I had more courage, more crust, then than now. I didn't write these things, I simply repeated them, generously, to a small appreciative feminine group; if they were lost, my attitude was, why the source, the supply, was inexhaustible. Sometimes I began a drawing in charcoal, or built up the foundation of a modelled figure; sometimes but not often—it was always necessary to avoid the obvious. I have no memory at all of opening the paint-box, of squeezing colors from the collapsible lead tubes or washing brushes of my own.

Then, on Friday afternoons, there was the refuge of the Academy of Music. Devotees of art, we sat with our chins and hands moodily leaned on the solid railing before us and suffered acutely if anyone within hearing coughed or whispered during even the tuning of the orchestra. We enjoyed the music very publicly, with deep or expiring breaths and eyes as tightly closed as possible. In the intervals we either sat silently, blasted by a terrific vicarious sorrow or solemn joy, or transposed the sound into verbal pictures full of strange meaning. The girls all had

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hands limp on their wrists and wore dresses like smocks with odd and inexpensive lace and embroidery; they hung a great many strings of beads about their necks; beads as large and green as early onions, blood-red beads of heavy stone, amber and silver filigree; and, in 1897, they cultivated a level, an equal, bearing with men. But, far other than the historic Bohemia of M. Murger, they were wholly chaste. Most of them had come to the Academy of Fine Arts the year before, recommended from a city high-school. Most of them, a year or more afterwards, would be lost to art in marriage.

However, for the present, we were all apart from the mere vulgar concerns of living; we were superior to the sordid, the material, rest of the world; we lived for and by—except in certain low practical details—and in art. Our families were alien, almost alien enemies; with them we never discussed, we hardly mentioned, the thing nearest our hearts. We allowed them to pay the expense of instruction and supplies; and when they asked for some mark of our progress, a tangible reassurance that our days were not in vain, we replied loftily with apothegms.

II

This, with me, soon came to an end; charcoal was replaced by a pen, and it was vaguely understood that I was a writer. God knew I wrote! What I preferred then were short prose impressions, prose poems, and art was still my principal, my sole, concern:

> Against the star-girded, velvet skirt of night, festooned with strings of swaying lanterns, the electric fountain cascades its golden bubbles into a black pool . . . the electric fountain showers darkly into its pool, ringed with the ruby and auriferous reflections of the swaying lanterns on the trailing velvet skirt of night.

That, when I was questioned about it, I explained was art. Perhaps it was. I am no longer a judge; and, as I've already said, now I'm damned sick of it. It charmed and satisfied me then. Words were like the colored silks children at kindergarten weave into unimportant patterns. What, now, amazes me is the high opinion I had of them, of myself, of art. I was lost in the pages of the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy*. I owned the *Yellow Book* complete, and when my mother had it put in the furnace—on account of the drawings by Aubrey Beardsley—I was not so much outraged as fortified in my position of a splendid and contemptuous isolation. Having, as I felt, completely explored the possibilities of short prose forms, it occurred to me to write a novel; almost at once I corrected myself—it would be a romance; and, with no preliminaries, no understanding of what I had committed myself to, I began a book.

Imperceptibly the solace, the support, of art withdrew itself from me; I forgot art in the supreme difficulty of finding words to describe what was in my head; not words for themselves but as an explanation of motives and character. Still, I didn't at once fall from my satisfactory eminence—I described the stars, in what I hoped was a natural book about the Virginia mountains, as silver grapes on high ultra-blue arbors. I gazed rather doubtfully at that sentence; but it appeared to me so fine, so obviously art, that it was allowed to remain. But that marked the end of my happy superiority. Art had deserted me! I didn't, naturally, know it at the time; I was still cloaked in a conscious aloofness, and rewarded desirable feminine adulation with impressive, and empty, pronouncements; but I wasn't as secure as formerly. The pronouncements of other writers struck me as being nonsense.

Art, as a matter of fact, in others, began to be a nuisance with the appearance of my first book. There were, for example—in a review of "The Lay Anthony" in *Vanity Fair*—such sentences as these, "In the first place the two poems—'Mary had a Little Lamb' and 'The Blessed Damosel'—while not strictly in the same meter, have almost precisely the same metrical beat, and therefore, tested by Coleridge's

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canon of rhythmic ictus, each shares, though in differing degree, whatever beauty accrues from this variety of dynamic tone-wave." It was a very short review and, as I've indicated, supposedly written about a boy in West Chester named Anthony. This, again, was art, and it excessively annoyed me; I didn't know what it meant, and came to the conclusion that, where I was concerned, it meant nothing. Five years before it would have filled me with a reverent admiration.

Yes, art, like a morning haze, fled and left me gazing at the immense and insoluble spectacle of a world which, in some degree, I had undertaken to interpret. Losing all the irresponsible splendors of talk I had delivered myself to a silent and a really isolated medium; I fixed myself in print for the survey, the judgment, of anyone who cared to glance at pages struggling in the direction of actuality.

III

It was a long while, perhaps ten years, before I had time to be conscious of art again. I had reached a place of temporary relaxation; I could gaze back over the amazing way I had come, look about at my surroundings and the present. I had really, it seemed, become a creative writer! However, together with this assurance, I began to feel that I knew nothing at all about the profession in which I was engaged: I could write books with sentences, or even paragraphs, in them that sufficiently pleased me; but of the whole impulse and act of imaginative writing, it appeared, I was ignorant. Yet if I didn't know the subjects and purposes of my novels the critics did. They knew and were very generous with their understanding. It helped them to make both a living and a reputation.

It was, of course, necessary for a critic to know more of the subject of a book under review than its writer—or else the review was no extension, no explanation or criticism, of its subject—and, later still, reading some definite printed complaints about "Balisand," I wondered when their authors had spent a year exploring the obscured facts, the truth, about Virginia politics and society immediately following the Revolution. Had they considered Lord Coke's definition of a gentleman?

That was one, the personal and indignant, form of literary criticism; it was only faintly touched by art; the other, the apparently impersonal and artistic form, confounded me. I really couldn't guess what it was all about.

It seemed that there had grown up around a simple and complicated act of creation an immense secondary activity; an occupation and a special vocabulary. The words and phrases attached by the world of art to the facts of novels, or music or paintings, made up an affair, a living, of their own. For example, I knew at least this about the impulse and labor which resulted in a book of mine, that nowhere was it animated or sustained by conceptions of art. A story would form in my mind, the image, it might be, of a courageous and tragic struggle; it would stir my imagination, and, in keeping with my habit and life, I'd attempt to transfer it to paper. The shape it took, the words which expressed it, were either subconscious or the mechanical selection of long consideration and practice. When I began "The Three Black Pennys" with Howat watching a flight of wild geese above the Pennsylvania wilderness, and ended with the last dying Howat intent on a flight of geese, it wasn't a conscious and formal effort at unity. It was a happy accident. An afterthought.

Yet pleasantly inclined reviewers gave me a great deal of credit for such an admirable return to an established mood. It was spoken of as classic. I was, naturally, pleased—I was, then, a classic writer; but my pleasure was soon driven away by that realization that I had no faint idea of what the reviewers meant. It was the same with Mr. Cabell: I knew his tempera-

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ment very well, I understood the mingled pain and delight with which he wove his patterns of words, I realized how his writing carried him up from earth into silver and roseate clouds, how it was the act of a spirit struggling for liberation. But the reviews of Mr. Cabell's books, in a solemn and pseudo-technical vocabulary, hadn't the slightest apprehension of either what was taking place in him or of what it produced. I had often asked James if he understood the papers printed about him, but his mouth had decorously said one thing and the unholy light in his eye totally another.

IV

It was, I realized, with the vocabulary that my great difficulty existed—I didn't understand any of the most important and revered words. I couldn't, for instance, discover the difference between a romantic and a realistic novel. That, of course, was one of the fundamental definitions of the art of criticism; yet to me it meant, precisely, nothing. It was fully explained by a great many people, in an enormous number of papers and books; and, ashamed of my ignorance, I read all I could find—they were each as explicit as possible . . . and all different. One definition would discover a given novel to be realistic and another show it to be romantic. The words themselves, realistic and romantic, in the sense of art, had no commonly agreed meanings. It was no clearer than the statement that a novel unpleasant in detail was realistic and a pleasant affair romantic. Observed dispassionately, and with a consuming need to grasp the truth, the terms were no more than the expression of a pretentious formalism. In addition, they were useless to everyone except to the literary middlemen, who employed them solely for their own justification and support.

I didn't object to this—if the novel, like Saturn, was capable of supporting encircling and nebulous rings, there could be no serious argument against it; what bothered me was the fact that this special ring had hardened into a dangerous and tyrannical bond. I thought of all the generations of professors who had solemnly taught the Art of Literature, or of Music and Painting, of all the generations of the young bored and sickened by the droning and consequential voices from the platforms, and I wondered that there were any unprofessional readers left. Poetry, for the mass of people, had been totally destroyed; music almost equally injured; only the simplest and most obvious stories had escaped from the stockade of the classroom.

Style was another term supposed to give clarity to the art of criticism; it was a particularly valuable illustration of the nonsense responsible for it, for at best style meant nothing more than the manner of an accomplishment. The personality of a writer or painter or a composer was his style. There was nothing very special or mysterious or profound there. Willa Cather writes the way of Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson the way of Sherwood Anderson. The difference between their inherited and modified bodies, in their experiences and the textures of their minds, was the difference between their styles. It was all, as I said, at once simpler and more complicated than it was allowed to appear.

Such fundamental, and useless, definitions had, however, been multiplied to infinity—there were romance and romanticism, imagism, Dada. That was an excellent word to pause on, even to repeat—Dada! It might, perhaps, be comprehended in the nursery. The world of art was full of such empty self-explanations. The instant, actually, an explanation came into being the thing explained, if it ever existed, had ceased. It was one of the primal necessities of creation that words, the brush, a bar of music, must be self-explanatory to those for whom its effect was planned. The receptivity of the emotions could not be prepared by a pedagogue.

In reality, the middlemen, the humbug

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of art, had come, on one hand, from the vanity of the creative mind, and on the other from the misguided conception of intellectual superiority which for ages had added to the burdens of the ambitious public. Art had elevated itself at the expense of simplicity, truth and the gentler delights. It had draped life itself in the most ridiculous and cumbersome garments, substituting its dull textures for the living flesh.

V

It wasn't, however, practicable to argue that a very large and growing number of men should think meanly of themselves and of their occupation; bread without self-esteem was insufficient; and, then, the vanity of the creative writers themselves was not insignificant. The vanity which swept over them when they considered themselves in the flattering light of art! I could never exactly understand, for example, why a poet should be regarded as a peculiarly impressive personage. Wisdom is important, and if poets have wisdom then they are notable for that; the form in which their wisdom is expressed is entirely unimportant. If their poetry is a story, telling it is simply story telling in a manner now hardly read at all. If it is expressions of the moods of the weather and countryside, or of the city, it is very apt to be pleasant. If it is philosophical then the poet may expect the delayed reward of a philosopher. All these were obvious facts, the reverse of mysterious. It was only when they were complicated by art that they lost their familiar proportions and meaning.

The world, mostly a dull and sorry sphere, had always paid very highly for entertainment, given exorbitant sums merely to laugh, fortunes for the creation of an illusion of its courage and distinguished fate; it had paid, very naturally, in proportion to the number of people entertained—a very sound law—and since the majority were very limited in their knowledge, entertainment of an easy and conventional sort had always been most widely supported. Well, why not? Infinitely smaller groups were differently pleased; and, again, why not? It was all a question of pleasing, of entertaining, someone. But why the performer—aside from art—should regard himself as holy was beyond me.

He was, of course, abetted in this by the ignorance, the false sense of values, in the public. For people who read with difficulty printing was a variety of black art, for those who thought obscurely any inconsequential and jumbled idea approached the miraculous; the credulous were always hungering to be victimized, and of all this the artist had taken a large advantage. Most writers, actually, were very unimpressive individuals; their occupation was positively the worst that could be invented for the health and symmetry of their bodies, for the simplicity of their characters, the clarity of their minds. They were, if they were men, mostly without physical courage—courage and imagination were mutually destructive—and when they were women, commonly without beauty. The books naturally in the main were trash.

What is sacred in any of that it would be difficult to discover. That was, aside from art. Art came to their rescue and pressed its halo on their corrugated brows. It told them, and they told each other, that they shared a particular and high sanctity. Their impulse and secrets were too precious, too recondite, to be measured by ordinary minds. The world, they considered, not only owed them a luxurious existence but the adulation reserved by the religious for mythological archangels. And some of that, but to their own ultimate harm, they got . . . and stopped, narcissus-like, to regard the image of their grandeur. Borrowing the panoply of art they stepped out like chanticleer in feathers fastened to their backs by library paste.

For these reasons imaginative writers, and, I suspect, musicians, should be read

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and heard but not seen. Painters should be struck dumb. If they could all put art behind them, exist without its comfortable flattery, merely labor to please themselves and the incidental others in agreement with them, the gain in simplicity to everyone would be incalculable, and the useful trades enriched at no real cost to the ornamental.

VI

It is more than slightly absurd to write a paper about a subject which, at the outset, I could only describe as a state of mind; yet, after the most special consideration, it seems to me no more than that—a self-invented glory. Women, I suspect, are largely responsible for its success—all charming women lend art their service, while the infinitely smaller numbers of men dedicated to that lofty purpose are, to say the least, very unimpressive. Art, undoubtedly, gilds the numerous and long drab reaches of feminine existence; it is a relatively safe expression of the occasional rebellions against marriage; for the artist himself is a creature of words and attitudes rather than deeds. A woman, to an artist, is simply a mirror of himself, and when she obtrudes needs of her own into that satisfying reflection he quickly shifts to another and less troubled glass.

The feminine world understands that form of selfishness very well indeed; it is a relief to it from either a heavy devotion or the commoner hypocrisies of husbands. The sphere of art, in reality, is almost entirely feminine; its petulance and vanity and fluid emotions are exactly those of a silly woman. A number of artists, in any medium, together in a room is a strange and unnatural spectacle; each, to begin with, loathes all the others; he pays no attention to the sound of any voice but his own; his sole desire—sweeping all minor considerations aside—is to publicly establish the high superiority of his own gifts. No, he is more like an unmannerly, a precocious and gluttonous, child. While he converses by preference about the things of the spirit it is the flesh really which engages him—cake and champagne and broiled kidneys, deep chairs and imported cigarettes and white perfumed fingers, soft beds and servants and a caressing obsequiousness.

The frigid garret, the bare board, have lost their places in the tale of poetry; but then poetry, as well, has withdrawn, to be replaced by art. Well, obviously art is more comfortable, and it has an enormous advantage in that it can be practiced by nearly everyone; it needs no preparation, no tragedies and no pain. It doesn't even require actual labor—a talk about labor is enough. The women who like and encourage art have no interest in the industry of writing or painting; they don't want their artists weary with work and irritable with eye-strain. The most that interests them are poems in their celebration written while they were asleep, quick paintings of the blueness of their eyes and improved patterns of their graces. This, again, is splendid, for it is the exact desire, the whole scope, of art.

Actual writing, of course, painting and the composing of music, are totally different—a peril to the body and a heaviness to the spirit. Not only do such pursuits damage the eyes, they attack the liver and destroy the nerves. The characteristic writer is a neurotic individual caught between constipation and insomnia. In addition he has a private stock of harrowing fears. The majority die soon after forty unless, in the way of protest, they kill themselves before. Naturally, such an individual—dropping pills into his glass of water at the table—could not be regarded as an ornament to society, a pleasure to particular women. He is, even, an annoyance to sound men. The artist, from almost every view, is better—he can eat the rich and slaughterous foods of pretentious dinners; get drunk with impunity; please women without the masculine attention necessary to more practical, and dangerous, advances; and generally lend any scene an air of æsthetic exclusiveness.

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VII

However, it is quite clear that accomplishments as technically elaborate as the composing and playing of music need elaborate and technical phraseologies, and, appropriately, they have them; painting, too, properly has a special, but much smaller, vocabulary; perhaps architecture has the largest—and certainly the handsomest—dictionary of exact descriptive terms; poetry has necessary technical words of its own. But none of this is a part of the wordiness of art: the public gabblers about music are in almost complete ignorance of its fundamental definitions and facts; practically no one in an art gallery understands the mechanism of the brush, the handling of paint. They don't need to—that wouldn't be art. It is only necessary for them to repeat a few, a very few, commonplace and pretentious generalities; it is almost enough for them merely to stand, in a certain artificial and stereotyped attitude, always with the same foot advanced, before a painting.

It has been reserved for the art of criticism, and for creative prose, to collect the true vocabularies of art, the pseudo-scientific terms laden with grandeur and emptiness. It is a curious fact that, among all the special words gathered and invented to describe the novel, not one has the slightest stable sense. Not one is worth a tear outside the dark agreement of professors, the peacock airs of novelists themselves. The facts that a novel is a story, that it must, to some degree, interest a given writer and an appropriate group, are obviously too bare, too slender, to secure a necessary attention for the commentator; they could support neither his pride nor his body; and so he has invested his occupation with its solemn and impressive sound. The critic, of course, who regards both books and life as means for the presentation of his own ardor and convictions is a creative writer.

Art, in short, it seems to me, has grown to be a very heavy burden and a curse; it has destroyed the simplicity, the innocence, of what I am driven to call the creative and recording instincts; it has hopelessly confused the difference between good work and bad; elevated an idle and clamorous state to a position of intolerable authority. The noise of art has drowned an essential and lovely music. As an academic influence, fed by the spoiled stream of a neurotic social and religious hysteria, it has reprimanded nature. In reality, it has been a support to the precise fanaticism it was entered to oppose. The saints that Giotto painted were as simple as the walls, the days, they ornamented; but the growing power and richness of the Church changed a decoration with the nature, the untroubled gaiety, of a daisy to ritualistic symbols of its omnipotence, graphic threats of its corporate revenge. The Reformation, breaking up the pattern of an old monopoly, gave art a further justification and assistance:

Discarding all compromise, it damned the daisy as a flower sprung—whatever this might mean—in original sin. Singing, except in praise of a dreary Triad, was condemned; slim girls were torches of the devil; love an impurity scarcely to be strained through a denominational God's sieve. What the world lost through this can not be measured, but certainly art gained. Art was enormously forwarded by the invention of printing—the middlemen rose and the spontaneous singers gave up their songs. Long before, the hunter who had killed an elk stopped tracing the record of his triumph on rock. No one was left who blew in a light melody his happiness or sorrow through a pair of green reeds. Even in Spain gentlemen no longer persuaded the moon with a guitar. It wasn't necessary—art performed that office for them. The amateur had been suppressed.

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MY FATHER

BY CATHARINE BRODY

It does not seem sufficient to describe my father merely as an Orthodox Jew. He is, figuratively speaking, the last of the Orthodox Jews in America. He is the avatar of generations of rigid Jewish ritual, a figure as quaintly unfamiliar, as amusingly antique, now, as a wooden Indian. Soon perhaps it will become just as extinct. My father's own generation, of those who came to America in their young manhood, offers fewer and fewer similar types. The newer generation of his children and the children of his contemporaries will and can no longer produce any substitutes. Even my father himself, after only two decades of life in America, has been powerless to prevent slight modifications from creeping upon him unawares. Even my father, comparatively perfect individual of his vanishing species though he be, is no longer as true to the type of his father as the latter was to the type of my great-grandfather.

My father looks Orthodox Jewish at a glance. He has a full face, a nose not too intensively Hebraic, but swooping downward nevertheless, a nose sensitive, yet broad and fleshy at the tip; jolly, smallish eyes; a spacious forehead; full oriental lips, and a round chin, hidden, of course, by a beard. This beard is in accordance with Jewish custom, yet not according strictly with Jewish law. For it is not a Jewish beard, not that unmistakable beard growing as the Lord intended hair to grow on the faces of His chosen men, dowdy, straggling to wispy points, uncut. It is the beard of an infidel, tended, even clipped, by professional hands, shorter and shorter with every year.

My grandfather, transported to America in his old age, wore his lovelocks and his Biblical beard, even as my great-grandfather had done before him. There is a picture of my father on his advent here, a man of thirty-odd, with the regulation lovelocks, black, and a black beard untouched by any barber. His whole hirsute adornment presented a poignant question from the first, especially the love-locks—it is impossible to conceive how poignant, now that little boys, even in the tougher neighborhoods of New York, do not feel such an urge to pull the beards of Jews as they did in my father's early days. A few years later, a photograph records the passing of his love-locks, after what Hamlet-like struggles I can only guess, and the tidying of his beard, still ample. Though he resisted heavy domestic pressure for its entire removal, yet, year by year, as he grew more successful, and learned English, and took out his naturalization papers, the beard by imperceptible degrees grew sparer and more kempt, until now it shows no more than a modest shadow of its former luxuriance.

How my father reconciles himself to its present non-Judaistic quality and quantity I cannot learn, though I have followed, fascinated, the course of the reasoning processes by which he makes his general religious decisions. Pious Jews of the old school, remember, make their own religious decisions, except in intricate matters of ritual. They do not lean on their rabbis, as Christians do on their pastors. Life in a large city and one filled with ingenious devices for comfort and amusement, unheard of in Lithuania, has made necessary

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many such decisions by my father. There was, for example, the awful question of working on the Sabbath; it used to loom before every immigrant as he arrived. My father has never been so beset by the hazards of supporting a family, without any training or trade, in an unfamiliar country but that he has managed to keep the Sabbath to the literal limit, as well as every Jewish holiday and fast day—and there are many of them. On the Sabbath he never carries anything, not even an umbrella in pouring rain, since carrying anything is defined as work in the Talmud.

He has struggled manfully with all the other temptations that America holds out to deflect him from his ritualistic laws. As it is expressly forbidden to make a light on the Sabbath, and as the electric light sheds a brightness in the dark, it is forbidden to touch an electric light button on that day in our house. The electric bell was harder to dispose of. My father at last decided that it was not permissible to ring the downstairs bell on the Sabbath, for this unknown and tempting force of electricity sped in some way up the stairs, and therefore you, who pressed the button, worked, by arousing one of the Lord's forces to action. But the apartment doorbell, though just as electric, could be rung, for it sounded only once on the other side, like a rap of the knuckles. Therefore, my father rang it until another pious Jew informed him, at a discussion in the synagogue, that sparks—ay, fire—flew, as the electric current was set in motion. So my father no longer rings the doorbell on the Sabbath. No laughter of derision can reach him, any more than torture could bring him to yield an inch.

Of course, he would not lift a telephone receiver on Saturday or Friday night. Not only would he be guilty of arousing mysterious forces to energy; he might also be guilty of the heinous crime of making some Jewish telephone operator work on the Day of Rest. Though his course here is clear to him, he muses over it a great deal, for there are those of the faithful among his friends who see no harm in playing what they consider a passive part by answering the 'phone.

A great many usual articles of American diet, such as breakfast foods, are not allowed in my father's larder, no matter how much they may have been certified by rabbis. He would not take the chance of contamination by, perhaps, lard or dishes cleaned with soap, in their manufacture. Until he discovered a countryman of whose synagogue affiliations he was certain, who sold the milk of his own dairy farm, he would not taste of milk or its products, the manufacture of which he also suspected of being non-*kosher* in this new country. He still prefers to churn his butter himself. He often sits in his skullcap in an excessively non-pastoral kitchen, shaking a bottle of cream up and down, down and up, with faithful patience and to the glory of God. There is only one special brand of bread which he approves.

Yet he has had to make at least one enormous concession. He has had to soften his attitude toward those who do transgress the commandment not to work on the Day of Rest, even in his own family. The first child of his who did not become completely supine on the Sabbath was, if not cast out into the snow, at least relegated to Coventry, was not spoken to or noticed in any way, on that day. The child survived. The offenses of the others, as they have grown up, have been condoned.

II

Yet one could not call my father exactly a fanatic. Religion is too much of a real recreation with him, a recreation to which he gives the deep fidelity of an amateur champion to his tennis game, which inspires him with the same joy, to the exactions of which he surrenders himself in the same degree. He is never at war with his God for his personal soul, fighting for forgiveness, since he does not believe in forgiveness but only in a perfect justice—just so much of Heaven for just so much

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keeping of faith with the commandments and articles laid down by God. The things he must do have been set down for him in black and white, and if he does not obey he will lose just so many points. The struggle and jubilation over salvation are unknown to him. He keeps a profound peace on that score, secure in the conviction that as a good Jew his chances for salvation are the best going anyway.

An Orthodox Jew like my father is quite free from the proselytizing spirit, even in his own household. He is too sure of himself. He forces on his children only the ritual. The belief is never questioned. You are a Jew and therefore you are born believing. I have read and heard of the tortures of doubt and fear suffered by children from whom there is required some first act of belief,—confirmation, communion, joining the Church. The faith of an Orthodox Jewish girl child is hardly referred to, and the *Bar-Mitzvah* of a boy is just a glorified birthday, the routine celebration of his coming of age and taking his place as a man in the congregation, with cakes and presents and speeches and everything.

Though my father's brothers and sisters and certainly his children break every law of the Jewish ritual, he never dreams of praying for them or striving to bring them back in the fold. No matter how much sorrow their lack of orthodoxy has caused him, he does not think or even try to make them believe that they will go to Hell. Undoubtedly they will never reach that position in the angelic hierarchy to which a really pious Jew is entitled; perhaps they may even have to serve a mild spell in Purgatory. But their birth and belief are Jewish, and nothing except complete removal out of the Hebraic world, a spiritual step as definite as physical death, can eradicate this advantage.

As my father is not under the supervision of an organized church or any earthly guide, he naturally has his own conception of the theology that he has imbibed from the Talmud and the Torah, the sayings and commentaries of bygone rabbis. I was once surprised to find that the idea of a thunderous and jealous Jehovah appeared to be quite foreign to him. He looks upon God, in his own words, "as a child looks upon a Father, an Elder Brother, the Head of the Household"—that is, as Someone of sovereign dignity and omniscience, Who loves but is not indulgent, Who knows best, and from Whose decision there is no appeal.

My father's personal theology is as practical as that of a bank. The burden of original guilt does not appear in it, and Hell rarely figured in the religious ideas we absorbed from him as children. The devil was not an ever-present menace to us. We were taught to stand in awe, in case of disobedience, only of something called the Wrath of God. We learned that there is no abstract sin, and no abstract virtue, at least none that will suffice for Heaven. There are sins and virtues, good deeds and bad deeds. The good deeds are listed and labeled—literally—and are open for reference at any time in the Talmud,—a great convenience. A pious Jew must perform just 613 in order to reach the Pearly Gates. The bad deeds are unfortunately not defined with such precision. Just what would happen if a man conscientiously performed his 613 good deeds, but also committed 614 bad ones, has been a matter of serious conjecture with me, but somehow my father always concludes the discussion at this point. He has what, after all, is the perfect answer. He says serenely, "It is useless to argue with you. You don't believe. *I* believe!"

I have never been able to understand why there should be this strong impression that the Jewish religion is a sad one, a religion of eternal weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Anyone brought up in a tremendously orthodox household, as I was, has an oppressive memory only of the ritual. This is the thing one revolts from. But in an imaginative child—particularly in an imaginative female child, released from the arduous duties of daily

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prayers and of the learning for *Bar-Mitzvah* —a feeling for sonorous sounds, for strange and ecstatic rites, for groupings and customs moving to an archaic rhythm is implanted, an emotion surrounding a belief. And whatever happens to the belief, it is impossible to divest oneself of the emotion.

So many of the Jewish holidays are actually not religious holidays at all, but historical fêtes like the Fourth of July and Bastille Day. The fun of helping your father and grandfather, with some skeptical uncles, to build a hut of wooden planks covered with straw in a strip of dingy back-yard below the flutter of Italian and Irish clothes-a-drying in order to celebrate the Succoth—all this is just as much real fun as setting off fire-crackers on the Fourth. At the time of Succoth, in the autumnal season, the Israelites paused on the edge of the desert and built themselves huts to rest in. The huts, according to the tenacious memory of Israel, were made of the branches of trees; therefore, no metal could touch our back-yard hut. There was more shadow than sun in them, and so our hut had to be made tight. In it we broke bread and drank wine all the week of Succoth, to the tolerant laughter of the adult Catholics and the envy of their progeny.

There was also a holiday when one was required to eat dates and figs and St. John's bread to repletion. (In fact, I have always felt that the Jewish holidays linger on largely because of the special foods so wisely allotted to them.) There was another holiday when one marched to the water's edge and emptied one's pockets of sins—mostly bread crumbs. There was Passover, a Fourth of July that lasted a week, when one's father was a king, throned at the head of the table among pillows, and one read the story of the Exodus in tiny pamphlets with strange, stiff pictures and stage directions in fine print. There were parts where the voice rose and parts where the voice fell and a part where each member of the family recited in turn and with a mean joy the list of plagues visited on the Egyptians and spilled a drop of wine from a small golden goblet into a bowl at the repetition of each plague. There was a holiday when my father read the story of Esther and the dastardly Haman, with gestures. To hear him recite such epics was comparable to hearing an ancient minstrel chant the story of the Trojan War. No wonder my father never cared much for the theatre! What more could he ask for in the way of histrionic opportunity than he got in his own home? And what more could a child ask for?

III

My father was always something in his various synagogues—president, vice-president, or at least treasurer. As a girl child, I was not strictly welcome in them, not even in the women's harem-like back room, where the *Veiber* with shawled or veiled heads could only look through a small square peephole, protected by a wooden shutter, into the synagogue proper. I was, of course, a feminine outrage to every ancient son of Israel. But I insisted on tagging after my father. I was taken with the swayings, the groupings, the bursts of always musical yearnings, and I adored the adaptation of things heavenly to things earthly, as when a bit of an old grandfather would notice me, and, forbidden to interrupt his prayer by mundane conversation, would yet manage to make his meaning clear and fierce by the use of whatever word or phrase he happened to be chanting. Enkelo*ha*noo! Enkelaha*noo!* (There is no God like our God), meaning to me, unmistakably, "Beat it! Get out!"

It was the custom then, some twenty years ago, for a Russian immigrant to join a congregation made up of previous comers from his own town. If such a congregation did not exist, or was too far away, then he joined if possible the synagogue of those who hailed from his wife's town, or of those from a town in which he had friends or relatives. As these towns had usually been very small—villages, in fact

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—the actual members of most of the congregations were few and the synagogues very poor. Many consisted of but one or two rooms in small, shabby, once-private houses, where there might be several synagogues to a floor, and synagogues or business offices above and below. Sometimes the house of prayer was in what had once been a store, the show window curtained off, the back part used for the women. These synagogues never had rabbis or sermons. Orthodox synagogues, in fact, do not need an officiating rabbi and are entirely separate and independent of one another. Ours had a cantor for the two chief holidays of the year—otherwise a functionary who was the reader of the portions of the Torah on Sabbath and also a sexton.

Those long, faint, mediæval paintings of the Last Supper might have been sketched in the first synagogue I remember on the New York East Side. It must have been a back room, for it was dim even on Sabbath mornings, and only a dark shadow in the late afternoon just before the prayer of twilight. My father and some other members used it as a club at this time. A few small boys, corralled for the sunset prayer, used to play quietly about a solid black shadow in the centre of which was the reading-stand and which stood before the closet that held the Torahs, the Ark of God.

My father and his friends, all heavily bearded, sat about a long, narrow board against the side wall. They were silent black and grey figures veiled in the gloom and dust of the room. They sat at spaces from each other on a hard bench. They savored each a tiny glass of *Schnapps*. For a chaser they had some bits of fat herring laid out on a newspaper and hunks of black bread. They sipped, and they ate the bread and herring with their fingers in peace and with a grave enjoyment. They were fortifying themselves for a fervid chant at dusk. Sometimes a minute, plump black mouse slipped from the Ark of God into a hole below the reading-stand.

Later, there was a synagogue in a push-cart-laden street in Harlem, of which my father was president. This consisted of two rooms, in an old three-story brownstone given over to synagogues. There was a fire escape attached, to which at the end of the Sabbath or on the evening of one of the gay holidays, when the synagogue was burning hot with piety, the younger boys would retreat to smoke the first permitted cigarette of the day. The unmistakable smell of these synagogues pervaded it, a thick smell of dust and unscrubbed floors, a bitter smell of sweat, a warm and heartfelt emanation from a huddle of bearded men, communing unabashed and unrestrained, with chant and gesture, with their God—the subtle breath of piety.

It was the tail end of the Day of Atonement perhaps, with the hard benches numbered into many single seats, all sold, and crowded with faces unfamiliar on other days to the synagogue, everyone grey from the fasting and hoarse from the day of chanting, weary but filled with peace. The Day of Atonement never seemed to me a day of sadness, but a day for the relief of the burden of sorrow. The old Jews, wise in psychology, knew the sweetness of relief that would follow a whole day of weeping and wailing on an empty stomach.

Some of this peace of exhaustion was visible just before the final prayers. The old men had taken off their shoes. Their eyes were filmed. Their voices, wan, but still musical and happy in the nearby relief, rose automatically like small wavelets in the great surf of prayer. The whole body seemed a void at that hour. One's head was separate from one's body, and swam, thus separated, in a liquid grey mist. One's blood was dry and feverish and whirled in one's veins like dust before the wind. And if one half-closed one's eyes the synagogue became a swaying of long, yellowed beards, swimming in sweat, while out of the grotesquerie swept this sea of exaltation, this personal beseechment, the moans of love and woe to the Deity, dramatic, even frenzied, but always rhythmic, always with control and direction behind them. These prayers never set one's teeth

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on the edge of hysteria, for they never lost dignity, never threw off their reserve.

The end of the Day of Atonement was a happy time, with ice-boxes crammed with food and steaming tea in glasses to take away the first stiffness of the jaws when the fast was broken. The bigger boys and girls camped out on the stoops, comparing feats of fasting, like feats of strength. "*I* fasted all day!" "Yeh, but you took a drink of water. That ain't fair. *I* fasted till four o'clock, but I didn't take nothing!"

Or perhaps it was the happiest holiday of the year, the Rejoicing of the Law, when the annual reading of the Torah is finished. There is a gleeful shouting, tramping, clapping of hands in the packed and always hot synagogue. The old men link arms and skip about in circles, like happy old goats with their beards swinging, their mouths open and chuckling. The congregation is laughing and chattering, the children screaming with excitement. From the reading stand, my father bellows for order so that he may call the names of the men who are to take Torahs from the Ark and march about the synagogues between the benches. He grows hoarse at this task in the merry disorder, with many gas lights, or it may be electric lights (it is evening), beaming upon him in a gray cloud of dust.

Finally begins the march of the rolls of the Law. The children rush to stand on the benches, as the men who carry the rolls jostle their way through the older people in the aisles. The rolls are wound around sticks and dressed in faded, lovely silks, embroidered with the most sacred Hebrew words, words which may not be said except in prayer. The men who carry the Torahs struggle and sweat through an intense crowding because, as each goes by, one is supposed to grab and kiss the silk covering of the rolls.

We children kept score of the number we had kissed, and it was always a great joy when a brother or a relative or a friend of the family was called to carry a roll in his turn, for he could be counted on to lift it high above everyone else, so that we got a chance to kiss it, a mighty triumph. He would see to it that we did not miss his roll, no matter how far back on the bench we had been pushed by the other children.

Toward the end one slipped down from the bench and through the push as quietly as possible, for one's father had made a sign. There was a store of apples bought by the *Shammos* (equivalent to the sexton) for the Rejoicing of the Law, and secreted —for though they were meant for distribution to the children there was the intention, naturally, of saving as many of them as possible. But one's father, as president, knew where they were hidden. He produced some from his back pockets, with face red, shining and benevolent, and warned one not to eat them in front of the other children, as of course one took the first opportunity of doing. And soon many old men disappeared behind the *Shammos*' back to steal apples for their grandchildren.

Or it was Purim in the synagogue, when the Book of Esther, telling how she saved the Jews from the machinations of Haman, was read, and everyone listened intently for the sound of that hated name. Then the glorious booing and hissing and clacking and zr-r-r-ing of Haman clappers, bits of wood that made a brave and marvelous noise!

Today the old exaltation and merriment are fading. So many of the old school grandfathers have died; their sons and daughters are Americanizing the synagogues. They have been whitewashed and disinfected. The very smell of them is American now. And my father tells me that his synagogue plans to move from its rooms and build. When it builds, it plans to build a balcony, actually a balcony, for the women, instead of the old back room with the peephole. He does not any longer, in a tolerant way, call them *Veiber* (womenfolk). They are now "the members of the Ladies Auxiliary."

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IV

One of the most interesting aspects of my father's Judaism is his attitude toward Gentiles. It is usually assumed that the Jewish attitude toward Christians is either the mixture of longing envy and self-conscious pride of many second generation American Jews or the mixture of suspicion and resentment and fear of Shylock.

To Jews like my father and my grandfather before him, the tolerance of Gentiles does not seem to make the slightest spiritual difference, no matter what material comfort it may bring. My father is aware of himself as a Jew first and always in relation to other Jews, but he has none of that aggressive self-consciousness in his relation to Gentiles, the result of a feeling of inferiority, which leads American Jews of the second generation to say, "I'm a Jew and proud of it." He would see no reason for such a statement any more than, if he had been born with blond hair, he would see any reason for saying, "I've got blond hair and I'm proud of it." He is so much, so profoundly, so instinctively a Jew that if he were to appear on Mars, the inhabitants would coin the word, Jew, to express his difference, and he would expect and accept the definition.

Such conglomerate self-consciousness toward Christianity as is expressed by Zionism is strange to my father, and to most pious Orthodox Jews. He does not actually disapprove, since it is a movement by and for Jews. Rather he is aloof. It has become part of the ritual to yearn for Palestine, but the materialization of his dream by any but supernatural means annoys him. Practically, he would not emigrate to Palestine if he were given the country on a silver platter.

There is no abatement of my father's inner egotism toward Gentiles, an egotism hardly comprehended, the colossal egotism of a people who once demanded that the indigenous inhabitants vacate a country because it had been promised to them, and were quite annoyed when they had to fight for it. Gentiles, misled by resignation, even humbleness, who rise to the defense and say, "Some of my best friends are Jews," do not understand that whatever contempt has been meted out to the Jews in story, nickname, anecdote and song, is returned by your pious Orthodox Jew with something far larger than contempt. It is a stony removal—"Thy ways are not my ways"—and there is an exultation, a joy, in that removal. The inner attitude of a devout Jew among Gentiles can only be compared to the attitude of a Briton who lives among and makes what profit he can of Americans, while never deviating from his inner superiority as an Englishmen; of an explorer among savages ready to be hostile at the slightest provocation, whose fear and whose deeds of conciliation do not affect his conception of these inferiors nor his pride to be a man white and civilized.

A *Goy* means literally only a stranger (that is, in religion), and a *Shagitz* only an unmarried stranger, male, or of very humble rank, but the words can be uttered in Jewish households with biting inflection of amused disdain. Then there are the folk-songs, like that classic, which ought to make effective Prohibition propaganda, "*Oi-i-i shicker* is a *Goy!*" (Drunken is a Gentile.) The song is to the effect that a *Goy* goes into his public-house in his leisure and tosses off a few drinks and then *Oi—shicker* is a *Goy!* and drunken he is and drunken he must be, the song insists, because he is a *Goy*. But a Jew in his leisure walks into his synagogue and snatches the opportunity to refresh himself with a few paragraphs of the Torah, for he is a Jew and therefore is and must be sober. Suddenly one hears the sound of broken glass. It is the *Goy* carousing and bent on destruction, for *Oi—shicker* is a *Goy!* The Jew, on the other hand, goes grave and happy with the words of God about his constructive business.

To my father, there is, of course, no question of social intimacy with Gentiles. It is not to this Jew that the hotel clerk

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at the fashionable Summer resort lies about reservations, it is not against this Jew that the country clubs defend themselves by written and unwritten laws, and it is not this Jew who declaims against social discrimination. For his ritual necessarily makes a devout Orthodox Jew a most exclusive person. He cannot eat Gentile food or even drink water from Gentile glasses, washed as they are with soap. A non-Jewish neighborhood offers insuperable difficulties for him, with neither *kosher* butcher shops nor synagogues within walking distance.

The old-fashioned Orthodox Jew takes no pride in Gentile friends and acquaintances, as do so many of the newer generation. He does not feel any of the hidden but distinct and very amusing pleasure often shown by the latter, in spite of a prejudice against intermarriage, when their daughters (somehow the prejudice seems to hold more for sons) succeed in snatching a Gentile in marriage. To a Jew like my father this is an agony hardly lessened if the Gentile man or woman thus married should happen to become a convert. Gentile friends are received in Orthodox households only provisionally and with a cordiality over-emphasized by embarrassment, much as a reformed ex-convict is received by people who pride themselves on their tolerance. In our house, the first question that was always asked of us when we spoke of new friends was, "Is he or she a Jew?" and many and tedious were the expostulations if he or she wasn't.

Still, there has been modification. Toward the Christian dogma itself, there has certainly been a noticeable change in my father. For a long time any reference to Jesus Christ, the very words themselves, used to be bitterly forbidden in our house, even after we were grown up. When we wished revenge for some childish misery, we had only to whisper under our breaths, "Jesus," and the resultant whipping was nothing compared to the desolation this brought on our father. My brothers and I read the New Testament like a forbidden dime novel, and later we could always turn a peaceful dinner into a great storm, with thunder and lightning of fierce scorn, by attempting to discuss it with my father.

But of late he hears the name of Jesus with the utmost composure, and though he will not permit any portion of the New Testament to be read to him, his last words on the subject were uttered quite calmly and with an evident attempt at fairness. We were talking about Renan's "Life of Christ" and how by writing His life Renan had tried to prove that Christ had never lived.

"Let me tell you," put in my father, with all the authority of an eye-witness (indeed he always speaks of the Christian religion as if he had been present at its inception), "Jesus was a Jew well-learned in the law, Who had a disagreement with the rabbis and got mad and went off and started a religion of His own. That's all there was to it."

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JIMMY WALKER

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE Hon. James J. Walker, one-time writer of sentimental songs, later, lawyer, legislative leader and master of debate, and now mayor of the City of New York, is the personification of all that the timid bookkeeper who lives in the suburbs and goes nowhere would like to be in the eyes of his Kansas cousins.

New York, within recent memory, has elevated varying types to the high and more or less dignified post of head of its government. It relished the caustic Judge Gaynor, with his amazing knowledge of the law and his talent for prolific correspondence. It revered, for a time, the youthful Mitchel, who, if he had any knowledge of practical politics, always successfully concealed the fact. For eight dull years it swallowed the bluff of John F. Hylan.

Walker is different from all these. Just turned forty-five he has the appearance of a man still in his early thirties. His hair is black, thick and unruly. His eyes are dark and restless. He has the slim build of a cabaret dancer, of a *gigolo* of the Montmartre. He dresses in an ultra-advanced fashion, redolent of the Tenderloin. He is a native New Yorker, smokes cigarettes continuously, has a vast contempt for the Volstead Act, and reads nothing but the sporting pages. He looks, in brief, to be slightly wicked and is therefore charming. He knows, first hand, the theaters, the race-tracks and the Great (even if not the Best) People. He knows the speak-easies, the hotels and the night clubs. If Alfred E. Smith whose influence landed him in the City Hall, comes from the sidewalks of New York, Jimmy Walker comes from the dance floors.

It is history, now, how in the Summer of 1925 Governor Smith forced Tammany Hall to strike at his ancient enemy, Hearst, through Hylan. It is history, too, how Walker was chosen to make the fight, and how, with neatness and despatch, he eliminated in the Democratic primaries the man who for so long had convinced the common people that he was their pure knight and faithful friend. After this great victory all that remained was to defeat, on election day, the Hon. Frank D. Waterman, the naïve fountain-pen manufacturer, who had been hornswoggled into accepting the Republican nomination. It was easy.

Walker took office on New Year's Day to the tune of dancing in the streets. Rarely had a new administration gone in with such unanimous public support. The Republican newspapers published editorials wishing the bright young mayor the best of luck and intimating that he might be a success despite the taint of Tammany. Even Mr. Hearst's great cultural organs, the *American*, the *Journal* and the *Mirror*, offered a congratulation or two. The public rejoicing was not without reason. Hylan had been in office for eight years. It was more than time for a change. And no two men could be more different in character, temperament and habits than the former mayor and the new one. Hylan had been ponderous and dull. Walker was facile and brilliant. Hylan's custom was to work long hours and accomplish little. Walker's public life had consisted of a short day's labor and swift, definite, brilliant accomplishments. Hylan had been a sober family man who seldom went

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out at night. Walker took his domestic cares lightly and seldom stayed home. Hylan's speeches were lengthy and heavy. Walker's were brief and sparkling.

During the campaign which ended so happily the geniuses in charge exhumed a mawkish waltz song for which their hero had been partly responsible. "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" was its appalling title. Before arriving at the age of discretion Jimmy had written the words for this song and for many others of a similar quality. The campaign managers dusted off its mold and forced it down the trombones of the brass bands at every meeting. Their candidate viewed all this with a somewhat fishy eye. Occasionally he would joke about it and express the hope that the voters would love him in November the way they were shouting they did some weeks before election day. Subconsciously, at least, he probably suspected that reviving the ballad was hardly flattering to him. For he is nothing if not modern. He has, except to the extent that all politicians must occasionally recall the glories of the past, small use for memories. During his campaign gaudy posters called him "The Man of the Hour." Actually he lives from minute to minute. He rarely looks ahead, never plans out a course of action. He assumes, and usually with safety, that he can think faster than the other fellow. This is part of his Broadway training. Now that he is at the City Hall he presides at many board and committee meetings. He does so with a light touch and all the while, faintly and far off stage, there is the whine of a saxophone. Keen ears may also catch the rattle of traps. The jazz age is in office in New York.

Walker will never attain to the stature of the man who has been three times Governor of New York, and who, but for his religion, would have been the last Presidential nominee of the Democratic party. He has not the mental depth of Smith nor his mastery of complicated problems. He admits quite frankly that he is puzzled and worried by what he terms the headaches of the City Hall and then goes on to predict joyously that he will solve them none the less, because he is willing to call in others to help him. He surpasses Smith in his ability to make and hold friends. The cares of office frequently bear down heavily on the Governor. When they do so his cigar-punctuated smile fades, and he becomes curt and brusque. Smith knows how to deny requests, how to turn down applicants for jobs. Jimmy Walker is never sharp, rarely disobliging. People call Smith "Al" only after they know him very well indeed. Walker is "Jimmy" to everyone who has shaken his hand a single time.

II

During the mayoralty campaign his headquarters were in an uptown hotel. Long before election day, believing his victory mathematically certain, the advance guard of job-seekers began to infest the place, and to remind Jimmy how industrious they had been. The probable mayor-elect greeted them all with cordiality but with just the faintest trace of a frown. For an hour or so each afternoon he would retire to an upper floor of the hotel, ostensibly to rest. Returning from one of these siestas, he was asked by a cynical political writer for the low-down, Was it really true that he had been taking a nap? He had never found naps necessary before. Walker grinned.

"I'll tell you," he said confidentially. "I give an hour each day to indoor practice!"

"Practice for what?"

"Learning to say 'No.' I stand in front of a mirror, look at myself with a nasty expression and say 'No' in all the languages I can think of."

There are few public offices more arduous than that of mayor of New York, chief executive of a city that spends well over $1,000,000 a day. Many, very many, of its duties oppress Jimmy Walker. There are,

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for instance, the committee meetings behind closed doors at which new subways, new schools, finances and other technical matters must be thrashed out. Department heads must be interviewed. Official papers have to be signed, political promises fulfilled. These are the headaches that Jimmy detests. As much as he can, he dumps them on the shoulders of executive assistants.

But there is one rôle that he loves. At least once a week, except during the Summer, he presides at sessions of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. This is the most important cog in the civic machinery of New York. It passes laws, makes appropriations, drafts the budget. Its meetings are held in a beautiful room on the second floor of the singularly beautiful colonial City Hall. What delights Walker is the fact that an audience to his taste is always on hand. The Board of Estimate, he has found, is good fun. So are the public hearings at which the citizenry is given an opportunity to express its views on the various high matters under municipal consideration. With a New York crowd in front of him, Jimmy roams again in spirit the legislative halls of the State Capitol at Albany, which he adorned for sixteen years. He is the almost perfect parliamentarian. But always the influence of Broadway is apparent. He indulges in frequent wise-cracks and relishes the laughter that follows his sallies. He prepares very little for the intricate matters that come up when the Board of Estimate meets, but his quick wit makes it appear that he knows more than anyone else.

It would be grossly inaccurate to give the impression that he is always bluffing. Often he is not. Starting with a mental vacuum, he can absorb the fundamentals of a problem in less time than it takes an old lady at the cinema to digest a title. The path to his brain is through his ears, not through his eyes. Hylan put in long hours mulling over reports and statistics. Walker summons an expert, lights a cigarette, paces up and down his office and listens carefully. Instead of reading official documents he has them read to him by a secretary. The method works very well. The mayor is that unusual combination, a good listener as well as a good talker. It is rare that he is on time for anything or anybody; being tardy is one of his outstanding characteristics. But when he finally arrives he is so debonair and his smile is so infectious that he is speedily forgiven. And the city's business is now moving swiftly, certainly more so than when the monotony of Hylanism was broken only by vulgar brawls. The slim young mayor knows what is going on.

His highly gregarious life is often a definite asset to him. He knows many classes of men. He knows that personal motives are behind every request, particularly those made "for the public good." His Broadway cynicism enables him to perceive those motives quickly. On the rare occasions when Broadway itself, rubbing its eyes at being abroad in the daylight, journeys downtown he is in his glory. One such occasion was a public hearing on a proposed law to close the cabarets and night clubs at 3 A.M.

Jimmy may, as yet, be a trifle weak regarding such important civic matters as transit, the budget and taxation, but he knows the night clubs from cover charge to hat check privilege. When, as one of his first official acts, he sponsored the regulation forcing them to put up their shutters at 3 A.M., a large number of night club entrepreneurs hurried down town to record their protest. They gazed, very much hurt, at Jimmy the mayor. Here was one of their own, their very own, seeking to restrict their inalienable rights and liberties. Had he not, when he was a State senator and even since he had become mayor, been welcome at their shrines of hospitality? Had he not been urged to avail himself of the right to sign checks, with the assurance that no bill would follow?

His Honor, seemingly unconscious of

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his treason, nodded blandly to the distressed gentlemen and invited them to present their case, if they had any. One stepped up and began a dissertation on the public need that the night clubs be filled, a need particularly acute after 3 A.M. But the mayor cut him short and in a few words reviewed the situation himself. The better clubs he said, naming them, were already in the habit of closing at the disputed hour. The others, which he also named, were "hang-outs for white collar thieves." It was indecent, he said. Patrons of these resorts, creeping out in evening dress to greet the dawn, ran into sober citizens on their way to the day's honest toil.

At this point one of the night club men unwisely attempted to argue the matter:

THE APPELLANT: New York has a duty to the nation to perform. It is a great center of entertainment, and visitors come here from all over the country to be amused. Why, Your Honor, you have done practically nothing else yourself but entertain visitors.

WALKER [*Expressing amazement*]: That's about as accurate as some of your other statements. I assure you I have had something to do but entertain visitors.

THE APPELLANT: Well, I've been near the City Hall a good deal recently and it seems as though there were always a band playing in front of it.

WALKER: Are the night clubs jealous of our bands?

THE APPELLANT: We couldn't use them, they're all brass.

WALKER: I should think that would make them peculiarly fitted to associate with night club proprietors.

[*The Appellant retires in confusion*]

A SECOND APPELLANT: It's like this: We get a party who comes in at two o'clock and orders a sirloin steak. It takes a half hour to cook. Then in fifteen minutes, we go over to our custo—I mean member—and tell him to pay up and get out. He thinks we're putting him out. He wants to come to New York and run wild while he's here. He . . .

WALKER: You're the frankest man who has spoken here yet. Go right on.

S. A.: Well, you're apt to go in at two o'clock. . . .

WALKER: Not for a steak at two o'clock.

S. A.: Well, the party you're with may order a steak.

WALKER: I wouldn't take them if I thought they would.

S. A.: But where will they go at three o'clock?

WALKER [*Savagely, banging his gavel*] Home! Where I've learned to go!

S. A.: I don't think there should be any closing hour. A man ought to know when he ought to go home and ask for his check. Nobody's stopping him.

WALKER: Many's the time I've stayed after three o'clock for the same reason other people do—in cowardly fear of breaking up a party.

S. A.: Still, why hasn't a man sense enough to go home?

WALKER: If he had you'd be out of business. If you catered to sensible people you wouldn't make your rent.

It was a complete rout and all very entertaining, too. The newspapers carried columns about it.

There is one other duty that Jimmy enjoys, although he admits it less frankly than his pleasure in public meetings. This is acting as welcomer to the notables who visit New York. Before taking office he told his friends that he was not "going to be a signboard." What he meant was that he did not intend to permit motion-picture stars, golf champions, evangelists, pugilists, and other transient personages to be photographed with him on the steps of the City Hall. But he either soon forgot this resolution, or his ability to say "No" failed him. Even Paul Whiteman has been formally received. But he was forced to pay for the privilege. Walker made the spherical jazz king promise to give a free concert in Central Park.

When the celebrities arrive Jimmy is very much at ease. He does not, as did his predecessor, give a detailed description of the wonders of New York. Neither does he enumerate the startling accomplishments of his administration. He simply shakes hands, makes a graceful little extemporaneous speech, smiles, poses for the photographers, and calls it a welcome. Most of the celebrities mean nothing to him. The Crown Prince of Sweden, studious, solemn, worthy and no longer young, was among the visitors last Spring. The future King of Sweden? What is Sweden compared to New York and Broadway? Such may have been the mayor's thoughts. But if they were he concealed them very effectively. He is a very competent and charming official hand-shaker. His speeches are witty and good-humored. Only once, so far, has his poise been shaken. This was

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when Cardinal Bonzano, envoy of the Pope, paused at the City Hall with seven other Cardinals on his way to the Eucharistic Congress. A Catholic himself, Jimmy's customary calm was slightly upset by the sum total of eight such very godly men. During the ceremonies he was nervous. Having prepared his address in advance, he carefully followed the text. Governor Smith was also present to greet the Cardinals, but even the eight Princes of the Church could not feaze Al. He spoke with his usual nasal twang. He grinned at the visitors as if they were so many Boy Scouts and remarked that two American Cardinals, Hayes and Mundelein, were entitled to share in the glories of his personal song, "The Sidewalks of New York." They too, he recalled, had been raised in the slums of Manhattan.

III

Forty years ago the old Ninth Ward in New York was predominantly Irish. It was loyal to Tammany Hall and to the Church. It would sooner have voted for a Protestant than for a Republican, but never found it necessary to do either. Greenwich Village, for such was the Ninth Ward, had no connotation of spurious Bohemianism then. It was, for the most part, a staid and respectable district with a goodly number of comfortable homes. Some of these had small areas of green lawn in their front yards with a shamrock or two growing to bring luck.

The Irish inhabitants, if they had heard of it at all, believed birth control the work of the Evil One. They produced large families. And among the numerous boys and girls who played in the streets and in nearby vacant lots was a slender, nervous, talkative youth who was the son of William H. Walker of Leroy street, a highly respected citizen and a Tammany district leader. Young Jim Walker—they called him Jim instead of Jimmy in those days—never knew poverty. His father, who landed from Ireland as a youth with nothing at all, had done very well in the land of opportunity. He had built up a profitable lumber business, had served in the State Assembly and had become a man of social and political influence. Jim lived in a very nice house. He went to a private school and during the Summer was sent, with some of his cronies, to the Catskill Mountains for the country air. His boyhood was entirely contrary to the American conception of how the men the people honor with public office should begin their careers.

The boy Walker did well enough at his studies and rather better at athletics. His friends of those days now choose to say that he was a gallant and fearless youth and to attribute his prowess on the gridiron and baseball field to his high courage. It is rather more likely that he was pretty badly scared most of the time, but that, like the rest of us, he was far more fearful of admitting it. At the present time, he lives in terror of automobiles. It is one of his peculiarities, a harmless phobia. He would far prefer travel by subway. But each day he permits himself to be driven to the City Hall in his official automobile and suffers torments, clutching the seat fiercely and convinced that a collision is imminently certain.

Even as a youth he liked to be out at night. Often the neighbors would hear the Irish brogue of Walker *père* calling his wandering boy to account. On Saturdays he would remain, seeing the show over and over again, at a Union Square vaudeville house from eleven o'clock in the morning until it closed at midnight.

But if the boy was distinguished for any one thing above all others it was for his loquacity. He seems, looking back across the years, to have been one of those rather offensive children who have an opinion on everything and cannot be squelched by their elders. He loved to recite, to give orations. He would argue on any conceivable subject, whether he knew anything about it or not. Naturally he chose to become a lawyer. It was a profession

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made to his order. But before he was admitted to the bar, in 1912, he had tried his hand for brief periods at banking, promoting a subway, semi-professional baseball and writing soppy lyrics. It was during this period that he perpetrated the May-December atrocity. In 1910 he went to the Legislature for the first time, and in 1912, in addition to qualifying as a lawyer, he was married to a girl who had been a childhood neighbor. He was an hour late for the ceremony.

One New Year's eve, when Jimmy was fifteen, he met for the first time a man who was to have a profound influence on his life. In the '90's the custom of paying calls as the old year perished still prevailed in New York. Among the visitors at the Walker home on the night that ended the year 1895 was a young man from the Fourth Ward over on the East Side, a clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Jurors and already a politician of promise. Eight years younger than this visitor, Jim was strangely attracted to him. The two had an extended conversation, destined to be the first of many. In time they were to be room-mates at Albany, were to fight together in many battles, were to be invaluable to each other. The caller was Alfred E. Smith, aged twenty-three.

IV

The Senate chamber at Albany is almost as ugly as the architecturally grotesque State Capitol itself. And the members of the high legislative body which it houses are, with a few outstanding exceptions, peanut politicians. The only statesmen in New York less civilized are the members of the Assembly and the comic-supplement aldermen of the city of New York. The State Senate takes itself seriously. It is, traditionally, sombre and gloomy. Jimmy Walker, having served an apprenticeship of five years an an assemblyman, was vested with the toga in 1915. By the end of another five years he was the leader of the Democrats on the floor. Soon, as he was later to do at the City Hall, he effected startling changes. He brought laughter, good humor, tolerance and a high measure of talent to his work. He was at his best during the Winters of '22 and '23, when he was the majority leader with the microscopic advantage of a single member more than the Republicans had. Having all of his men in their seats when a vote was due, making certain that none of them had been incapacitated by alcohol or other poisons—this was a job that would have driven most politicians to an untimely grave.

But Jimmy liked it, and was good at it. Always he gave a great show. During the closing days of the session, as the legislative mill ground long and late, people would telephone to his secretary and ask if "anything good" was likely that night. If Jimmy himself was to perform they would flock to the chamber. Below them, in the center aisle, they would see a slim young man striding back and forth, pulling down his waistcoat, gesticulating and shooting verbal paper wads at the thick, red necks of his Republican opponents, who grinned sheepishly and squirmed in their seats. One of his history-making fights was against the passage of the so-called Clean Books Bill, a measure which sought to place new and irresistible weapons in the hands of John S. Sumner, protector of the virtue of New York. It was whispered about that the Catholic Church had been roped in by Sumner, and had given its approval to the proposed law. It had already passed the docile Republican Assembly.

Walker, with his majority of one, set out to defy Rome and block the bill. The rural members of the Senate were all inclined to favor it. Exciting passages in D. H. Lawrence had been read to them. They arose, one by one, and selected Womanhood and the Home as the theme of their orations. Were the men of the Empire State, that vast domain with its green valleys, its verdant mountain sides and its millions of honest folk, going to allow

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filthy literature to creep into their very homes? To besmirch their hearths and firesides? What of their wives, their sisters, their darling daughters and their virtuous sweethearts?

Jimmy listened with a sly grin. At last the wind abated and he got up. He cocked an eye toward the gallery, threw back his shoulders.

"I have heard," he said, "the eloquent addresses of the gentlemen on the other side with great interest. I have the utmost respect for what they have said. But I submit, gentlemen, that they are either naïve or confused. Why all this talk about womanhood? I've never yet heard of a girl being ruined by a book."

The Clean Books Bill was lost.

As early as 1922 Jimmy had been marked for greatness. It was then that the late Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, selected him to act as temporary chairman of the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse, an office given only to men chosen to rise in the ranks of their party. Walker did not take it as seriously as the others. But rumors that he was to be the next Mayor of New York began to be spread by the wise ones. One Winter evening, the Senate in session, he strolled over to the press well.

"Say!" he burst out to a group of legislative correspondents. "If you've got cracked lips don't listen! But they tell me I'm to be the next mayor!"

Up at the Executive Mansion Governor Smith smiled as he heard the whispers. Senator Walker continued to work for him in the Senate, continued to manipulate, bargain, scold and laugh the Governor's pet projects through a hostile Legislature. Smith, to whom party regularity is a religion, had twice assisted in the election of Hylan. But he despised him, since he knew that Hylan was Hearst's man, and he privately believed him hopelessly unfit for his office. On August 6, 1925, the Tammany executive committee announced that Walker was its mayoralty choice.

V

There were some, last January, who made pessimistic predictions that Jimmy would not wear well. They said that he would go out of office in four years as unpopular as he had come in popular. They offered the opinion that the electorate would soon weary of his blithesome ways, his Broadway habits and his inclination to wise-cracks. Jimmy is showing little eagerness to avoid this danger. He continues to arrive late at the City Hall—sometimes it is two o'clock in the afternoon before he breezes in. Hardly a single delegation has seen him at the designated hour. His list of appointments often gets hopelessly tangled before the day is over.

He is improving in many ways, but he still has very little executive ability. This was not much needed in the Legislature, a mad place where everything is in confusion and schedules are useless. But in his present job he is finding that some measure of regularity is really necessary. During the first month or so he accepted almost every invitation, public or private, that was offered him. He spoke at two or three dinners each night. He gladdened the hearts of countless social pushers who wished to exhibit him in their drawing-rooms and private bars. All the while he was learning a tremendously difficult job, and finding himself forced to concentrate on toil more than ever before in his life. The result was that he suffered a bad collapse. Obituaries were hastily written in all the New York newspaper offices and rushed into type. Jimmy came out of the collapse a slightly more sober young man. He bought himself a radio set and a new phonograph and actually stayed at home two or three nights a week.

But he still goes out more times in a month than Hylan did in a year. He is still decidedly flip in his manner of presiding at meetings. And it cannot be denied that some of his adherents greatly deplore these weaknesses, and credit the dolorous predictions that he will lose his

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great public favor if he doesn't get over them. They feel that he must give up, not partially but completely, his gay ways, and call a halt to his dancing feet. Among these friendly viewers with alarm are certain of the gentlemen of the press who cover the City Hall. Almost unanimously his ardent supporters, they nevertheless urge upon him a great deal more promptness and regularity. When he does not arrive at his office until noon, having been dancing until dawn at some night club, they obligingly but protestingly omit mentioning that fact in their papers. One Saturday last Winter Governor Smith called to pay his respects. It was almost one o'clock, but the mayor was still to begin his day's work. The Governor waited for a time but was forced to leave without seeing him. The faithful reporters, writing of the visit, explained that the mayor had been absent at a conference.

More recently Jimmy alighted from his limousine with a pronounced limp. The reporters rushed to his side. Had he seriously injured himself, and how? Their faces grew grave and censorious as he began to square himself. In due time all the newspapers set forth that he had injured his knee by striking it against a table in jumping up at his home to answer the telephone. Jimmy told his friends the true story. There had been a party at his house the evening before. A young woman guest had demonstrated some advanced writhings of the Charleston. Trying to emulate her, he had vibrated too close to a chair.

Jimmy declined, during the campaign, to become excited about the somewhat gaudy charges that were made against him. His campaign speeches were devoted to the needs of the city and what he hoped, if elected, to accomplish. He did hotly resent, however, an accusation by Hylan that he was a creature of the underworld, and that gambling, vice and other such things would flourish if he became mayor. Like all the other folks of Broadway, he has a touch of the sentimental in him. He is saved by the fact, as was once said of him, that he does not believe all that he feels. And he has, of course, a sense of humor. He can, and sometimes does, resort to the old style political hokum. He told a delegation of gaping British advertising men that the Prince of Wales might be "your Prince but he is Our Pal." He informed a mass-meeting of school children that their songs and music were the "sweetest I have ever heard."

But Jimmy becomes very serious when Tammany Hall, his political pa, is attacked. At the start of his campaign he was honored at a vast gathering of the faithful in Fourteenth street. There were songs and red fire. The ancient braves of Tammany, colossal figures to Jimmy in his boyhood, praised him. They said he was certain to be true to the trust placed in him. And then the usually complacent Jimmy got up. A spotlight was thrown on him, the band blared and the cheering lasted for ten minutes. It was rather too much. The Broadway wisecracker gulped. Tears came into his eyes. He tossed away the text of a speech he had planned to make. Then he said:

> Tammany Hall is made up of decent, God-fearing men and women, good fathers and good mothers. This was the only place where my immigrant father found any help when he came through Castle Garden for the liberty that he was denied in the land where he was born. Nearly all of the humane measures which have been passed in recent years came from it. I will strive to make this the decentest, the most wholesome as well as the best governed city in the civilized world.

It is still too early to pass judgment on Jimmy as mayor. It is said by some that the job will eventually change his sunny nature, that he will become solemn and serious, dull and ponderous. Let us hope that they are wrong. There have been plenty of gloomy mayors. Jimmy is refreshing for his charm, his good humor, his high animal spirits. "I would rather laugh than cry," he has said. "I like the company of my fellow beings. I like the theatre and I am devoted to sports." These are tastes that are only too seldom found in high places.

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A WALK AROUND THE BLOCK

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

I AM a lazy man. I hate to work. Come start with me from the corner of Broadway and Sixty-sixth street, and we'll stroll around the block.

This must be a thirsty corner, here under the elevated. Bronzed young sailors come up from the sea in taxis. But I leave them to crowd around the dance halls while we walk down Broadway.

A Greek runs this fruit-stand near the corner as we go down, a man between forty and fifty, grave and gentle, but now with a pleasant smile. He has the manner of an employé; probably the delicatessen in the rear is the proprietor of this stand. He'll sell you two fine navel oranges for thirty cents. He comes to work after lunch and he is out there till three in the morning. If you say thank you to him in his own language, a light comes into his face like dawn on the Acropolis. His advice as to what to buy is almost uniformly bad.

Next comes a grill—it is a German place, with dead fish in the window. The thin little proprietor goes himself to market and buys the best fish he can. He says it is all fresh and he believes it, but isn't there a law against fresh fish in New York? This place has a bit of the atmosphere of before-the-war. The waiters are all German, kindly, not Prohibitionists. Talk to the young one about Dresden, and tears come into his eyes.

Before the corner you come to the narrow door of a dancing academy. Gentlemen, fifty cents; ladies, a quarter. A lady is going in, she is fifteen years old, and her entire costume could be put in an envelope. She looks like a shop-girl. She'll dance till eleven o'clock.

On the corner is Liggett's. A wonderful institution. Somewhere in the heart of it at the beginning was the old-fashioned apothecary's shop, sombre and dignified, where prescriptions in Latin were deciphered by elderly compounders with glasses on the ends of their noses. Now Liggett's is a jazz drug-store. In the window you see a large selection of rubber bathing-caps, and an Ingersoll dollar-watch for four dollars, with a face that shines in the night. You see a tin thermos bottle, an electric fan, an electric iron, a lot of phonograph records, a good deal of cheap candy, all the apparatus for bringing you into the condition where you will need to buy drugs. Look inside. At the soda counter you can jazz your stomach with iced drinks, coca-cola, hot coffee, sandwiches. At the other side a candy counter, brightly colored. In the center a table of manly books by Zane Grey and James Oliver Curwood about God's out of doors. In the rear, ramparted behind patent medicines and toothwash and rubber goods, you see drug clerks who have learned an aristocratic, immobile expression from their heroes in the movies.

If you leave Liggett's and can bear to pass the beautiful new Childs' on the other corner, you make a mistake. At least spy the girls through the aquarium windows. These waitresses, let me tell you, supply their own laundered uniforms. They are paid thirty-three and one-third cents an hour, or a dollar for three hours' work, so they need their dime and nickel tips. That girl who looks like an Italian, with dark hair *à la* Madonna, dark eyes, an interesting pallor and regular features—she is a

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Pole. She has a boy of ten, and she says he is learning Polish. That other waitress near her is a German. On her mornings off she rides horseback in Van Cortlandt Park. That third one, who slides a little as she comes to serve an order, is a woman of nearly forty, slender and uncommonly graceful, with a keen profile and a quick eye. When she arrives in the morning she is wearing one of the smartest of tailor-made grey street costumes, with a hat in perfect taste. These represent her clients' appreciation of the fact that her tea is served strong and her toast hot, that her corned beef hash is brown. She understands her public and she can wind the cook around her little finger. Her look in repose is sagacious enough to qualify her for heterodoxy.

The cashier, half-Irish and half-French, has a hunted expression on her jolly face. She sees us gazing through the plate-glass and thinks we may be planning a hold-up. The Sidney Hotel round the corner was robbed some time ago. Long's across the street was the scene of a little affair in which the thief had the hard luck to walk into a policeman who shot to kill. The hold-up men are nearly as dangerous as the automobiles, to whom the memorial in the parklet over the way credits the death of nearly three hundred this year.

On the right we have a new branch of a bank. This bank, like Liggett's and Childs', is a mere tentacle of an octopus. On top this octopus is a sunny brown, but if you overdraw your account its belly becomes a livid yellow spotted with pink. In its veins runs embalming fluid, and its eyes are round with incredulity. Be careful with this bank!

In the big building Bernarr Macfadden publishes his string of magazines. Macfadden's story must be an interesting one. Isn't he the man who once had a health restaurant on Broadway somewhere about Twenty-eighth street, and wasn't he once a sandalled health faddist, with something of Eugene Sandow thrown in? Where and when did the change come in his fortunes? Today he publishes a frightful thing called *True Stories*, wherein "documents" are colored up to suit the hungry-hearted. Wagon loads of these magazines are disgorged from this very building in full sight of Dante's statue. Dante no doubt lifts his skirt at the very thought of Bernarr Macfadden. And yet Macfadden feels more of a success than Dante. He has a bigger place in the public eye. He has traveled fast and far from his nut-cutlet restaurant.

By the side of Macfadden is an automobile concern that ingeniously throws an advertisement in light and shade on the sidewalk at your feet. You step on it, but you do not impair the advertisement. It falls on your clothes. You step back from it, and there it is at your feet again.

II

Here, on the corner, is an emporium, Yellow by name, which will hire you a motor-car, to run yourself, for a tiny sum a mile, or an hour. Look at the citizens who have hired these cars; they have had the joy of feeling like proprietors the whole afternoon. They are stocky, important, pompous little fellows who have been dreaming dreams. How different their closed faces from the handsome, sunny face of the Negro attendant whom the firm has dressed up in brown jeans with its name in bright yellow branded across his back—its private clown!

Next, going south, we pass a new health shop, run by a Dane. In the brilliant window are bran and gluten bread and whole wheat and honey, and with them books and pamphlets on How to Keep Well. I see the proprietor inside. He is a brisk young man, friendly, wide-awake, his career well in hand. He too is conquering New York.

We come into Automobile Row, the kingdom of Packard, of Cadillac, of Franklin, of Wills Sainte Claire, of bran, of whole wheat, of honey. In the daytime strong silent salesmen lurk behind the plate-glass windows. On these windows

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are the bargain prices of used cars. You can have a Ford for $55. How tame these beasts look in their zoo! At the present moment there is one automobile on the loose to devour the leisure of every seven Americans. Soon there will be one for every three people, which won't be so bad as the day when every single American will be the happy owner of three automobiles. I foresee that day. I foresee that the population will crowd into the garages so that the motors can have the living-rooms. It will be a great day for Rockefeller. He'll sell gasoline with one hand and Nujol with the other, while automobiles will be given away free by Liggett's drug-stores with every purchase exceeding two dollars.

Do not pause before the window where a celebrated motor challenges you to find "it's" equal. Do not stop to see how much the smart restaurant is asking for its "*omilette.*" "No Rubbage Here!" declares a hand-made sign. Ignore it. Literacy is a mere convention.

We approach Columbus Circle. A running fire across the face of the night says a good word for the Manufacturer's Trust Company. Lift up your eyes to Heaven and you see FISK TIRES and U. S. KEDS. This is a lively region. As you glance back, your eyes are blistered by PRINCE ALBERT. So blinding is the light that you can believe that it costs a fabulous sum. Does it spell waste? Not at all. It is a way of manuring the appetite of the community, and the community pays for it when it pays for its tobacco. These advertisements are part of American self-expression, part of American culture. Tires and tobacco and chewing gum, powder, perfume and paint. A brainy man is paid $50,000 a year to tell the advertiser exactly by what passage he can best introduce his red-hot wire into the attention of the public. The price is lower for the community if the community buys in unison. And yet one wishes that Mr. Ward could be compelled to eat his own bread.

Up above another Childs' is a Chinese restaurant. Mr. Will Lee sits there, proud to be an Amellican citizen. Yet he cannot help it if occasionally he goes down to the Bowery to hear his own grand opera. There, in the dark heart of the Bowery, an audience purely Chinese enjoys an opera acted by men and women who do not know a word of English and who are not within five thousand miles of Western culture. Theirs is the most direct, the most uncomplicated, the most exquisite make-believe. If the leading man, straight from China, has brought with him three thousand costumes, it is because his costumes are the pride of his audience's eye.

But one has not to go as far as the Bowery for culture. A Moscow company is giving a French opera with a Spanish subject right here in Columbus Circle. And on the sidewalk are the exponents of two religions.

Four young girls, very anæmic and poorly clad, who were saved from the devil, are singing Salvation Army hymns. One of them is a flapper who thinks she has experienced conversion. The others have really suffered. In their eyes shimmers belief. Their imagination is alive, their souls are on fire, they are at home with Christ as the Chinese are at home with their opera. This is sincerity. And the man on the curb opposite the cigar store has experienced Karl Marx and is trying to convey his message in inadequate English. FISK TIRES, U. S. KEDS and PRINCE ALBERT are glaring at him. He keeps saying, kepitalism, kepitalism.

Columbus on the monument is wondering at the thing he discovered. In this one circle he has Marx and Jesus, Hearst and Chinaman, Muscovite and Celt. "Remember the Maine," Hearst's enterprise shouts at Columbus. Columbus worked for the Spaniards before the Americans began to work him, and he is amused at American imperialism, at the spreading eagle, at the jackdaw crying kepitalism.

"I remember the time," thinks Cristofero, "when my brother was turned down by Henry VII, and when he and I went begging around the lot to be allowed to

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discover the Indies. I came into this continent hindside-to. Perhaps America, which headed out for democracy, has discovered another continent by mistake. To me this yelp and glare are telling another story. It reminds me of my own lifetime, of blood and treasure, of sun and gold. In the veins of this people there is no contemplation. In their secret heart there is no memory. It is a people quick of hand and eye, living in the moment, fluent, often troubled, not long dismayed. It can be kind. It is glad of excitement. Its enthusiasms flare like burning grass. For the gold in its lap come Greek and Dane, Italian and Chinaman, Spaniard and Pole. Down that street are soft-voiced Negroes, vested in tenement filth. It is the market-place of the world, bodies and souls for sale, and empires to conquer. I who discovered it never set foot in it. No more shall America set foot in democracy."

You're out of touch, Columbus! Anyway, you were never naturalized.

III

A bus goes by with beautiful lettering on its brown flank, "SERVICE WITH A SMILE." Surely this is a democracy!

"That's a great paper," you say to the man at the newsstand as you buy Bernarr Macfadden's *Daily Graphic*.

"It's a beaut."

"Why do they buy it?" you ask.

"*You're* buying it, ain't you?"

"Is it on the level?"

"Is any of 'em on the level?"

"The *Nation* there?"

"Want to buy it?" he inquires mournfully.

The man is sordid. Let us walk up Central Park West and escape from Broadway.

A new subway is being built along this street, without any great immediate inconvenience to the public. What other country that has ever existed could organize in this way? A vast hotel that is growing overnight is ready to let its apartments. Tapestry hangs in the shack where you can engage your future suite. It will be dear, but you are making money in the same proportion. You are playing the game. Hire a suite, and have no fear for the future. Banish fear!

We have arrived at the Christian Science Temple, and this is Wednesday, the experience evening. Come with me, fellow believer, into this softly lighted, dignified building, where you can spend an improving hour.

A few dozen ushers in grey gloves appear as we enter. They smile in chorus. There are seats downstairs for about six hundred people, but these seats are already full, and a grey-gloved usher, breaking out in a radiant grin, indicates the balcony. The balcony it is. We look down on a fine assemblage, decidedly prosperous-looking, and in voice and in manner and in general deportment eminently genteel.

We hear the holy writings of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy elegantly intoned by an elderly reader from a desk with footlights, but it is the touching personal testimonies from the floor of the house that are so arresting. This is quite unlike the whizz-bang of Columbus Circle or the jumping-Judas electric signs.

A lady is bleating. She is telling us she had pneumonia, was incredulous, was prevailed on to try Christian Science, and was cured. Then her hair began to fall out, on account of the temperature. She took to reminding herself that she was a "collection of divine intelligence," and by this means not only checked the fall of her hair but got a new growth, all of the original color. She was grateful for this to the Saviour and to Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Another lady testifies. One evening she was sitting in her home in the suburbs when she suddenly became filled with an unaccountable apprehension. She sent her husband, apparently a super in the matrimonial drama, to bed. To still her apprehension she stayed up reading Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, and at length sought her repose. On descending in the morning to the kitchen she found, to her horror, that

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the window had been half pried open. Hand in hand with her sister she walked into the dining-room—the family silver was safe! She went outside. Footprints (probably cloven) went around the house. The neighbors called to her that they had been robbed. She wanted to express her gratitude for her own protection to the Saviour and Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Another lady testifies how, by laying up treasure in Heaven, she and her husband had had the courage to come all the way to New York from San Francisco with only fifty-one dollars in hand. The Lord provided a wonderful position almost immediately at forty dollars a week. Under the same guidance, the lady's husband is now bringing in two hundred dollars a month. They am certainly very, very grateful, so this colored lady testifies.

Could anyone who sits in this soothing company doubt its earnest faith? These people believe. They believe in God not only as a Saviour for eternal salvation but as a Holmes watchman, a free employment agency, and a hair restorer. As we go out to the strains of hymn No. 37, the ushers grin like Cheshire cats.

This is not the voice of the alien that you have been hearing, it is the voice of the Anglo-Saxon American, the voice of Christianity crossed with commercialism. Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy has given these people, well-washed and well-dressed, a God that above everything pays. He is the God of gilt-edged security, cures chilblains, whooping cough, snakebite, cancer, warts, diarrhœa, consumption, and flat feet. There never was another such God. He wipes out failure, disease and death. If an automobile runs you down, it is turned to rubber and cannot hurt you. If you fall off a skyscraper, you bounce lightly on the sidewalk, come up smiling and take off your hat. He removes from this universe all the ugliness, all the pain, all the wrinkles and all the intelligence that have ever afflicted it, and even if Mary Baker G. Eddy's English has the same relation to the Bible as Yonkers rugs have to their Oriental original, this assemblage is not likely to detect it. It has invented a religion that despises all sensuality except the sensuality of property. By this route you can arrive in heaven in a limousine. You can do it on FISK TIRES.

Let us lope back to Sixty-sixth street, miserable pedestrians that we are!

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EDITORIAL

Out of the muck of Prohibition certain blossoms spring, fragile but precious. There is, for example, the little pink flower of liberty, so long trampled down among us, and half forgotten. After all, the American people, save for a small minority of half-wits, have *not* submitted to the Volstead Act. Even in the Bible Belt, though the fires of Hell reinforce the clubs of the law, the jug survives unsmashed, and men cherish it as a memorial symbol of the Bill of Rights. The fact is somehow surprising and stimulating, like the flitting shadow of an honest man in Congress. For three long years, anterior to January 16, 1920, the highest forces of the most puissant nation ever seen on earth were concentrated upon the enslavement of its citizens. Next to stealing, that was the principal enterprise of the war for democracy on this side of the ocean. The thing took on the proportions of a holy crusade, with the lamented Woodrow serving as its Peter the Hermit. Not only did it become unlawful for the citizen to utter any opinion about the great combat he was paying for; it also became unlawful for him to cherish any unofficial ideas about it *in petto*. The ancient crime of "imagining the King's death" was revived, and the master-minds of the juristic faculty, always limber jenkinses under democracy, extended it to include even critical objections to the King's literary style. Thus the jails were filled, the terror was spread, and the Americano learned the stark, simple measures of the goose-step. He seemed, alas, to take to it; no protest of any force or violence came from him; there was every evidence that he would plod on docilely forever. Obviously, the consecrated leaders of the Anti-Saloon League thought so, for as the war passed into history and taxes they burst out with a loud "Hep! hep!" of their own. The Americano went on a few paces in this new and tighter step—say down to the Summer of 1920. But then he suddenly broke ranks, and ever since then he has been ranging and cavorting all over the drill-ground. Of what avail are the Prohibition agents who rove the land, or the rev. publicists bawling for Law Enforcement, or the sweating judges upon the bench? Of what avail are the armed forces on land and sea? They have made liberty dangerous, but by the same token they have made it sweet. So the Eighteenth Amendment is everywhere in a state of paralysis, even in such abandoned sinks of Methodism as Kansas and Tennessee—and the fact is perhaps the most creditable to the account of the American people since the third defeat of William Jennings Bryan. Elsewhere liberty languishes, but in the region of the Volstead Act it blooms.

But there is yet more. That great statute has not only had the profound political effect of reviving the old love of liberty in the hearts of the people, and their ancient willingness to run some risks for it; it has also had the still profounder philosophical effect of blowing up their old naïve faith in the categorical imperative. True enough, the name of the categorical imperative was a stranger to them, but nevertheless they once gave it full credit, and it was implicit in all the ethical schemes that bedeviled them, whether theological or merely constabulary. Right, in their view, was a definite entity, a *Ding an sich*, and as real as hot or cold. Wrong was equally clear and invariable. On this postulate all the gaudy nonsense of their law was based, and all the still gaudier nonsense of their theology. To question it was a sort of sin

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against the Holy Ghost, and indistinguishable from questioning democracy itself. But now they have learned to question it, and it seems to me that this learning has brought them many plain benefits, and vastly increased their intellectual dignity. For the first time in their history they have come to a surprised but not unpleasant understanding of the fact that the law, even the moral law, is after all only a human contrivance, and that what is put into it today may be taken out of it tomorrow. In other words, they have begun to realize that behind all categorical imperatives there stand concrete and highly human moralists, most of them with something to sell, and that the great and revolutionary discoveries of these moralists, when subjected to analysis, are very apt to turn out to be buncombe. The Methodist bishops, at the start of the Law Enforcement buffoonery, spoke grandly in the name of God, and it seemed a high indecorum to challenge them. But now everybody, including even a minority of Methodists, is well aware that they speak only for themselves, and that what they say is thus thrown for its authority upon their native sense and dignity, and that their native sense and dignity, realistically examined, are found to be identical with those of a cockroach.

II

This rent in the moral fabric is greatly deplored by specialists in indignation, but it must be manifest to the judicious that it lets in a lot of welcome light. The whole imposture of law is salubriously illuminated, and with it the whole imposture of government. Hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—of simple men, hitherto in the habit of taking such things on faith, have begun to look into them a bit suspiciously—and suspicion, in that field, as in pathology and amour, is the beginning of wisdom. There is no slackening of belief, so far as I can make out, in those moral principles which ground themselves firmly upon human experience; swindlers, as everyone knows, are still reprehended, and the jail-doors clap upon them every day. But in the regions wherein morality itself becomes a sort of swindle, and the Good Man is indistinguishable from a Florida land speculator or a seller of Oklahoma oil stock—in these regions there is a growth of agnosticism, and even of infidelity, and out of it, in the long run, there will flow unmistakable benefits.

So much Prohibition has accomplished. It has busted the uplift. It has made plain to everyone the venality and low swinishness of legislators. It has taken the gloss, so to speak, off the judicial process. In the last-named department some bitter has come with the sweet. The people, seeing the courts leagued with rogues in the harassment of honest men, have gone too far, perhaps, in damning them. They still have a useful function to perform, and it is conceivable that, in the long run, they will learn, by trial and error, how to perform it. That function is the scotching of swindlers—or, in terms of today, the putting down of uplifters. I long ago pointed out the colossal opportunity awaiting any Federal judge with enterprise enough to embrace it—and courage enough to face the blast of the Anti-Saloon League. Let him exhume the First, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Amendments from the cold, cold ground, let him loose a bold judicial whoop for the whole Bill of Rights, let him begin sending Prohibition agents to the hoosegow, whence they issued to afflict a free people—let him do these simple things, all within his lawful powers, all within the strict boundaries of his oath, and he will come to such fame as not even the late Valentino ever encompassed. Judges now have to leave the bench in order to get into the news-reels. One finds them quitting to go to work for the Steel Trust or to share the trough of Babe Ruth. The natural human yearning for popularity causes them to desert their high concerns. But the popularity of the first judge who seizes the chance I hint at will make that of Valentino

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and the Babe seem almost infamy. Overnight he will become a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination and the Democratic Presidential nomination and he will get both of them.

This miracle I somehow cherish; it is the last, no doubt, that I'll ever believe in. I see no sign of another in the department of law-making, legal and extra-legal. The legislator, under democracy, is incurably a scoundrel, and so is the uplifter. There is no imaginable way of reforming them, short of shooting them. Hitherto the American people have played with a notion to the contrary, and it has led them to give credit to a long list of quack remedies, from the recall to the initiative and referendum, and so on out into space. But now they begin to realize, I believe, that there is no remedy that will really cure. The treatment that remains is to get the patient on his legs, and let him pursue his own devices, taking what he wants and rejecting what he wants. In other words, the remedy is to heave the categorical imperative out of the window, and with it all the ethical osteopaths and chiropractors who merchant it. It is perhaps easier, since Prohibition, to get new moral legislation on the books. The uplifters have learned how to crack their whips, and the legislators have learned how to jump. But it is vastly harder to get moral legislation obeyed. That far, at least, we have gone.

III

Perhaps we are destined to go still farther. For years I have spilled ink denouncing the hypocrisy that runs, like a hair in a hot dog, through the otherwise beautiful fabric of American life. Now I begin to suspect on blue days that I have been chasing a categorical imperative of my own. Is hypocrisy, then, infamous *per se?* I can only confess that, at the moment, I am in some doubt. It seems to work. In the face of it, and theoretically impeded by it, there has been the great advance in ethical realism that I have been describing. Perhaps hypocrisy is an anæsthetic that makes major moral operations possible; without it they might be intolerable. Perhaps it is a necessary function of democracy—a general assumption of the not-true, embracing many lesser but inevitable assumptions of the not-true. It may be that candor, like honor, would be fatal to the whole democratic process—that it presupposes a contempt for the general opinion, and no less for the general lack of opinion, that verges upon anarchy.

Whatever the cause, hypocrisy flourishes among us alongside a growing antinomianism. The drys, maintaining that a national plebiscite would uphold Prohibition, are probably right. The wets, maintaining that Prohibition will never be obeyed or enforced, are certainly right. Perhaps the former fact, in some occult way, working down the dark back alleys of the popular mind, is responsible for the latter. If so, let us liberate a glad hosanna, and refrain from looking into the matter too closely. In this field there is a great complexity, baffling to metaphysicians since the dawn of their beautiful science. The safest thing to do is to take refuge behind the principles of the strictest behaviorism. From that platform one sees only that the ancient authority of the moral law has begun to crack. Not only the wicked, but also multitudes of the naturally virtuous, have brought the concept of duty into the light of reason. A law among us is no longer something to be obeyed automatically; it is something to be weighed and discussed, and maybe to be rejected. It seems to me that Prohibition is mainly responsible for that benign change. It has destroyed a very dubious and dangerous axiom by putting it into terms of the intolerable. That is a public service of high value, and even of a certain austere dignity. Let the band blow a blast or two in honor of the preposterous Mr. Volstead. He aimed at the bird of freedom (*Haliaeëtus leucocephalus*) and brought down a whole sky-full of buzzards (*Buteo wowseris*).

H. L. M.

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SAVING THE SOPHOMORE

BY RICHARD DYE

IN 1924, the latest year for which figures are available, the Y. M. C. A. had 477 student associations among the colleges of the United States, 342 of which guarded the souls of white students only. White Christians to the number of 74,913 belonged to these tongs, almost six-sevenths of whom, according to the official report, might be called active. Their gross income amounted to $2,549,800, and the active members held 118 "evangelical" meetings and 11,173 "religious" meetings —note the difference—to a total attendance of 992,700 Christian souls. Figures somewhat less heartening will be quoted from official sources in due time, but these suffice to indicate the extent of the Y's sweet assault upon the colleges. It is an assault of undying hope and unremitting ferocity. Into it goes the full force of the uplift—all the up-and-coming organization, all the high-pressure social and economic aid, all the complicated machinery of hand-shaking, back-slapping, go-getting Christianity that the Association has found effective in other fields, and a great deal of specialized ministration as well. It is meant to perform a function of paramount importance to the Association at large, and so to all the earth and a great acreage of Heaven and Hell besides. In order to understand it, one must first realize the special problems in soul-saving presented by the colleges.

Their immediate importance to Christian boosters lies in their capacity to provide brigadiers and non-coms for the holy cause. The average low-down American, it appears, contributes no motive power whatsoever to the great struggle for world-evangelization. His Fifth Grade education has left him ignorant of the very names of the Far Eastern fields toward which the high-voltage churches yearningly turn their faces, and so his yeasty benevolence cannot take wing. A Tag Day may move him to give up four bits for a Fresh Air Fund, but he cannot understand the necessity of delivering a billion Hindu and Chinese souls, properly disinfected and rubber-stamped, into Heaven. They're only a bunch of coons and skibbies, anyway; he doubts that they've got souls. His wife, it is true, will squeeze her shoe-money and give two days a month to the Missionary Society, but she is only raw material. Her energy, to be made effective, must be directed by Trained Men: men whose Vision has been widened, regulated and focussed; men who have seen the world as a battlefield where Satan and Service fight it out forever; men in whom the Call has been disciplined to a frenzy of heroic and well-paid passion. These men—and their analogues, the lady-uplifters, or viragoes of God,—can come only from the colleges. The day is past when the missionary to China, the agitator for world peace, or the brothel-snooping parson could arise in the sticks and nourish his dyspepsia on locusts and wild honey. Today he must have his Phi Beta Kappa key or his major sport initial as unquestionably as the phonograph salesman. And not only he, but his following as well. Take any of the associations for making the world over, now flourishing in this great land, and scrutinize its membership. You will find it as full of B.A.'s as the pay-roll of a high-grade in-

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vestment securities house. The Dorcas Society dwindles; the World Peace Committee of the Class of 1912 takes its place.

But though the colleges are thus inviting fields for the celestial plowmen, they also present certain special and sinister problems. If it is true that men of Vision are won to Service during their college years, it is also true that those same years offer Satan his finest opportunity to corrupt and ruin Christian youth. Young people going to the halls of learning escape for the first time from the discipline of their parents and the supervision of their pastors. Thus, unless consecrated and up-and-coming men are faithful to their watch, youth will, quite literally, go to the devil. First they neglect going to church—unless the Y prods them—and after that first evil step the rush to hell is an avalanche. They begin to swear, to play cards, to gamble, to smoke cigarettes, to patronize the bootleggers, to read wicked authors. Even graver sins may follow: they may cheat in their class work, they may acquire habits of skepticism, flippancy and irreverence, they may fall among loose women.

Thus college is a field wherein the devil may, unless the Y is vigilant, find his richest harvest. And even so, the worst is not told, for he is infinitely audacious and has gone to the dreadful length of seducing the colleges themselves to his aid. Youth is a time when atheists are made, when men learn to mock at the sacred machinery of evangelism, uplift, and reform; and some college teachers, wholly delivered over to antinomianism, encourage the process. "The moral qualifications and influences of men chosen to teach are too often a question of secondary importance," writes one alarmed secretary. "The Department of Philosophy, in a spirit of intellectual conceit, is encouraging a type of liberalism and criticism which is little short of the rankest infidelity. . . . Conscience is deadened, the distinction between right and wrong is made less real." Here, then, the Y fronts its duty. It must meet the devil's onslaught, and, by sniping, gassing and shell-fire halt and rout him. Thus the basic function of the college Y is to save the souls of young men who, at an age especially liable to error, are exposed to the danger of acquiring knowledge and the temptation to enjoy themselves. As one secretary puts it, "In our day, especially in State schools, the Y. M. C. A. is practically the only agency which stands distinctly for the moral and religious culture of young men." Wealth, economics, Socialism call for Christian men; so do law and politics; so do medicine and journalism. So do all the activities of the world—and in the college system there is only this one agency to see that the men who get in are Christians and that "world wide evangelization in our generation" will thus become possible. The Y accepts the obligation and, though all hell be in its way, it snatches the souls of countless college men annually, and delivers them over to the uplift, eager and fitted for the task of reforming the world.

II

The methods employed may be grouped under three heads: Service, Snooping, and Evangelism. "Through its equipment, its agencies, its fellowship, it guards the lives of young men separated from home influences. Through its direct religious agencies, it turns the hearts of men toward Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Through the same agencies it has a large part in developing symmetrical Christian manhood; but it goes farther than this, and exalts the matter of Service, and enlists men for such Service for others; and even then its work is not done, for it goes further still and trains men for such Service."

The local organization is as large as the individual college will support. Each local chapter raises its own endowments, pays its own expenses, and contributes a yearly sum to the national organization. It consists of a paid secretary and some-

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times an assistant secretary, both trained in answering the Call; a board of directors composed of one or two faculty members, one or two Babbitts, an alumnus, and enough students to balance the vote; and a council made up of the student president and a number of committee chairmen, whose departments look after membership, Bible study, missionary activities, religious meetings, evangelistic campaigns, social diversions, extension work, and athletic programmes. The theory puts into each one of these resounding offices a converted man who is hot for the conversion of others. Most important of all is the secretary, who must not only fire his charges with pious enthusiasm, but must himself exemplify the Christian life.

Service centers in the Association headquarters. At some large universities, the Y maintains a building of its own. Elsewhere, it has a suite of rooms or, alas, sometimes only a miserable office with a candy-counter, a typewriter, and a set of files. Where a building is maintained, the Association provides a healthy moral atmosphere for hair-cutting, bowling, billiards and pool. The secretary is adamant against gambling; he denies the privileges of the building to those who are detected in it. He is but little less hostile to profanity. He plasters the walls with framed texts reprobating it, and conducts himself, in the manner familiar to every ex-soldier, with shocked propriety when he hears it. Every so often he delivers a formal polemic against it, and frequently rids himself of the extemporaneous man-to-man homilies that characterize his kind. But these activities are only the veneer of Service. The Association also maintains a series of bureaux which undertake to help the college at large. There are official Y greeters who write to new students in advance of their coming, meet them at the station when they arrive, and try in every way to impress them with the joys of Christian work. There are friendship committees, designed to seek out the student deep in loneliness or *Katzenjammer*, slap his back, and plant a seed for the Good Life. There are big brother committees of upper classmen to steer the younger men into the ways of rectitude. There is an employment bureau which finds part-time jobs for poor students. There is a bureau which lists available rooms.

To the hard-boiled pedagogue most of these seem harmless if somewhat idiotic activities whose principal offense lies in their impregnating legitimate business and social transactions with the aroma of righteousness and thus creating a false sense of obligation—the idea of "Have a sheet of notepaper and say a prayer" that made the Y abominable during the war. Two of them, the employment bureau and the room-finding bureau, are properly functions of the college itself, and to the extent that the Association usurps them, it is interfering with the educational system. An American college, however, is usually so undermanned that it welcomes interference of this kind.

Service, moreover, has its public and communal aspects. The Association, finding much college social life abhorrent to Christian sensibilities, undertakes to provide clean entertainment for the student body. Here it runs on an embarrassing rock. It could make its best headway among the discarded or ignored undergraduates, the men who have not been granted the beatitude of membership in a fraternity. These "barbs" or "irregulars" are frequently hungry for association with others. But the Y yearns for the prestige that attends the snobs who compose the fraternities and its efforts to seduce them to its purposes result, often, in the alienation of the barbs. The official literature urges the wooing of the fraternities, with a frank admission that their prestige is the objective. But, in whatever form, the Association manages to fill the opening weeks of the college year with a series of parties. At co-educational institutions one of these is given jointly with the Y. W. C. A.; the rest are stags.

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I am grieved to report that these events frequently fail of their purpose. They are given, of course, to introduce the students to one another, and by clean, democratic rough-housing to bind them together in Christian fellowship. Alas, the shibboleth of "clean fun" usually robs the party of spontaneity, and the pumped-up enthusiasm of the professional back-slappers cannot overcome the tendency of all college gatherings to divide into cliques. The typical American college man, to any observation but an uplifter's, is a jovially low fellow who smokes and swears and takes a pull at any gin that is offered him. The ghastly frown of a secretary who sees a cigarette lighted in his sacred halls, his horror of profanity, his outraged denunciations of drink—these things quite frustrate his hospitality. The undergraduate would far rather rough-house with his fraternity or seek a refreshing vulgarity in the pool-halls of the town. The parties make a lot of perfunctory noise; they fill the secretary's heart, retrospectively, with a feeling that good seeds have been planted; but they are proverbially the worst frosts of the year. When a college man wants to apply to a party the lowest synonym for dud, he calls it a Y-hop.

III

So much for Service. Snooping introduces a less respectable industry. Here, too, there are private and public phases. The various committees of the Association, once the year is under way, begin to circulate among the students, visiting them in their rooms. Of all the customs of the Y, this is the hardest for the damned to understand, but the original premiss explains it. The evangelically-minded, through conversion, have learned exactly what right conduct is, understand the necessity of bringing everyone to observe it, prayerfully dedicate themselves to the duty of preaching it, and are convinced that their calling justifies any intermeddling, however offensive. Wherefore they see nothing odious in prying into another's concerns, but only a glorious opportunity to Serve. The concept of individual rights, of autonomy, of self-determination, is wholly beyond the Y's comprehension. The new student must be saved for righteousness, whether he wants to be or not. Tirelessly the snoopers go forth on their visits, singly or in pairs. This is the Personal Interview, the Personal Approach.

Much honest idealism goes into these pestiferous visits, but I have been unable to discover any success attendant on them. Of all things on earth, the college man most loathes preaching. When it is done by a youth of his own age, an effeminate Christer who does not smoke, and when it is forced on him in his own room—he abominates it. True, he usually endures it with the docility that marks the college man in everything, but he retaliates by developing a folk-lore of the most blistering sort. The secret convictions which the undergraduate body has about the most active Y members are hardly communicable to paper. And as he grows up in college he adorns this folk-lore with a satire which is no less earthly. Sometimes he does not even endure the preaching. My researches have uncovered a number of revolts. I cherish most regretfully the story of one such room-to-room missionary who was set upon by coarse brutes, stripped, and anointed in the most Rabelaisian manner with all the tooth-paste and shaving-cream at hand.

The Association's public snooping introduces its most gaudy activity, the Discussion Group. Here all its benevolent impulses reach their highest intensity. Here it is most itself as it would like to be. For this, earnest young men have prepared themselves through college, church, and many vigils of night- and Summer-school. This is the Association fronting the world in righteousness and making it over. And what is a Discussion Group? Merely a herd of undergraduates summoned together by a secretary and prodded into

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talking. So far as these groups devote themselves to Doubt and Sex, they merely repeat the material of the Personal Interview in a more self-conscious fashion. But when they branch out, they put the whole world on the carpet and go energetically about its reformation. The theory has it that these groups are nuclei of leavening grace—that the student is here made aware of God, the missionary field, world peace, the social evil, the strife between capital and labor, and all other Big Things, and is won to their righteous advocacy for life. From these groups, the theory runs, grace shall radiate over the whole world.

To urge facts against this idealistic œstrus is almost brutal. But the fact is that these groups are violently, biliously depressing. In every way they are ridiculous. They invade the specialist's province without the specialist's knowledge and obscure the issues of research with a great fog of talk and wishing. They formalize the intelligence of their members and make it furtive and shamefaced. They summon together, time after time, the same audience: the Y audience, composed of evangelical hopers—who come week after week, and talk with equal idiocy about the Future of the Church, the Next War, the Immoral Practices of Rome, and the Menace of Birth Control. These yearners suffer from the inhibitions of their kind. Even if they had the intelligence to learn anything from discussion—which they usually haven't, being, next to the athletic employés, of the lowest intellectual level in college—they are restrained by fear of being un-Christian or heretical, of offending the church or the secretary, of straying into Socialism or Bolshevism, of stumbling on ideas that might offend the orthodox. Thus, instead of stimulating thought, the groups encourage only timidity. They are filled with a vast froth of piety, but they flee headlong from every intelligent idea, wailing that it is not constructive. They anathematize doubt, which is the beginning of education, as the beginning of damnation.

The net result is no more than a hurricane of hot air. The incorrigible optimists who compose them report themselves as having had a bully good time, but as the year goes on the groups dwindle. Resuscitation is tried. Fraternities are pressed into service. Meetings are held at the Delta House, to lure the lonesome barb with the prospect of an evening among the socially elect. Hot dog sandwiches are offered as a further bait. But before June even the most soulful optimists are lethargic and the secretary looks forward wistfully to the efforts of his new officers next year. You cannot make a Christian thinker out of a student by keeping him miserable. The free play of intelligence, the intellectual curiosity of youth, at which the theory aims, has been completely frustrated. In the privacy of college rooms, after midnight, this curiosity is impelling men to argue together in twos and threes—always extemporaneously and probably over cigarettes and gin—and so it is achieving education. But to formalize it is fatal, and to insist on keeping it orthodox is sheer insanity.

The Discussion Groups lead naturally to the District Conferences, which amount to Association Summer-schools. Delegates from various colleges meet at some dry and moral resort to devote a fortnight to a Larger Consideration of the problems that have tormented them during the year. The atmosphere at such camps is far more fervid than in the local group, for every delegate is *ex officio* one of the hottest wowsers of his chapter. The temperature of the uplift is kept at the boiling point. Oratory escapes all bounds. The world is made over every half-hour. Such potent and high-priced medicine men as the Hon. John R. Mott, Ph.B., LL.D., strut before the assembly and work their magic. Lesser rainmakers lead smaller groups to the same exaltation. Sometimes a man of the world, bewildered by the summons, appears in answer to an invitation and tosses facts and revolution into the academy of God. Commonly he hot-

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foots his way out before his series of talks has been completed, but on occasion he has been sent home by the righteous.

Summer conferences bring the Y in touch with the youth movements of Europe (in their less pagan forms), and for many years there have been international conventions to tinge the whole world with evangelism. On this ground the Association joins hands with such organizations as the Student Volunteers, the Fellowship for Christian Life Service, and the Fellowship of Youth for Peace. At this level, too, enter the publications, the *Intercollegian*, a magazine, and unnumbered thousands of tracts and volumes devoted to the mysteries of the lodge. Regional and national conventions provide other outlets—dangerous ones sometimes. For returned soldiers have sometimes suggested pacifism as a better way to peace than evangelization. Mockers have found fault with the Church. And Bolsheviks have denied that Christian submission was labor's best weapon against exploitation. But always such heretics have been thrown out. Five years ago, attacking without warning, they menaced every convention, but now the meetings are efficiently packed against them in advance. The Y will never be radical.

IV

College Evangelism, the third avatar of the Association, consists of Bible classes, religious meetings, and evangelical orgies. In theory these activities are the culmination of the Y's efforts, the climax for which everything else is only preparation or mere bait. The Association sets out to make every student a professing and performing Christian. That, and that only, is why it finds a room and a job for him, introduces him to the football captain, invites him to its parties, visits him in his room, and torments him with discussions of chastity and Nordic supremacy. All these lead directly to the psychopathic phenomenon known as conversion.

Thus, the religious meetings and the evangelistic campaigns must necessarily be the apex of its structure. And yet, in these activities which are most vital to its success, it shows the most lamentable failures. In many places, especially the State universities and the more sophisticated colleges of the East, the religious meeting has been entirely done away with, and in 1924 fewer than one-third of the student chapters held evangelistic campaigns. The total attendance at religious meetings reported for that year, 992,700, is impressive till one notices that this was spread over 11,173 meetings and that the greater part of them were held at jerkwater denominational colleges where every student must attend or suffer expulsion. In 1924 the total attendance at Bible classes and all kinds of religious meetings was 1,228,000—and of these customers, only 1,830, much less than one per cent, "declared for the Christian life," and only 943 actually "united with the Church." This is the sum of the souls saved by all the machinery of godliness. In that same year the Student Associations raised $756,600 to keep the machinery operating. Declarations for the Christian life, therefore, cost $413.49 a head, and actual converts averaged $802.34.

The evangelistic campaigns, which have entirely disappeared from the more civilized colleges, do indeed continue to agitate the denominational colleges—those little seminaries with a student body of two hundred, a faculty of ten, two buildings and a cow-lot tucked away somewhere between the hills and the brush. There the ritual of prayer, vigil, solicitation, caterwauling, and exorcism keeps the Winter months enjoyable. These prairie Oxfords are the one field where the programme can work out unhampered, and there the Association is a genuine power. The groans of the convicted and the yells of the converted echo across the snow. From president to janitor, from football captain to senior odist, the whole college roars to its knees at the direction of the Y, and at

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the same direction sets out on a heresy hunt. Manly athletes and learned profs rise to make public confession of their sins. Evolution textbooks and cosmetics, hipflasks and lascivious postcards are cast upon the fires. But no such scenes occur in the colleges proper. The Association literature is filled with hope that some day they may occur there, and much seems to have been written in the belief that they do—but, pending the appearance of a greater Bryan, Duke, or Chancellor Day, they are impossible.

V

What are the results of all this steamy uplift? Everyone must, of course, judge for himself, and my decision goes no farther than my observation and patient researches, but I cannot find that the student Associations accomplish anything at all. They relieve the authorities of considerable clerical work in their renting and employment bureaus, but this hardly yields any religious profit. The literature grows increasingly dissatisfied with the results of such Service. "No man should ever come in contact with the Association in any of its activities without being struck with its spiritual power. Yet they do. How many freshmen, for example, get the idea that all that is being done for them is done by a group of good fellows, when they should realize that they are being served by a group of God fellows!"

Through their groups, forums, and conventions they void immeasurable quantities of talk. But this oratory is futile, emasculated by the necessity of keeping it godly, pure, and conformable to doctrine. Still less do the religious classes, the morning watches, the gospel teams and the evangelistic campaigns make any appreciable gain for the true faith. The official figures on conversion, 943, make a pitiful showing when one considers the more than three hundred thousand men in college. Disappointment over these figures sometimes rises, in the literature, to moans of pain. The officials debate every possible explanation except the true and unpalatable one, that evangelism is nauseous to the average American college student. And finally, the programme for the education of future leaders of the Association all too frequently collapses. Efforts to enlist Big Men—athletes, fraternity presidents, class officers—sometimes yield harrowing results. Intemperance, infidelity, profanity, intoxication, dishonesty, even embezzlement occasionally appear in high places. Nay, "within the brief time and limited field covered by the secretarial experience of the author, one Association president and one Bible study chairman are known to have yielded to the grossest form of social sin, the president having to leave the institution in disgrace."

The truth is that, in the colleges, the Y. M. C. A. makes no converts and attracts no members that were not its destined silage from birth. That is the whole explanation of its activities, its persistence, and its half-dead odor. The audience of faithful souls who are a Discussion Group on Monday night become, on Tuesday, a Religious Meeting. On Wednesday these selfsame yearners are a Bible Class and on Thursday they are an Open Forum. Faithful in Idealism, they are the Morning Watch, the Gospel Team, the headquarters clerks, the room-to-room missionaries, the greeters, the advisers, the solicitors, the membership teams, the athletic committee, and the crew of the captain's gig. A definite number of Americans, sufficiently numerous for classification as a separate variety, are born with this weakness for theological bilge. The individual of that variety is familiar in the world outside of college. His are all the committees of reform, all the jehads, all the pogroms that make the contemporary American spectacle so amusing and so appalling. He, in college, is the fuel, the fodder, and the product of the Association. Apart from him, it does not touch the student body at all.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE Hon. W. W. Brandon, LL.D., Governor and Captain-General of this cultured Commonwealth, as reported by the Selma *Times-Journal:*

> I believe in patriotism. I believe that every Alabama boy ought to be taught that his own home town is the best town, that his own State is the best State in the Union, and that America can whip the world before breakfast.

LITERARY orgies in the grand old town of Montgomery, as described by the eminent *Advertiser:*

> The meeting of the Prose Writers' Club and the Montgomery Manuscript Society was held Friday evening, when the hosts were Gene Sidney Smith and Charles Haden Alldredge. There were thirty invitations sent out for the affair, which was held beneath the oaks in Oak Park. John Proctor Mills, president of the Manuscript Society, presided over the programme, which opened with an announcement that Charles Alldredge was offering a prize of a hand-painted fan for the best piece of descriptive writing (three to five hundred word limit) done by a member of the Prose Writers during the next week. A report of same will be given at the next joint session, when the prize will be awarded. Two new honorary members were announced for the men's club, Dr. Malcolm Burke, United States consul at Hamburg, Germany, author of a printed volume, "Versiculi" (little verses), and Dr. George Welby Van Pelt, of Washington, D. C., author of many brochures on interesting subjects. Both gentlemen are former Montgomerians. The literary programme was in the form of "The Rainbow Review," which consisted of the reading of more than twenty poems by Montgomery authors appearing in the April issue of the *Rainbow*. Every person present read a piece of work done by their fellow writers. In a contest for the most clever definition for a watermelon, Mrs. Delahay won the first prize of a hand-painted vase (done by Charles Alldredge), and the second prize, a hand-painted compact, was tied for by Mesdames Duncan, House and Laseter, the short-straw winner being Mrs. Grace Scott Duncan. A most enjoyable letter from Louise Bowdoin Pope, who is taking a Summer course at Brenau College, was read to the club.

MORE:

The meeting of the Conclave of Alabama Writers, at Alabama College, Montevallo, will be featured by a programme of extreme interest. The date has been moved forward so that the students at the college may attend the meetings, and in this way extend the efforts of the conclave to encourage native writers. Many subjects of vital import will be presented by those who have already achieved recognition. There will be several items in the way of innovations that will be pleasing to those who attend.

The president of the conclave, Mrs. Katherine Hopkins Chapman, of Selma, has had more laurels added to those already won. She has recently sold an article to the *Bookman*, and still more recently one on how to write the short story, to the Writer Publishing Company of Cambridge. It is entitled "Carving Heads on Cherry Stones." Mrs. Chapman submitted it for their magazine but as the editor considered that it rounded out his section on fiction for the Free Lance Writers' Year Book, it was used there. The editor of the *Writer* wrote to Mrs. Chapman that her article was excellently done and that it sustained the quality of the other contributors, who are Mary Roberts Rinehart, Hamilton Gibbs, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, and Harold Hersey. Mrs. Chapman's Alabama contemporaries, who are members of the conclave, are expressing much gratification over her success.

The sponsors of the conclave announce that all arrangements have been made for the entertainment of delegates to the conference. Ladies will be housed in Ramsey Hall, with men to be domiciled in the annex of the college. It will be necessary for ladies to furnish bed covering and linen. The college will furnish all necessities of men. The rates will be the same as heretofore, which is $1.50 per day, and $1 registration fee, this sum to cover the entire session or any part thereof.

ARIZONA

WANT AD in the *Arizona Republican*, of Phoenix:

> BIG opportunity for college young man who can operate a one-horse plow. Box 56-C, *Republican*.

CALIFORNIA

FROM the Power of Prayer column of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, "A Paper For People Who Think":

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My husband obtained employment, I was relieved of constipation, we were able to move into our own little home and to buy the necessary furniture, and a beautiful baby girl was born to me. These are the blessings we have received since we joined the Chain of Prayer. MRS. F. L. S.

OBITUARY item in the eminent San Francisco *Chronicle:*

After lying in state for ninety-six hours in a silk-lined coffin, Phil, a 13-year-old French poodle dog owned by Mrs. E. T. Perry, millionaire resident of Atherton, will be placed in a magnificent marble mausoleum on the Perry estate, it was announced yesterday. Phil died Monday, since when his mistress and several friends have stayed up nightly in wake. The dog's head reposes on an embroidered pillow and as the watchers sat throughout the night, Mrs. Perry told of Phil's achievements and the many blue ribbons awarded him at shows throughout the country. Special invitations were sent out by Mrs. Perry for the wake.

CHRISTIAN business advertisement in the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

SALESMEN—

FELLOWSHIP OF APPLIED CHRISTIANITY

New phase of truth discovered

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

New system in giving away what others are selling. Loan your money to yourself at 8% with triple security.

Regular classes Tues. and Fri. eves. 7 to 9. Tuition free. Members of all walks of life invited. Salesmen call during office hrs. 300 Hillstreet Bldg.

ADVERTISEMENT of the Union Title Insurance Company, of San Diego, in the *Evening Tribune* of that great city:

As NEW YORK is least American of American cities, so is San Diego perhaps the most American. Observers agree that more and better English is spoken on our streets and in our homes than elsewhere, including even the hallowed precincts of Boston, Mass. San Diego is wholly American, typically American, embodies the genius of the American people and points the trend of that genius.

COLORADO

MORAL news from Fort Collins:

Billboard advertisements of cigarettes in which a girl is shown remarking to her man companion, "Blow some my way," were ordered taken down by the City Council today.

DELAWARE

FROM a report of a sermon by the Rev. Charles F. Weigle, D.D., in the eminent Wilmington *Every Evening*:

Folks, when we go to Heaven, we won't be sitting around like a bunch of ghosts. No! We'll go to school and we'll have our social activities! Yes, folks, I'm going calling when I go up yonder. I'll spend some time with Noah, and I'm going to ask him all about the Flood. Next, I'll go over to Daniel and ask him how he felt when he was in the lions' den. I'll ask David to play sweet songs on his golden harp. Friends, I'll see Paul, Mark, Matthew, Luke and all the others. I'll spend about 5,000 years visiting Wesley and Martin Luther.

GEORGIA

SPECIMEN of the pulpit style of the Rev. Dr. Walter Anthony, pastor of Mulberry Methodist Church, as reported by the Macon *Telegraph:*

If the genius of the nether world should strain itself to produce the superlative in degraded meanness, I am sure that Satan himself could not turn out a fouler example than the bootlegger. Of all the foul cooties which suck white the body social and spread disease through its veins the bootlegger is the dirtiest louse of them all.

THE Hon. B. L. Bugg, chairman of the Board of Deacons of the First Baptist Church, of Atlanta, and president of the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railway, writing in the *Christian Index*, official organ of the State Baptists:

Another reason why I go to church is because I love the fellowship of the saints. Man is a social creature and seeks association with his kind.

ILLINOIS

BUSINESS AD in the Chicago *Tribune:*

FOR SALE—515 ACRES, 35 MI. SOUTH OF Chicago, in Newton Co., Ind., fine for truck or dairy farm, home brewery, Summer homes or country club. Address owner, Jos. Adams, Lakota Hotel, Chicago.

EXTENSION of the Chicago Poetry Movement to the Invisible Empire, as revealed by an anonymous contribution to the *Rail Splitter*, a Ku Klux journal, published at Milan:

UNITED WE STICK
DIVIDED WE'RE STUCK
THE TIGHTER WE STICK
THE BETTER WE KLUCK

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KANSAS

BIRTH of a new æsthetic enterprise in Cimarron, as brought to light in the advertising columns of *Our Sunday Visitor*, a Catholic weekly:

> LISTEN! Pretty names for your baby. Over 500 names to select from. 50 cents.
> WEBB EGBERT, CIMARRON, KANSAS.

CONTRIBUTION to Biblical exegesis in the advertising columns of the Liberal *News:*

> Even some Christian ministers say the Bible advocates medicine taking. But Jesus used words and His hands in curing disease. Osteopathy? Well, He did not give pills.

THE Hon. Jay E. House offers the lowdown on Kansas in the eminent New York *Herald-Tribune:*

> Many reporters and publicists have written of the operation of the prohibitory statutes in Kansas. After talking to the heads of the Anti-Saloon League, various officials and, perhaps, to Bill White, they invariably reached the conclusion that the State is dry and that there, if nowhere else, Prohibition is sacrosanct.
>
> I know Kansas, and I know it from White Cloud to Liberal. I lived in Topeka eighteen years and was for four years its mayor and chief law enforcement officer. The State is wringing wet and always has been; and nothing can be done about it. I know because I tried to do something about it.
>
> There is more drinking now than there was ten or twenty years ago. I still visit the State once or twice a year. My judgment is that there is more drinking done by the best people of Topeka, Wichita, Hutchinson, Leavenworth, Atchison and other population centers than by any equivalent group in Philadelphia or New York. They usually have me on the blink in four or five days and I must return East to rest and recuperate. In Kansas Prohibition is a fetish; drinking a rite widely and sedulously observed.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

LAW ENFORCEMENT note from the eminent Baltimore *Sunpaper:*

> Residents of the Western police district who thirst after forbidden liquors on Sunday must go out of the district hereafter if they would rest their weary arches on a brass rail and lean their elbows on the mahogany. Notice was served yesterday by Capt. Charles M. Cole that this frequenting of saloons on the Lord's Day must stop. Just why a law-abiding Baltimorian, with six long days in which to tilt his elbow, should help a saloon-keeper to run afoul of the Maryland law forbidding the sale of liquor on Sunday is beyond the comprehension of Captain Cole.

MASSACHUSETTS

PROHIBITION news from Swampscott:

> Clement E. Kennedy, president of the New Ocean House Corporation at Swampscott, has invented a new combination corkscrew and bottle-opener for hotel and home bath-rooms. It is a permanent fixture and cannot be removed.
>
> Mr. Kennedy, who is one of the best known hotel men in the country, claims that instead of the corkscrew becoming obsolete there has been an enormous increase in the demand for this tool since Prohibition. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of damage is done to hotel furniture, bureaus, chairs and window sills by people attempting to remove bottle caps.
>
> Every modern hotel, he feels, will shortly be forced to equip its bath-rooms with a corkscrew and bottle-opener, not only as a convenience for guests, but as a matter of protection for the hotel.

FROM the department entitled, "The Literary Market," in the *Writer*, published at Boston, lately literary capital of the Republic:

> THE PLUMBING AND HEATING SUPPLY SALESMAN —*239 West Thirtieth street, New York*, wants short stories with action, having a supply salesman hero.

MICHIGAN

PRESS dispatch from Ypsilanti:

> A resident of Mason, Mich., is the nominee of George Swanson, manager of the Huron Hotel here, as Michigan's most honest citizen. Swanson has a letter in which the Masonite encloses 25 cents with the explanation that he cheated the pay lavatory in the hotel three times while stopping at the Huron two years ago. Since then he has "got the good old-fashioned religion," he explained, and so encloses enough to cover the debt, plus interest.

MISSOURI

FROM a distressed reader of the St. Louis *Star:*

> I would like for someone to tell me where can a respectable young woman go with her gentleman friend to sit awhile, if the man is not able to afford a car and has none? These almost shameless young people who pet each other in public may enjoy it that way, but I do not. And everywhere we go there is either a big policeman looking on, or the place is just overrun with children, or it is a public place in which no self-respecting, well-brought-up maiden lady would permit even the slightest familiarity. Where I came from we could walk out into the country where the trees are green, but here it seems the open spaces are only for those who own cars or who do not care for the scrutiny of the curious or the ribaldry of

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the uncivil. Where in St. Louis is there a quiet, reasonably secluded place to which a couple can repair for a few hours' *tête-à-tête*, during which perhaps an earnest man and a woman of gentle instincts might learn what is in each other's heart?

RESPECTABLE.

SPIRITUAL news from East St. Louis:

Three hundred members of the Ladies Aid Society of the Immanuel Evangelical Church, North Fourteenth and State streets, East St. Louis, and their guests, participated in a weighing social at the church yesterday. Admission was by weight. A charge of twenty-five cents was made for the first 100 pounds. Over that a charge of one cent per pound was exacted. Ten of the women weighed more than 175, while one tipped the scales at slightly more than 200 pounds. The list of guests included two women of eighty years and one of ninety-three. Two plays, "The New Band" and "More Days Off," were the feature of the entertainment programme. The society's next social will be a measuring social, where inches and feet will be charged instead of pounds.

SIGN hanging in a public eating-house in the ancient Mormon town of Independence:

COLORED PEOPLE
SERVED IN
SACKS ONLY
PLEASE DO NOT SIT DOWN

NEBRASKA

THE Rev. F. J. Lankenau, of Hastings, as reported by the Omaha *World-Herald:*

The Bible is the truth in its geographical, historical, biological, physiological and all other statements.

NEVADA

WANT AD in the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

DENTAL ASSISTANT, who also plays good dance piano. Position waiting. Box 891, Las Vegas, Nevada.

NEW YORK

INSOLUBLE theological riddles propounded by a contributor to the *Eye*, an eminent Aframerican print of Harlem:

If the devil is the author of endless Hell fire, would it not be the noblest thing God could do to put it out?

If God created an endless Hell before He created man, did He know there would be any use for it?

If God knew there would be any use for an endless Hell, must He not have created some men for endless misery?

If God created endless Hell, was it included in the works He pronounced "very good?"

If there is an endless Hell, and it was not made before creation, when was it made?

Can there be any such thing as sin in Heaven?

If there was sin in Heaven, and angels were cast out, may there not be sin in Heaven again, and the present inhabitants cast out?

As sin presupposes temptation of some sort, who tempted a holy angel to sin?

If an angel could sin without a devil to tempt him, may we not sin without a devil to tempt us?

If an angel was tempted by surrounding evil, then is Heaven a holy place?

If an angel was tempted by evil passions, could he have been holy?

THE Fascist movement hits Rochester, as shown by a want ad in the *Democrat and Chronicle:*

BARBER wanted, 100% Italian. No Americans or Polocks wanted. 1253 North street.

PROOF that Manhattan is the most civilized spot on the globe:

Miss Frances Rathowitz, of First avenue, who stopped to roll her stockings opposite the statue of George Washington that proclaims liberty to Union Square, went to the House of the Good Shepherd for three months today because a policeman saw her knees. Girl and policeman fought it out before Magistrate Oberwager in the Tombs Court—and the policeman won. "Women should not roll their stockings in public," the magistrate decided.

FROM a reader of the celebrated *Graphic*, edited and published by the Hon. Bernarr Macfadden:

Some folks claim Jesus of Nazareth, the Man no one knows. I, for one, steadfastly claim His acquaintanceship. Jesus descended, and I was in His presence, some time, one August day, three years ago. It was midday, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock. I met Him face to face. My physical and visible self was amazed and supremely happy.

SARAH WEIDMAN DIETZ,
503 West 169th st.

OHIO

THE Hon. Frank Kean, an eminent Kiwanian, as reported by the Cincinnati *Times-Star:*

The suspender is a symbol of all great American qualities. Its restoration means the restoration of all true and simple ideals.

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POLITICAL AD in the Wooster *Daily Record:*

GLASCO FOR SHERIFF

VOTERS ATTENTION

Glasco has been Dog Catcher in Wayne county for the past 7 years, and his work as dog catcher has been done strictly according to law and a great credit to Wayne county.

Pass the word along—He is the right Republican to support on Tuesday. Don't waste your vote on a candidate who cannot be elected. Glasco is qualified for the office and is endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League and Ministers of Wayne county—Proven a strict abstainer and a member of the Methodist Church. He has the hearty support of the law-abiding citizens of Wayne county. This is a great record and will make the best pick for Sheriff. Be sure and vote on Tuesday for Glasco.

OKLAHOMA

JUDICIAL gossip from the rising town of Drumright:

A tiny hand-forged horseshoe, the gift of a Pennsylvania blacksmith, will win W. E. Nicodemus, Drumright judge, the Republican nomination for corporation commissioner, he believes. Twelve years ago Judge Nicodemus received a similar present from the blacksmith while a candidate in the Drumright mayoralty race. He won the campaign.

CARD of an aspirant to an office of trust and profit in Oklahoma City:

307-8 EQUITY BLDG. WALNUT 7526

REMEMBER WITH YOUR VOTE

FRED NEWCOMER

Democratic Candidate for

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

OKLAHOMA CITY DISTRICT

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come unto condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."—John v,-24.

MIRACLE reported in the *Little Flower Magazine*, published at Oklahoma City:

My little girl, twenty-three months old, didn't seem to ever have an appetite and I would get her everything I ever heard tell of and still she didn't eat and about three weeks ago she stopped eating altogether and looked very bad and I was awfully worried and that week the *Little Flower Magazine* came to us. My husband, reading of so many favors granted through St. Teresa, said to me, try that. So I promised publication and a novena and before I ever started the novena she started in to eat and many thanks to the Little Flower she is much stronger and fatter and everyone notices the big change in her. MRS. McD.,
Chester.

OREGON

FROM the *Journal* of Portland:

On the floor are many books, scattered and disheveled, some open, some closed. There is a bound volume of the *Saturday Evening Post* and another of the *Literary Digest*, showing that the occupants were persons of culture and refinement.

EXAMPLE of Late Oregon Prose from the *Lariat*, published at Salem, capital of the State, and seat of Willamette University, the Oregon State Reform School, the State Penitentiary, the State Insane Asylum, the Hospital for the Feeble-Minded, and the Odd Fellows Library:

A poem in the *Lariat* for June (page 293), entitled "Where to Have a Good Time," was inadvertently credited to Laura Edith Darrow, Boise. The author is Dr. F. W. Greiner, Ballard. Selecting about two hundred poems each month from about two thousand submitted, and same considered by one to three persons and mistakes printers are liable to make, to say nothing of proofreaders, leaves far more mistakes than are really made.

STRANGE by-product of patriotism in Coquille:

The recent American Legion convention in Marshfield was cited in the divorce complaint of Lawrence E. Enyart *vs.* Margaret Enyart as the time of the infidelity of his wife.

PENNSYLVANIA

CIRCULAR distributed in Erie:

TO MY COMRADES AND FRIENDS

I AM

EDWARD C. HANLEY

Mortician

I wish to announce having made many new and necessary improvements to my Mortuary and Chapel in my most complete Funeral Home.

The public is invited to call at any time to note the real home-like surroundings and comforts which are extended, "Free of all Costs," to those who desire This Home Service.

I am a member of the James H. Hoskinson Post, Spanish American War Veterans, the Billy Simpson Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Army and Navy Union. It may be well to state here, that in event of death of a War Veteran he is entitled to a death benefit of $175.00 and a flag to drape the casket, also a Grave Marker. This sum may be had through my establishment. I also offer a most complete Furnished Funeral for $150.00 which includes a Couch Casket, either a Black limousine or Light hearse, one Lincoln limousine funeral car, preserving remains, chairs, door piece, etc., burial or shipment, all complete in every detail

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at this price—"No down payment"—required, you "Pay when the insurance is paid." Special attention is given deaths at Hospitals or Sanitariums. No extra cost. Our service is complete and efficient, our Motor service is the best obtainable. Owing to my services in the armed forces of the United States I have learned the true meaning of Comradeship and therefore have many things in common with you. I wish to render invaluable help to the Ex-service Man and to the Community in general.

Yours in Comradeship,
EDWARD C. HANLEY
Mortician
Phone 23-732 *905 West 8th St.*

SCIENTIFIC news from Pittsburgh:

The annual ceremony of blessing automobiles in the name of St. Christopher will be enacted today and during this week at Edmond street and Liberty avenue, in front of the Immaculate Conception Church. The custom is in keeping with the decree appointing St. Christopher as a special patron and protector for drivers and riders of automobiles. Automobiles stopping any hour of the day Sunday in front of the church will be blessed with a special rite, sprinkled with holy water, and given a label of protection for the machine, for the driver and for the riders.

TENNESSEE

THE learned editor of the *American Baptist*, published at Memphis:

The theory of evolution has contributed more to the disintegration and downfall of organized government than any other agency.

VIRGINIA

LITERARY advertisement in the Norfolk *Journal and Guide*, a distinguished Afra-merican gazette of the Chesapeake littoral:

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You can get any of the books mentioned below, Nos. 1 to 52, for only $1.55 to $3.55.

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FROM a hotel advertisement in *Mexican Commerce and Industry*, of Mexico City:

Absolute Morality Maintained At Any Cost.

WANT AD in the *Free Press* of Winnipeg:

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THE UNTARNISHED SHIELD

BY WILLIAM McFEE

THERE are two things which inevitably befall you if you remain long in the capital of Guatemala. You will go to the Gloriana Café, and you will hear stories of the one-eyed Irishman who used to run revolutions single-handed. And if you go to the Gloriana you will discover the German beer, drawn from a genuine Bavarian cask let into the wall, instead of being made from imported materials and local water.

It is a pleasant place in the evening. There is dancing on the floor in the center, when the waitresses, who are also public entertainers, drop their trays, take off their aprons and join the young blades of the metropolis. The orchestra consists of *marimbas* chiefly, huge xylophones operated by three men each. Some people never get used to the terrific uproar of these things. There are other instruments, of course, drums and fiddles and a bass-viol, and sometimes a saxophone. The Gloriana Café has two *marimbas* and the smaller one is up against the wall in the orchestra corner so that the furthermost performer, a young man with very light hair and a face like a saint, has to duck under to get out. As a rule, instead of following the others to an alcove and joining them in shaking dice in a leathern cup, he remains in a meditative attitude, but with the expression of a person wrapped in a dream of unbelievable bliss.

I used to watch him all the evening. There is precious little diversion in the Latin-American capitals perched along the high ridges of the Andes, from Quito clear up to Tegucigalpa and Mexico City. Compared with Buenos Aires, Rio and Havana they are, to us northerners, slow. So, as my ship didn't leave Barrios for several days, and the weather was cool and pleasant in the mountains, I stayed around and got acquainted. In the Gloriana I met Rogerson. He, too, was waiting for the ship to New York. A word about Rogerson.

Most of the men you meet in a place like Guatemala City are either resident foreigners managing long-standing enterprises for their firms at home in London, New York or Hamburg, or they are men like myself, mere transients spending a few weeks to transact some business deal, and catching the first available boat home. Rogerson, however, did not fall into either category. He knew the country very well indeed, but he was always going and coming. He was an oil-man. He represented some concern in the Western United States, and as far as I was able to gather, his job was to buy options on the output of wells wherever he might discover them in operation. This may be a clumsy description of Rogerson's profession. He never indulged in much personal exploitation. But anyhow, he had been a long while in Latin-America, he had spent nearly a year on the Coast at some time or other, and when I happened to remark the expression of the young man penned in behind the *marimba* at the Gloriana, Rogerson looked quickly at me and made a queer face. His leathery and sophisticated features became complicated and he rubbed his nose with a huge thumb nail.

"How does he strike you?" he asked, to my surprise.

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"Why, if appearances mean anything at all, I'd say he was the happiest person on earth. You know as a rule these people here don't *look* happy, even when I suppose they are."

Rogerson reached for his beer and took a good drink. Rogerson is an interesting man. He can talk and he has something to talk about. Anyone has who lives long in that part of the world and keeps his eyes open.

"Happy?" he said. "Happiest person on earth? That's just the problem. Whether he is or not."

"What—I was going to say on earth—do you mean?" I asked Rogerson. "He hasn't a history, by any chance?"

"Well," and I could see a rather attractive glint in Rogerson's eye, "I'd say he has. You know the proverb about nations without a history being the happiest. I've read that somewhere. Ought to apply to individuals as well, I guess. Yes, that fellow's got a history. I can tell it you if you'll promise not to call me a liar."

"That's easy, Mr. Rogerson," I said, signalling one of the girls to fill our glasses. "My thoughts are my own, of course."

"Don't get me wrong," said Rogerson. "There's nothing to him *but* a story. I mean you can't do anything for him."

"Where did he come from?" I put in.

"Over the line. He was raised on the coast in Honduras. I came across him in Barrios two or three years ago. He was in business with another man. Supposed to be. The other man was the whole show, in my opinion.

"The reason why I know so much about it is a long story," said Rogerson, "but it can be shortened. That poor nincompoop was only a sort of super in the play most of the time. There's nothing in him and there never was anything in him. It was his partner, Carlos Goenaga, who had the ability, the nerve, the personality, everything. And Carlos, you see, is dead. Buried under the palms in Sarofate. God rest his soul!"

I was astonished. The Gloriana was in full blast. The *marimbas* and fiddles and bass-viol were thundering through a fox-trot while the girls, in their green uniforms, were dancing with the young fellows. The youth in the corner was manipulating his hammers with astounding dexterity. They vibrated with the plangent, dizzy speed of a humming bird's wings. The expression on his face, the face of him who, I was to learn, was called Angel Varela, was rapt, and he looked up now and then, as though he held communion with invisible voices in the air above him. He was neither dark like the surrounding natives, nor fair like a Northerner, but rather a pale, golden blond. I noticed that his chin bore a faint yellow fuzz of beard, and his hair, parted in the middle, rose in untidy waves brushed back from a high white forehead.

I was astonished, however, not at Angel Varela, but at the strong feeling in Rogerson's voice. I looked at him with a new and friendly interest. It was impossible to avoid the conviction that, to Rogerson, however negligible Angel Varela might be, the dead Carlos Goenaga represented something more than a passing transaction. There was an expression of grim bitterness and regret on Rogerson's face as though he were reflecting upon the occasional futility of courage and virtue.

I said nothing, and when the noise ceased once more and the dancers had gone back to their tables, Rogerson went on again.

"I told you what my business is. Oil. My business is to look over the possibilities. Not only here, but all over. Now, there isn't any oil in Guatemala at present. I mean, they don't bring in any wells. But a geologist—and I'm not a bad geologist when I'm forced to admit it—will tell you that it's there, all right. One of these days we'll discover where to drill. We'll *have* to. I sometimes think our present civilization will simply crumble and disappear, if we fail to discover fresh petroleum. Disappear like the Mayas did a

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thousand years ago. Why did they suddenly vanish from these parts and leave great cities empty? Nobody knows. But think what would happen up North, if they suddenly ran out of petroleum. Life couldn't go on!

"Well, as I say, that's my job, and a few years ago I had one or two hints about a river just over the line in Honduras. I don't know any more about it than you do, but a sort of whisper goes round in the air and everybody in the game has the same sort of thrill. Something like what goes through a place just before a real estate boom, I guess. You know what I mean. It doesn't mean a thing, very often.

"I was a bit ahead of the general excitement in this case, I believe. I was there, almost on the spot you might say. I mean I was in Belize, British Honduras. I came down to Barrios and took up my headquarters there. There's a lot of difference between Barrios and Atlantic City, I'll admit, but I've been in worse places.

"Much worse! Sarofate is one of them. You have never heard of it, of course. East along the gulf from Barrios, beyond Ceiba. It's at the mouth of the river I mentioned, a village in the bush. The banana plantations have crept up and surrounded it now, and there's a railway into Ceiba. But then you had to land through the surf in canoes. Sarofate. That's where the young fellow lies in his grave.

"I got into touch with some prospectors who knew who I was and arranged for them to go along and make a report. You know—" the attractive gleam came into Rogerson's eye for a moment—"we oil men aren't all cut-throat crooks doing honest republics out of hard-earned royalties. It's a business like anything else. Not always a paying business, either.

"They came down to Barrios soon after I arrived and we chartered a local schooner. There was a lot of formality, of course, because of the voyage, beginning in one republic and ending in another. There were bands of insurrectos in both republics at the time. Not an uncommon state of affairs, as you know. So we had trouble proving we were not running stuff for the rebels. And it was hot in Sarofate.

"Now I'm not going to spin a yarn about my personal affairs. We all have our failures. There's oil there, no doubt, but not enough to make development worth while. I have my own idea of what we ought to do. Later on, perhaps.

"What I was going to say was that my people at home were inclined to be confident and optimistic. So we kept on. We lost our schooner because the owner sold her. And we had a big launch sent down, a launch with a kerosene motor. A fourteen ton affair. Too big for us, but it was the only thing available. When it came from New Orleans I found they had forgotten to send anybody to run it. You can imagine how easy it was to find a man in Barrios! I was figuring I'd have to take charge of it myself, when one morning in walks a young fellow, speaking good English, and says:

"'You want somebody to run that boat?'

"'Can you run it?' I asked.

"'Sure I can. I can run anything that turns round,' he says. 'Can I have the job?'

"'Where've you sprung from?' I said, and he smiled in a way he had.

"'Salvador,' he told me. 'I've been in a hydro-electric plant. Want to see my papers?'

"He showed me his papers, and I was flabbergasted to see he was a Honduran. He'd worked on ships and in a garage in New York. He showed me his operator's license to prove it and a letter from the boss. He'd been all over. I looked at him. He stood there, on his toes almost, watching to see if I was satisfied. He was like any young Spaniard except that his eyes were lighter in color and there was a hair-trigger look about him. Pep he had, I tell you.

"'Yes,' I said. 'You can have the job. You haven't run away from the police, I suppose?'

"He gave me a sharp look.

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"'No more than you have,' he says and looks me square in the eye.

"Well, he was the man he said he was. One thing only he asked for when we'd settled about his wages, and that was for me to take on a friend of his as a helper.

"'Take on who you like,' I said. 'You'll be responsible for him.'

"'Sure,' he says, with his smile—a very attractive lad he was when he smiled. 'I know him. His sister's my sweetheart.'

"That was Carlos Goenaga, the young fellow I was telling you of. And his friend was this Angel Varela, who's sitting over there. The one you asked about.

II

"There was one thing I very soon noticed about those two. Carlos had one of these flashing, razor-edge minds that see a thing, understand it and do it in one moment, you might say. A sort of instinctive intelligence. He knew a thing was going to happen. I've never seen anybody in my life who was so alive as that boy. But his side-kick, this Angel Varela, was a slow-moving duffer. If his chum told him to do anything he'd do it and do it well, but he'd never see it to do for himself. He'd watch the other one's face as a dog watches his master, but he hadn't the dog's intelligence. No harm in him, but useless, as we say.

"But Carlos watched and took care of him. He'd give him credit for things he'd done or thought of himself. It was his blind spot. When we were running down the coast, I'd hear him coaching Varela what to do in a low voice. I asked him once, when the other one was ashore, why he made such a fuss over him. Why didn't he let him stand on his own feet?

"'Why, his sister's my sweetheart,' he said; but that wasn't the whole of it. I've thought of it often, and my belief is, he was doing it on account of pride. You see, he was intelligent enough to know that he was almost a freak among his own people, and he was making a play to let us see that he himself was just an average young Honduran, and his side-kick was another. It's the only way to explain it. He'd been round, you see, and understood how we look down on foreigners, and he felt the difference. He was quick to bite too. One of the drillers, a big bone-head who knew just about enough to get out of his own road, called Carlos a damn dago one day, and the young fellow dropped him, crash! with a wrench.

"But the other, he'd never been anywhere except on the coast. He and Carlos came from Truxillo, an old town away to the eastward on the Mosquito Coast, as they used to call it. Old Pirate Morgan looted it, I believe, though what he found there couldn't have been much. Angel Varela had no more initiative than a sick hen. He had no stomach for an active life at all. It was his admiration and fear of Carlos that kept him up to the mark. Carlos gave me a hint of this when I asked him one day why he didn't send Angel home to his mother.

"'You're only tying a weight round your neck,' I said.

"'His father and mother are dead,' he said. 'His father was shot. His sister is at home. She would chase him out again if he went home. That's my sweetheart, you understand. She's smart. When we get married we'll move to the city.'

"'And get on like a streak,' I said to myself; but to him I said: 'But what's this poor simp got to do with that? You know yourself he's a false alarm.

"'No!' he says. 'He's all right He is very simple and he has never been to any place. He is afraid of the locomotive in Barrios. Barrios is a big city to Angel.'

"Well, there you are. He hadn't been to school much, Carlos told me. No head for lessons. Used to spend all his time in the church, and playing his *marimba*.

"I've never been able to make out whether Carlos knew the truth or not. If he had, I don't believe he'd have done any different. What riles me is the waste! Him rotting in the bush in Sarofate, and

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this — well, you see what he's doing!"

I did. He was in the midst of a whirlwind run on the *marimba*. Above the croon of the viol the clear metallic trilling of the hammers was like the song of birds in the forest. His face bore that incredibly rapt expression I had already noted, and I had a sudden comprehension, or suspicion, of the truth to which Rogerson had darkly alluded. I was convinced, at any rate, that Angel Varela was engrossed, behind the music, with his own mysterious thoughts.

"Yes, Barrios was a big city to Angel! Just fix it in your mind. Barrios! One street of stores, a boardwalk, a hotel and a few native huts. You could hardly say he'd seen a locomotive, because when one of them moved or whistled he'd run and hide. Only his respect for Carlos got him to stay by the launch until he became accustomed to it. He was much more at home in Sarofate. He'd squat down and talk to the Indians in front of their palm huts until Carlos called him. And on the launch he'd go and crouch in the bows and watch the waves breaking away and the spray flying, and come back with a sort of lost look in his face that made me sorry for them both.

"However, that's neither here nor there. The gist of it is that I finally convinced my people up North that we were wasting time and money. I wanted to follow up a trail I knew of in the Changuinola country on the Costa Rican frontier. Twice we'd had a raid of rebels on our plant. And there was no sense in spending a year more in drilling with the country in that condition. The men kept falling sick as well. And at last I got the word to let go and close down.

"What beat me was how to dispose of the launch. I thought of taking it down to Chiriqui with me, but I'm no sailor, I may tell you. She rolled her rail under in the gulf, so the open Caribbean would be no picnic. I was in my hotel room in Barrios, cleaning up and trying to think of somebody I knew who had need of a boat and the money to pay for it, when in walks Carlos Goenaga.

"'Now what's the trouble?' I said, for he had been paid off. I made him an offer as well. I said I'd take him with me, but not this other one. And he had refused. Enough said. So now I asked him what he wanted. He said he had a chance to go into business for himself.

"'I'm not standing in your way, am I?' I said.

"'Not if you sell me the boat,' he says. 'What do you want for her?'

"I looked at him. You see, I liked him well enough by then. He was smart, that boy, straight as a string, white all through. And he smiled, worried as he was.

"'Why,' I said, 'I couldn't ask less than three thousand dollars, and where would you find all that money?'

"'I have two thousand in the Bank of Canada,' he says pulling out a book. 'My wages for two years in Salvador. Will you give me credit for the balance? I've got a chance to make money.'

"'How? Running ammunition to Puerto Cortez and getting caught the second time out?' I said, giving him a wink. He laughed.

"'No,' says he, 'just freight out of here, to Ceiba and Truxillo. I have a partner.'

"'Who's he?' I asked. He knew I was with him if it was within the law. He was one of those young fellows who understand without a lot of talk.

"'Oh, it's Mr. Da Costa, who used to be secretary to the President.'

"Well, I knew Mr. Da Costa well enough, but he was far from being my friend. We had had words, to tell you the truth.

"Mr. Da Costa was one of those men who may be described as busy, if you know what I mean. Up here in the capital, where he was most of the time then, he had a peculiar reputation. Or rather, to you and to me it would be a very inconvenient reputation. He was a characteristic type, and a type which in my opinion is

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responsible for a good deal of the international trouble in the world. He was a lawyer, an *avocado*, by profession, and he had his fingers in all sorts of pies. When I came in contact with him he was secretary to the President, and it was in connection with a bond of five thousand dollars we had put up as foreign concessionaires. That was the law, and it had been paid. What I wished to get from Mr. Da Costa was, who received the interest? You can get a safe eighteen per cent down here, and that's nine hundred a year.

"Well, I got a taste of Mr. Da Costa's quality in trying to get in touch with him. He had an office in a courtyard on the Avenida Sur. The arrangement of the place seemed designed to put you in an uneasy state of mind from the start. Brass plate outside on the wall: *Germán Lopez Da Costa, Avocado.* Inside, a deserted passage with an old Ford, one tire off, and tools all round. Looked as if the chap had given it up and gone away to die. You looked into a door that seemed promising and found an old woman pottering about, cleaning. So you spoke to her and she would point without looking up from her work. Just point, as though people were bothering her all day. No doubt they were.

"And the thing to remember is that if Mr. Da Costa happened to be really in, he was watching you all the time you were going through this performance. There was a screen of vines across the courtyard and behind it, through a slit in his office shutters, he could see everybody come in. I've never felt any particular horror over Da Costa's end, not because I'm bloodthirsty or don't sympathise with Señorita Varela, but simply because I have never got over the discovery that the man had often been watching me come in and go away while his secretary, a sandy female, half-Spanish and half-Scotch, would be telling me the Señor Avocado was in the courts.

"That was his way, to keep you running round trying to get him. I lost patience at last and pushed into the office. There he was, smoking a cigarette and smiling. He said the secretary had misunderstood his orders. He was always glad to see me, and so on.

"And when I got him down to cases and jammed him tight in a corner, who was to have the interest on this five thousand in escrow, he wriggled, swung his leg, shuffled his papers and says finally,

"'That can be arranged. That can be arranged, Señor Rogerson. Through me.'

"What do you know about that? It could be arranged! Through him. And when I said 'Oh, no!' I got a taste of his quality.

"'Why don't you register in Honduras?' he says, still swinging his leg. He knew it was because we would at that time have had no security, no matter what bond we put up. I very nearly told him it was because there were too many like him there. He was a Honduran really, but these republics all have reciprocal citizenships, you know.

"I saw he was trying to get me away, but I haven't been down here for nine years for nothing. I said that had nothing to do with the justice of the case in hand.

"'Oh, justice!' he says, getting up and looking through his shutter at the screen of leaves. 'I see,' he says. 'Justice!' You'd have thought he'd suddenly caught sight of Justice out there in the yard, waiting to see him, and his secretary telling her he was not in. He wasn't often at home to her!

"That was Mr. Germán Da Costa, damn his soul!

III

"But," went on Rogerson after a moment's silence, "do you suppose I could get that young Don Carlos Goenaga to see what sort of man Da Costa was? Not at all. When he'd gone to the United States, Da Costa had been vice-consul at the port and had given him one or two tips, such as every consul gives emigrants from his own parts. To young Carlos, Da Costa was a fellow-countryman and a true

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friend. I saw I had to watch my step. He had learned to know me and trust me, but that hadn't in any way diminished the suspicion and dislike he had for North Americans. That's one of the peculiar things about us down here," said Rogerson sourly. "A Britisher or a German who gives them a fair deal is credited with it and so is his country. But we, we're regarded only as exceptions to the usual run of Americans. We have to watch our step all the way.

"You see, he was what we call 'sensitive' about it. When I boggled at him hitching up with a man like Da Costa, all I had done to merit his confidence seemed to vanish. He saw me simply as a gringo trying to knock one of his fellow-countrymen.

"'Look here,' I said, 'you say you've two thousand dollars. Why don't you go back to New York and start in business there? It's safer. A man needs large capital here, and pull too.'

"'I've got that with Don Germán Da Costa,' he said, with a chip on his shoulder. 'Here I am somebody. In New York I am only "a bloody dago."'

"'Is Don Germán Da Costa putting up any capital?' I asked him.

"'Credit,' he said. 'He has arranged the credit for the freight and he has secured business in Ceiba and Truxillo.'

"How much can you pay, cash?' I asked, keeping my opinion of Da Costa's magnificent generosity to myself.

"He said he could let me have fifteen hundred dollars and a note for the rest, due in two years.

"Well, the deal went through, though I was bothered by a faint suspicion that the original idea had come from Da Costa. He knew everything that went on between San José and Belize, that fellow. He must have known that my people were getting out of it, and that the launch would be for sale. And he had the politician's trick of getting the local people to remember him by doing them a favor. That's how Don Carlos remembered him. And let me tell you, the very fact that Da Costa had tried to trick me and made me dislike him was a feather in his cap to Don Carlos. Yes, although the young fellow liked me and came to me to do him a favor, Da Costa had probably told him it was no favor but a convenience to me. So it was, and there we were, all in the right and all at loggerheads again. That's Latin America.

"It was all in character for Da Costa to engineer a deal which would profit himself and give me, an old offender, an uneasy feeling that I was going to get stung. I put it up to the young fellow because, when you come to think of it, the launch belonged to my company, not to me. I was only an agent as far as loss was concerned. I said:

"'Suppose you have a smash, are you going to carry the insurance and all?'

"'Why sure,' he says, standing up straight and looking me in the eye.

"'And will the underwriters pay up if you are running opium for the Chinamen or a few cases of cartridges, at the time?' I asked him. He began to walk up and down the office, muttering.

"'I am a man of honor,' he said, 'and I give you my word.'

"'And Mr. Da Costa, what about his word?'

"'Mr. Da Costa is a man of position and his word is sufficient for me,' said Don Carlos, scowling.

"'I don't care a damn about his position,' I told him. 'It's *your* word I want.'

"'You've got it,' he said. 'You are my friend, and I will see this thing through.'

"I went down to see him the morning I sailed for Cristobal. He had been working twenty hours a day getting the engine overhauled. That was one of the clauses in Mr. Da Costa's little partnership agreement, by the way.

"'Do what you like after you've paid me,' I said. I put it that way because I did not want him to feel I was trying to patronise him. He looked up from where he was in the engine hatch, flung the long

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black hair out of his eyes and gave me one of his sharp bright looks. Then he sprang out upon the dock as easy as a cat, and stood alongside of me.

"I put out my hand and he took it with a sudden grip, as though he felt himself slipping off the world and was holding on tight. . . . You know, I had a glimpse just then of—how shall I put it?—a glimpse of that young man's soul. That's another name for personality, I suppose. But this was more. It was a glimpse of something I liked very much indeed. I had a passing thought at the time, that I would have liked to have been his father . . . No matter. He accompanied me to the inner end of the jetty. I was astonished at the regret I felt at leaving him. I saw Angel Varela looking at us with his vacant stare. I saw him flinch and duck as my steamer let out a long warning blast. And I saw in my mind's eye Mr. Germán Da Costa in his little office behind the screen watching me wait.

IV

"And so," said Rogerson, "I went away South, and for a few months I was busy. No sooner was I on the ground there than a little war started between Panama and Costa Rica. You wouldn't remember about it, of course. I had no word from Don Carlos how he was making out, and I had no time to think about him just then. Only when a letter arrived with a draft for four hundred dollars, did I give the matter my attention.

"I could see by the letter that Don Carlos was not having a very good time, but he was keeping a stiff upper lip. He said they had made several trips to Sarofate with freight. Things were not very good, he said, because the political situation was grave.

"Not a word about Da Costa, but I could read between the lines. That letter gave me the impression of a man getting desperately tangled up in business he didn't like. There was a suggestion of the writer struggling like a swimmer, a strong swimmer with something clutching at his feet, calculating how far he has to go rather than how he could get out.

"And in the next letter, with a draft for two hundred dollars, I could see he was in trouble. What it was I had to guess. The political situation was still grave. There was a revolution pending in what he called 'my country.' It might be necessary for him 'to go out of business, and get another situation.' Could I get him a position in my company? And so on. He was beaten.

"I waited a while; there were no more letters, and I came to the conclusion that he had had to go out of business and was hiding away somewhere—gone back to Salvador perhaps!—to spade up the money he owed me before coming to life again. I had faith, but faith is a peculiar chameleon-like business at best. You hear people say: 'I have perfect faith in him,' or even in her. I'm not so sure there is such a thing as perfect faith except among genteel imbeciles who are probably talking about themselves. If I ever believed in anybody, if I ever credited a young man with honor, I felt that way about Don Carlos Goenaga. And yet when I was packing up to go North, calling at Managua and Tegucigalpa on the way home, I had come to the conclusion I had made a mistake, and lost my money. There was nothing I could do about it either, as far as I could see.

"Now, from Tegucigalpa to this city is only a couple of hundred miles on a mule, but I had had enough of mules and wanted a rest. So I came up by sea. And when I fell in with a friend in the Anglo-Caribbean Foundation Company, I thought of Da Costa. I asked if he was still in the city.

"'As a private citizen,' said my friend. 'He has resigned all his appointments. It is said he is going as Minister to Tegucigalpa.'

"I said he was born there and my friend nodded. He knew all about Da Costa, of

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course. Da Costa, he told me, had tried to horn in on a distribution of bonus stock to the Foundation Company's bondholders on the strength of his influence with the President. Just before he had quit, too! My friend told me another interesting item in Mr. Da Costa's development into a diplomat. His brother was Minister of War in the new Honduran Cabinet. And the real reason for his quitting his official job in the administration was that he was discovered in the house of a notorious Bavarian woman."

"But," I said to Rogerson, "they don't make a fuss about such a thing here, do they?"

"Oh no," said he. "They didn't care about that; but there was a row of some sort, and the police saw Da Costa there in company with Andreas Chorrera, who has been chased out of every one of the five republics. You've heard of him perhaps."

"A guerrilla general," I murmured "Yes."

"What the newspapers call a guerrilla general," said Rogerson. "A gun-man, a gangster and a killer. He used to be hired by governments as gunmen are hired by politicians. I met him in a bar in Colon once. A big lazy ruffian. He used to dramatise himself. He would dress like a *peon*, let his stubble grow and make his eyes bloodshot by holding them over wood-smoke. But he had a personal magnetism of some sort. The *vaqueros* and *mozos* would follow him. He could talk their back country lingo like buckshot rattling on sheet iron, and he had done a few pretty awful things when he was full of *aguardiente*. You remember the Juarez case, of some girls shut up in a house full of serpents? That was Chorrera enjoying himself, though he said afterwards that he wasn't there.

"It was a slip of Da Costa's to be found with him. Yet how cleverly he turned it to account! He knew a journalist on the *Mundo el Dial*, who had borrowed money from him and could never pay, and he got him to write an article denouncing the supine indolence of the Ministry of Haciendas in permitting the running of contraband over the frontier. General Chorrera had come to the capital to report these outrages and had been rebuffed. In despair he had turned to a true friend of the republic, Señor Don Germán Da Costa, and that patriot, comprehending the extreme seriousness of the communications and the misunderstanding inevitable if he were to be seen in conference with the General, had consented to go to the establishment of Señora Dona Quentano in the public interest. And so on, and so on. You may not know the school of journalism founded on the public speeches of Simón Bolívar. It's wonderful stuff, when dictated by an accomplished double-crosser like Da Costa."

"And was there any truth in all this?" I asked.

"Not a scrap. Da Costa was not worrying about the contraband. He was hobnobbing with Chorrera in his own interests. The fact was, things were too peaceful to please some people over the frontier. The President they had was honestly trying to get order out of chaos and have a little money-surplus for roads and schools. He and Da Costa's brother had had a row over army estimates. The President said the country was peaceful and satisfied and a big army in the Western departments was unnecessary. General Da Costa said it was. Now, I dare say you, being a visitor here, won't be able to put all that together and connect it with our friend's friendship with Chorrera."

"Yes I can," I said. "I have heard of *agents provocateurs* all over the world."

"Ah, but the motive!" said Rogerson. "Do you get the motive?"

"Ambition of two unscrupulous brothers," I said. "I've heard of that too."

"All right so far as it goes," admitted Rogerson. "But figure out how that affected me. My company had sunk a lot of money in that place 'in the Western departments.' And more than a little of it was sunk in what they call the *frontera indefinitiva*. Now do you see?

"I never lost a moment. I went down the

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Avenida Sur to find Señor Don Germán Da Costa, late secretary to the President, who was about to send him to Tegucigalpa as Minister. It almost made me feel faint, to think of the pickings Da Costa would have up there. And I was convinced that my sudden hunch was correct, that the desire for an army 'in the Western departments' had something to do with my abandoned drillings near Sarofate."

"Oh!" I said. "Now I *do* see. And what had he to say about it? Was he in?"

"The sandy secretary, one of these girls who seem born to be shyster-lawyers' clerks, and who never look you in the eye, said he was out. I didn't believe her. The telephone in Da Costa's office rang, and if he had been out it would have gone on ringing. I pushed her away and walked in on him. He was standing at the instrument, one cloth-topped shoe with jade buttons on a chair, and he looked round to see who I was. Then he went on talking, a sort of anticipatory ring in his voice. I remembered that.

"'Ah!' he said, and he came over with his hands in his pockets, as though to examine this new specimen of Americano. 'The very man I wanted to see. I have something for you, Señor Rogerson.' Very jaunty he was.

"I said I hoped it was some news of my boat.

"'Your boat? *Your* boat?' he says, as though lost in wonder at my simplicity. 'Oh,' he goes on, 'your *boat!*' That was his way. 'No,' he says. 'Your concession. Will you sell? It's no good, you know,' he added, showing his teeth, 'but we are men of honor, and want everything ship-shape.'

"'Let's get the business of the boat out of the way first,' I said. 'Your partner, Carlos Goenaga. . . .'

"Da Costa was looking at his nails.

"'My *late* partner,' he said. 'He was unfortunate. It was most inconvenient for me too. One of my important business deals was—ah—postponed.'

"'You mean he's dead?' I said.

"'And buried,' he assured me, and then in an undertone, 'unless the birds, the *buitres*, have discovered him.'

"A sudden harsh note came into Señor Don Germán Da Costa's voice, something of the scream of the jackal, as he giggled and eyed me as well. Eyed me carefully in spite of his giggle.

"'You mean I can't collect on my note then?' I said, though I knew it was no use trying to argue with a swine like that.

"'Your note? Just now it was your boat. Perhaps you mean your—ah—goat?' he suggested. 'Oh, as to that! Yes. That can be taken up. I'll buy it from you at a discount,' says Da Costa.

"'Who will pay you?' I said, surprised.

"'I mean,' he explained, 'I'll buy your note when the insurance company pays up the policy. Goenaga had his life insured,' he went on, 'and he transferred it to me to cover his obligations.'

"Well, I think Da Costa saw it coming, for he stepped away almost before he was done speaking. But I got him. It was a good fat satisfying kick. I could have killed him, and been jailed for life here, I suppose. But it was only for a time. The only trouble is, the birds, the *buitres*, will never get his dirty carcase. He's in a marble tomb, with a broken column and a weeping angel: Don Germán Da Costa, *avocado*, patriot, martyred in the war for *La Libertad*.

V

"So I went on home. And when I found that the ship was calling at Puerto Castillo I thought to myself that I might try and see that girl Don Carlos used to speak about. My heart was heavy. I remembered the strange way the young fellow had looked at me as we stood on the dock that last morning, and I wanted to know the truth.

"So I waited till the ship began loading her fruit in Castilla, which is across the bay from Truxillo, and got a rail-car to take me round. He had shown me a picture of her once, with a bright sharp face, clean-cut as an eagle, looking straight to

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sea beyond the old gray wall of the Spanish fort. Not much like her brother Angel, was Isabella Varela.

"I walked up the steep little street, all grass and weeds, from the railroad to the plaza of Truxillo. There was a little park, with a kiosk for beer, and I sat down. I asked the man if he knew where this girl lived. He said,

"'Señor, that is Señorita Varela's house,' and he pointed to a long low place on the corner. Part of it was a store. I went over.

"She wasn't a good looker in the sense we use the words nowadays. I'd call her a handsome woman. You'd never think of her as a girl. No short hair or make-up, and thinner than usual. Black hair and very bright black eyes. Dressed in black. And about twenty-five years old.

"I began to tell her I was only a passing stranger, but she shook her finger in front of her eyes,—you know how these Latin-Americans do—and looked at my card.

"'No, no. You were a good friend to my Carlos,' she said. 'He spoke of you many times.'

"So she told me, sitting in her little *patio* fanning herself, the rest of the story. When I said I had seen Señor Da Costa lately, she spat suddenly at the sound of his name.

"'Wait till he comes into this country,' she said.

"'I understand he comes very soon,' I said, 'as Minister.' She gave me a sharp look and went on with her story.

"'Between them, my brother and that Da Costa, they killed my Carlos,' she said, and there were tears in her eyes which somehow did not fall.

"She spoke frankly of her brother, this Angel Varela. A natural when a child, yet rational enough in their home. He had had a religious streak in him. Had visions. Of course he had never been anywhere in the world and knew nothing except what the *padres* told him. And the poor *padres*, what do they know? If they get as far as the city here, it's about all. Angel Varela had visions of beautiful cities set on high mountains, full of music and happy people. Imagine it, if you can, in the heat of the coast. Nobody could make him believe such places existed except in his own dreams of Heaven. When Carlos spoke of New York, telling his sweetheart of the wonders of the great city, Angel only saw in his mind a place of *adobe* houses like Truxillo, only larger, with a plaza and an old fort where he could lie under the muzzles of the old guns and look across a blue gulf at blue mountains.

"Young Carlos, in love with this thin sharp virgin, accepted the poor harmless creature as his own responsibility. They thought, both of them, that once out in the big world, Angel would improve and perhaps get quite able to look after himself.

"The funny thing is," went on Rogerson, "that children, animals and backward adults are all open to the same suspicion. You can never tell when helplessness turns into cunning, like starch into sugar when fruit ripens. And there was also the 'sensitiveness' of Carlos to outside criticism. He was jealous of anybody criticising his friend. When Isabella suggested that he take Angel to New York, Carlos objected violently. He knew how the poor lad's defects would be set down against his whole race and nationality.

"Sometimes, she told me, she felt remorse over permitting Carlos to burden himself with her brother. Yet it was impossible for Angel ever to earn a living playing his *marimba* in a little coast town.

"'Señor,' she asked me, 'what is a woman's duty when she loves?'

"As if I knew, confound her! It is hard enough to know one's own duty very often. I could see that, because of her simplicity of heart and her lack of experience, she had been puzzled. There had seemed no way of deciding exactly what was best.

"Each trip he made as far as Truxillo, Carlos told his young lady how things went and the difficulties his friend and partner Da Costa was discovering in get-

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ting freight. Twice they had been to Sarofate, however. On the second occasion a big bull-necked person in a very new white linen suit and Panama hat came as a passenger. Da Costa had come down with him. To his partner Carlos said in private: 'I know that man. I have seen him in Salvador.' 'Oh no,' said Da Costa. 'He is an oil man. He is going to look at that oil concession at Sarofate. If he thinks we can work it the government will buy it—from us. He has influence among the Indians.'

"But Carlos knew that the man with influence among the Indians was Andreas Chorrera. And he was very disturbed to see how Angel Varela took to the big blackguard sitting there in his new white suit, chewing a piece of sugar cane and spitting the pieces over the side. Talking all the way along the coast, lying on the fore deck at night, Varela crouched beside him, listening to the Lord knows what rigmarole of rubbish about the fine times and fine clothes he'd have if he went along with Chorrera up into the beautiful mountains. Big cities full of beautiful girls and golden trinkets.

"Chorrera, sitting in the dirty *commandancia* in Sarofate, on an ammunition box, chewing his sugar cane, when Carlos came up to argue about losing his friend, looked him over. The young lad, he said, was just the fellow he was looking for. Now his beard was coming, thin, blond and silky, he would seem to the poor *Indios* just like an apostle. And this man, who was being paid to start a tin-pot revolution on the *frontera indefinitiva*, told Carlos to clear out and look after his own affairs 'or I will take you too,' he said, 'and by and bye your *lancha*.'

"That was a bad time for Carlos when he arrived in Truxillo without Isabella's brother. As she put it, 'He understood, Señor, that there was nothing he could possibly do at that moment. And it made him suffer terribly. His duty to me, to his partner and to you pulled him in every direction. Señor,' she said, 'his soul was torn.'

"But he understood by that time, I imagine, that he was being betrayed by Da Costa. Carlos was perfectly familiar with the results of letting a man like Chorrera get going among the *Indios* of the villages along the Western frontier. It was his knowledge of the practices of some of his people which had forced him out, when his parents died, into a different, gringo world. He *was* what these hifalutin' orators and rhetorical spell-binders who edit Latin-American newspapers would like to be, a man of unsullied honor, who would keep his word and lose his life, and never worry whether anybody knew about it or not.

"What was it made him do it? Some old seed of Spanish knighthood coming to flower on that bright desolate coast? To you, to me, that coast is appalling in spite of its fertility, its brightness and beauty, unless we think of what we are going to get out of it, to spend among our own people, under our own skies and our own flag. And what haunts me now is the horror of the young man dying in a miserable fight on that coast, a failure in his own land, losing everything except his honor, without even a heavy stone to keep the birds from his bones! It is his country, of course, and where else should he lie? But think of how many like him will be sacrificed before they can pull out of that horrible morass of blood and lies and stupidity!

VI

"He was being betrayed because, to tell the truth, Da Costa had first put the idea of buying the boat into his head. He had one of those minds which work with the speed of lightning on an entirely logical basis. He remembered. The extraordinary thing about him was that his memories were changed into passion charged, as you may say, with resolution.

"But the reality of the betrayal was not so much in Da Costa inveigling him into carrying that guerilla-chieftain Chorrera into a friendly territory, transporting arms

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and stores, supposedly for the purpose of jumping my company's concession, but really to move the *frontera indefinitiva*. No, it was Da Costa's betrayal of himself as a man of honor. It was the destruction, in the mind of young Carlos, of the delusion that Doctor Germán Da Costa was an older replica of himself, a *caballero* who would keep his word.

"And there was another thing. The voyage before, these two young people, Don Carlos Goenaga and Isabella Varela, had agreed that on his next visit they would be married and she would go with him to Barrios. She would sell her little business and help Carlos, so that in time he could use her as his agent and wriggle free from Da Costa. This was the state of affairs, she told me, when he came up to the house, and told her that her brother had run away into the bush, and Andreas Chorrera with seventeen thousand rounds of ammunition and five hundred Mannlicher rifles was snug in Sarofate collecting a revolutionary 'army.' And his own wonderful Da Costa, of whom he had spoken to her in such terms of extravagant admiration as a match for any gringo and so forth, was the man who had brought it about.

"That, she told me, was what weighed on his mind. He said 'We can't marry now, my Isabella. I must go and get Angel back. He will be killed, the poor fool!' Nor would she have consented to marry Carlos until he could get out of this mess into which he had walked, believing in Germán Da Costa. The poor fool, as he called that unfortunate, was only a sort of embodiment of the destiny against which he was struggling, a nightmare of a destiny, if you ask me.

"He went back to Sarofate, of course. I would like to have known his thoughts and plans. You go in to Sarofate, you sweat through the bush to that little village sitting there in a blaze of sunlight that makes the very air shake, and when you take the trail beyond you go into the unknown. What could he do? I have no answer to that question, yet in my mind I believe he would have done something. Against that big beefy Chorrera, sitting on an ammunition case in his white suit, letting his bristles grow before he showed himself to the *Indios*, Carlos could only offer brains, and brains are not to be despised even in the bush.

"But when he again dropped anchor in Sarofate, Chorrera was gone. In the village the men had been cautiously bringing over the mules they had hidden on the other side of the river and digging up the saddles and *machetes* they had buried under their floors. Chorrera was gone. Carlos found some of them in the church on their knees, each on his neck cloth spread on the old brown floor. In the evening he went with them to the *cantina* and asked about Angel Varela. They crossed themselves. They had news of him. Men coming down the mountain trails from Camotán with loads of earthen-ware in wicker cages on their backs, had seen him. The *Indios* believed he was a *Cristo*. It was April, when the air is still and all the fields are burning in preparation for the rains which mix the ashes with the earth and fertilise the crops. And through the smoke and flame at night the *Indios* had seen this new strange creature passing, calling out to them strange words, and they were stealing down into the valleys to hear who he was and from what holy city he had come. He was only a few miles away, they said, but a couple of days on a mule might not find him.

"Carlos waited. He knew there was more than this behind the villagers' talk. *Indios* don't travel for days from their fields at burning time to get news of a saint. He knew armed bands were moving over the mountains. The government had got wind of Chorrera and suspected he was getting ready to cut the great Camino Real up to the capital at a time when a consignment of minted money was on its way from North America to the treasury. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose Chorrera was aware of this train of treasure. But it seems he

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suddenly found himself between two forces of Federal troops who meant business, because if Chorrera got that money they wouldn't get any wages for six months. Nor would Da Costa's brother get his salary. Then again, it was possible the President suspected his chief of staff of trying to waylay the treasure on his own account, so he sent another general and had Da Costa's brother remain in the capital. What do you know anyhow, when you come down here? It's all a maze of wires and lies and grabs.

"So he waited, sending a message by a sailing canoe to Isabella in Truxillo. He waited sometimes on the boat and sometimes in the village, at the *cantina*. And a day or two later the army of Chorrera began to straggle into Sarofate. They had been riding or running for days and nights, caked with blood and dust and ashes. They sank down anywhere and called for water. The flies settled on their limbs and the dogs and pigs snuffed round at the dried blood. Carlos began to turn the *commandancia* into a hospital. He got the women to work. He made the children fan the flies off the wounded. All the time he asked about Angel Varela. And during the night the poor crazed creature came walking into Sarofate, with the wonderful Andreas Chorrera, badly wounded in the shoulder and thighs, on a mule.

"Here again," said Rogerson musingly, as we walked along that same Avenida Sur towards the Club, where we both had cards, "here again I would like to have some notion of what Carlos thought. It was an extraordinary situation for a young fellow like him. All these people, even Chorrera on his mother's side, were of his own race and nation, yet what must he have thought? What he did is easily told. He waited until dawn and then, getting hold of that Angel Varela, that embodiment of all his terrible misfortunes, he hurried down to the beach where the boat lay anchored.

"He was in a canoe, sculling rapidly through the surf, when a lot of men began breaking through the trees in pursuit. They were carrying Chorrera, who knew the troops were following down the mountains and that if he didn't get away they would give him some of his own famous treatment. He had roused all the men who could move and was bawling to work them up to desperation. But Carlos was aboard the launch before they could get Chorrera, swearing in a terrible fashion, into a canoe.

"And he would have got away even then if it had not been for Angel Varela. The engine was running and he was hauling up the anchor when the poor creature began to sob and moan with grief. Could they not take *el Capitan?* He was wounded. He had been so kind to poor Angel. Carlos must have been in a way when he found the fellow slobbering and clinging to him, begging him to take that hulking butcher who was thinking of nothing except his own skin. And while he was pushing him away and finishing with the anchor, the canoes were making through the surf towards him. He was surrounded.

"What did they care for his revolver? He turned and turned, working towards the tiller and engine clutch, looking for a chance to run clear. They had arms too, but how could they get away if they killed him? They cared nothing for his gun, after those terrible days of pursuit in the Sierras. Chorrera screamed at Carlos to take him on board. Carlos said, no, he did not trust him. The launch would be swamped if they all came. He made a quick dive and kicked the clutch of the engine ahead and the launch shot forward. Chorrera fired and missed. The launch went careening in a circle towards open sea. And suddenly stopped. The clutch had slipped. Carlos was bending down to reach it when Angel Varela pulled the tiller over and they whirled round on a canoe, knocking everybody into the water.

"And now mind you, that girl coming to Sarofate later on could only gather from a frightened *commandante* and a wounded peon who had been forced to go with Chorrera, a vague notion of what followed.

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There were men swimming and clinging to the canoe as it rolled in the huge swell. There was the launch suddenly riding sideways into that same swell and rushing towards the bar piled with mahogany logs. There were buzzards wheeling in the hot blue sky. And there was Chorrera swaying in his canoe, one hand on a man's head and leaning forward as he fired again. And there was Carlos struggling with the poor demented creature to tear him away from the tiller, becoming still and heavy when the launch suddenly reared up on the bar and crashed and became still too, as though shot through the heart."

VII

We walked into the great hall of the Strangers' Club and rang for a waiter. The high white chamber, with its enormous mirrors, was empty. The music-balcony yawned above. In the far corner a dark-complexioned man looked out at us from a reading-room where month old newspapers were piled on the table. Across the tiled floor came a white-coated servant with a tray like a polished silver shield. Rogerson sank down on a lounge and began to refill his pipe. I wondered whether he would revert to the subject again. He did.

"The story of the mad *Cristo* who followed the army along the trails back to the capital spread all over the coast," he said. "Miss Varela heard it, of course. She took the diligence at Tela to find him, but when she arrived he had vanished again. You see, he was not only reckoned mad by the country people. He had strange hallucinations. He believed he was dead, passing through a purgatory of fire and blood, to a heavenly region of fair cities set on the mountains. And he wandered across the frontier to this place, playing on a little *marimba* a parish priest had given him.

"There's something in the general impression among the country people that he was a saint, that he had never committed any sins. I doubt if he has. And when you said he seemed the happiest person on earth I raised the question, you remember, whether he could be described that way. After all, it is not a matter of great importance. He was only, as I said before, an embodiment of the destiny of Don Carlos Goenaga, who was himself an embodiment of his country's fortune."

"And Da Costa," I said meditatively. "I should say he was an embodiment of something too."

"Of his country's misfortune," remarked Rogerson slowly. "He was part of the scene. I told you he is buried under a white marble tomb with weeping angels and with an inscription detailing his extraordinary virtues. Miss Isabella Varela is buried in a convent, a prisoner for life. One evening, as the new Minister was stepping into his carriage to attend an official dinner, a young woman came forward, fired point blank, and Doctor Germán Lopez Da Costa fell into the brougham, face downward, dead. Yes, she is buried under heavy stonework, in the convent of Our Lady of Sorrows. And I would say she was an embodiment of something too, an embodiment of a pure spirit, with an indomitable courage and faith, worthy of the young man whom she loved. They were so much alike in many ways, but above all they gave you the same feeling that their souls were true. They were straight and sharp like swords and with untarnished honor."

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Journalism

THE NEW YORK DAILIES

By Hugh Kent

Whenever the late Mr. Munsey made one of his frequent newspaper consolidations in New York, loud squawks echoed from the Newspaper Club to Park Row. They took on a tincture of moral lament. "Our little sweetheart is being seduced!" cried the newspaper boys. As a matter of fact, the gal had been picking up a fine living on the side for years. What they should have known was that the business of publishing a metropolitan newspaper had long since outgrown their adolescent ideals of adventure. The few of their sweethearts who had ever sung in the choir and taught Sunday-school had long since tired of it and decided to go out and get the dough.

Mr. Munsey was not only right; he was three jumps ahead and setting the pace. He was an honest broker, and more interested in making money and building up a property than in posing in the spotlight. When he finished his career he had given the *coup de grâce* to a number of newspaper weaklings that were living on brilliant traditions and dazzling past performances, and should have died when the great editors who made them passed away, instead of waiting for him to take them by force into his new order of dehydrated and canned newspapers. When the boys from Park Row had exhausted their oaths against him for "ruining the newspaper business" and when the dust from the wreckage had settled, there stood the new New York *Sun*, surely a shining achievement in latter-day, go-getting journalism. From weakness it had been brought into the very first rank, with a big circulation and loads of advertising daily. It remains eminently respectable and prosperous to this day. You never see its editorial page quoted, but what of that? The editorial page has been superseded in New York by the advertising columns, which now tell the people what to think.

The millions invested in a New York newspaper property of today make it too big, with too much at stake, to jeopardize its safety for humanitarian, political or philosophical theories. The first tendency, after attaining fat, is to preserve it. But down in the city-room the boys still linger in the belief that a paper's purpose is to print the news fearlessly, regardless of the fact that New York journalism graduated into big business many years ago. Business, they should know, doesn't go crusading—unless the crusader holds a good bunch of the stock for manipulation. But newspapermen are child-like in their illusions, and practically all of them are afflicted with a professional egotism which takes the form of a pride in their "great profession." They think they are underpaid. But they are not. The fellow who broadcasts that tune is either too shiftless to start a delicatessen store or he is being paid by the thrill he gets out of watching himself suffer—like a neurotic woman. Journalism is by far the best outlet there is for young high-school students overdosed with idealism and underdosed with horse-sense.

The boys who used to have most fun in getting out a newspaper were the editors and reporters. Today the big kick is only for the proprietor. Jerry, the crack police reporter, is now only a bookkeeping sort of fellow who calls up from headquarters and drones out to the rewrite man on the

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other end of a telephone, several miles away: "Hello, Jack?—gotta fire—yeah, tenement house—402—yeah, four oh, too —Cherry street—C-h-e-r-r-y street—started in basement—cause unknown—one hurt—Mrs. Jacob Sakowitz—of same address—burned about wrists and arms—went back to get 'er clothes—didn't take her to hospital—damage slight—thasall—Oh, Jack —Hello, Jack!—maybe firebug—S'long." Then Jack lights a fresh cigarette, sits down at his typewriter, fills in a few words between the ones he has taken down, hands the finished product to the desk man, and goes back to his cigarette and the business of elevating his feet high enough to get some circulation through his head. If he gets any excitement out of his little job, he must find it in the meager story he discovers under the heading:

FIREBUG SUSPECTED
IN CHERRY ST. BLAZE

The big New York newspapers, because of their size, seem to print everything they can get hold of. There are so many pages to fill and such a variety of tastes to appeal to that the job becomes like laying bricks for a skyscraper. The result is a perfectly colorless, dull and stupid product. About the only time they serve up anything with vitality and color in it is when the news is fool-proof. A man dies and leaves a will reading: "I leave to my wife Sarah, who has continually nagged me for twenty-five years, the sum of one dollar, with which she can buy a good rope and hang herself. The rest I bequeath to the Bide-A-Wee Home for Tomcats." That's amusing and all the papers print it. But the late harassed husband did the whole story himself, even to the writing. If enough persons with senses of humor don't clown, New Yorkers next day have to wade through a paper with as little piquancy as a dairy lunch.

News writing in the town is standardized to boredom. It is bromidic, hackneyed and mechanical, save on the big stories to which the most talented men on the staffs are assigned. Even then it often runs along in ruts. Many of the stories carried on the first page might be written by boys of twelve. You always know about what the speakers will say and how the headline-writer will caption the story. If there is the remotest chance he will certainly ring in *hit*, *rap* or *condemn*. When Robert Bridges, the British Poet Laureate, came over in 1924, all the New York papers ran columns about his refusing to be interviewed for a single word. One editor jumped the traces, and cut the story to four lines with the heading: "King's Canary Refuses to Chirp." It was an obvious way to lighten a dull story, but one might have thought that Jack the Ripper had broken into an Old Maids' Home. It was the talk of all the newspaper offices, where it was tacked to all the bulletin boards.

In the field of journalism nothing requires so much talent, and gets so little, as writing headlines. The copy-reader can make or break the best or worst story. If he is sloppy, the story is skipped. If he is bright he can make 'em read it. I think it is an encouraging sign that readers are showing the taste to read only the headlines. They have been wolfed-wolfed to apathy, and they are getting wise enough to smell the pap a mile off.

The New York papers handle such a volume of news in such a piggly-wiggly manner that it is not uncommon to see an editor hold a story down to a single paragraph in the back of his paper one day, and three days later give the same story a sensational play-up on his first page. Every newspaper man knows cases of one paper following another on a story, days after the first one has printed it, with such a flare and boldness as to almost make it seem like new.

There is a deadly sameness to most of the papers. It is now considered desirable—just the opposite of what it used to be in the old days. The tendency shows itself amusingly among the morning papers, whose managing editors play a daily first-page guessing game. The trick is to guess what the other fellow will figure is front-

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page stuff and place your own stories accordingly. As soon as the early editions of the opposition papers are out the alert editor seizes them, compares what he has played up himself with what the other fellows have considered most important, and immediately shifts with the majority.

"I see the *Times* put the diabetes cure story on page one," he remarks to his make-up man. "It *is* a pretty good story—lots of people have diabetes—more'n you'd think. Better pull it from page three and give it a two-column head on page one for the next edition. I see the others are using the falling franc on page one. Where have we got it? Page one? That's all right."

So it goes through the offices, with the result that by the time the final editions are out, every first page in the city is about the same, and every news editor has justified his judgment of news. They say that "a page one story is a page one story anywhere," but it isn't at all. It is only so in New York, where news, like preaching, teaching, selling, stealing and enjoying life, is most highly standardized. But it will be so everywhere before long.

For years the *World* earned the reputation of having a great first page, because it had its own ideas of what was most interesting to the greatest number, and placed, cut and eliminated accordingly. But today you can look over the general news in any other paper and figure pretty nearly what the *World*, and every other paper, will lead with. One reason for the success of the tabloids is their disregard of what the big papers call news. If you want to see how this "general news" is valued by the average reader, watch him buy a paper, read the headlines on the first page, turn to the comics and sports pages, and throw the rest of the paper away without a glance. The tabloids throw it away for him. They take the most appealing of the general stories, squeeze out the air and water, and serve them in single pithy paragraphs.

Of all the sheets now current in New York, the one showing the most interesting collective talent is the tabloid *Daily News*. It does remarkably good work in news editing. Each day it prints all the so-called worthwhile news in proportionate length to its general reading value, but subordinating it to columns of stories designed to appeal to the emotions of the shop girl. That is its job and the *News* does it with great skill. If you want to quarrel with the job it has selected, you are free to do so. The tabloids are all full of funny things. Hearst's *Daily Mirror* at one time had eleven contests running. Anything one can think of will make a tabloid contest: limerick-writing, punning, identifying movie stars, coining silly words, or a "best-love-letter-I-ever-wrote" contest. The *Mirror* had one called a "My Sweetie" contest, in which the moron sent in a photograph of his or her sweetheart, with a full discussion of his or her reasons for being enamored. The hottest one of the day brought a dollar prize. These contests are always conducted under the virtuous cloak of teaching readers "the power of self-expression," or initiating them into "culture." The *Mirror* once ran a contest for letters on "My Most Embarrassing Moment." Most of the prize-winning offerings ended: "And I looked up—it was the Boss!"

When the tabloids unearth a particularly choice piece of dirt they begin the story with lots of "shockings" and "amazings," and platitudes about the difficulty of leading a life of sin without paying the penalty. Lately the *Mirror* hit on a much better gag: now you will find, at the beginning of every story in it that stinks, three or four lines of italicized quotations from the Bible.

The one thing the tabloids are doing is to train the public to read small-sized newspapers, which are infinitely handier and easier to read than the larger papers. The small pages also force economy in news-writing. Eventually a more substantial news content will develop, probably in the *News*, and out of the pioneer of tabloid muck-raking will come a legitimate, convenient, improved type of newspaper.

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Biology

THE BLOOD OF THE PRIMATES

By L. M. Hussey

Outside those Christian States of the Republic wherein Moses is accepted as the last authority in biology the illuminati will find much that is enlightening in certain studies of the blood of man and the apes, lately performed at the Rockefeller Institute. The distinction of this new research, announced a few months ago by Landsteiner and Miller in the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, lies in its great delicacy. That is to say, the Rockefeller investigators studied factors that, above all others at present known, are subtle in their differentiation of species as well as in their demonstration of species relationships.

The choice of the blood as the subject of investigation will be understood when it is remembered that this fluid shows wide differences between unrelated species in its microscopical and chemical characteristics. These differences are so marked that a glance through the microscope at the size and contour of the corpuscles usually suffices to distinguish human blood from that of most other animals. Simple quantitative tests emphatically establish the difference. Thus, if one determines the number of parts of phosphoric acid (as nuclein) in a thousand parts of the blood of a sheep, the average figure of 0.0109 is obtained from normal animals. On the other hand, the human figure for phosphoric acid is much higher, striking an average of 5.07 (according to the analyses of Abderhalden). Similar variations in the other chemical constituents, such as iron, lime, magnesia, cholesterin, lecithin, etc., are likewise found.

When species are closely related such quantitative differences tend to disappear. But simple quantitative determinations of the blood's chemical substances are not sufficient, alone, to establish the likeness of species. For instance, the content of water in the blood corpuscles of various mammals varies according to the species, but one would fail dismally to show any distinction between a man and a dog by this method. The content of water in the dog and in man is virtually the same when a woman's blood is employed for the comparison, although, curiously enough, the male of our species gives a sufficient differentiation.

Such possibilities of error make the chemical comparison of blood, while useful and suggestive, somewhat unreliable. With the development of the science of immunology many more subtle methods have been discovered. Over two decades ago, for example, Nuttall published a celebrated paper on the blood relationships of the Primates from the standpoint of immunology. Nuttall's work dealt with the precipitins, and his experiments with these substances, as they were then developed, showed an intimate relationship between man and the anthropoid apes, but a much lesser relationship between man and the monkeys. Later and better studies of blood serum again showed the difficulty, by immunological tests, of distinguishing between the serums of man and the apes, while again, these two serums were readily recognized as different from that of the monkeys.

The work of Nuttall and those who followed after him was amplified, some ten years after the publication of his monograph, by studies in the uric acid content of general mammalian blood and tissues as compared with that of the Primates. Wiechowski and others were able to prove that nearly all mammals are able to convert the uric acid formed in metabolism into allantoin, but that man and the anthropoids are devoid of this power. The monkeys can bring about the transformation; man and the apes cannot. A few years later Wells and Caldwell demonstrated in the livers of mammals a ferment which had the capacity to split uric acid; it was

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this ferment that accounted for the allantoinic transformation. But they found that it was lacking in the livers of man and the apes.

Thus science demonstrated the intimate kinship of *Homo sapiens* and the orang-outans, chimpanzees and gorillas. Now the proofs reach a new level in the lately published paper of Landsteiner and Miller. These investigators have found it possible to demonstrate that of all the methods of differentiating species by means of the blood, the most delicate depends upon the behavior of blood corpuscles in the presence of agglutinins. No other procedure is so refined and none, therefore, more convincing. It will be interesting, then, to glance at the facts and principles which underlie this latest and best of comparative blood studies.

Years ago Gruber and Durham observed that the blood serum of individuals infected with the spirillum of Asiatic cholera frequently developed a substance or substances that caused the germs, when present in the serum, to clump together in flake-like glomerations. The substances that brought about this clustering were called agglutinins. They were a part of the body's defensive response to bacterial invasion, for it was found that many other sorts of pathogenic germs also induced their appearance, and that they were more or less specific for the individual microörganisms.

The agglutinins that thus cause a particular germ to lose its motility and glomerate with its fellows in the blood stream are not normally present in the serum until some time after the onset of infection, but it was later discovered that the blood does contain a variety of agglutinins that are present, in some individuals, all the time. Indeed, there are some individuals whose blood contains agglutinins that behave toward the blood corpuscles of another individual precisely as the typhoid agglutinin, for example, behaves toward typhoid bacilli. That is to say, if a little whole blood from another person be injected into the veins of such an individual, the corpuscles of that invading blood, instead of mingling with those of the recipient, are at once clumped together in flaky masses. Thus it is not possible to mix the blood of human beings indiscriminately, since the one blood may contain natural agglutinins that will clump the corpuscles of the other. Extensive studies have revealed that with respect to agglutinins of this sort all human blood may be divided into four distinct classes or strains.

In the older work of Nuttall and his successors, the precipitin reactions that they used could not distinguish between the blood of *Homo sapiens* and that of the anthropoids. More, they could not distinguish between the blood of separate genera of monkeys, although the tests were delicate enough, as I said earlier in this paper, to show a distinction between the bloods of apes and men on the one hand and monkeys on the other. But now, by the technique of the Rockefeller Institute scientists, it is possible to distinguish the blood of separate genera of monkeys—a result hitherto unobtainable. No one, of course, denies the highly intimate kinship of the various monkey genera —one might as readily deny the kinship of a collie with a police dog. But only since Landsteiner's method was published is it possible to show a distinction between the blood of animals so close akin, and so it is not surprising that by his method we are also able, at last, to demonstrate a distinction between human and anthropoid blood.

This difference has now been shown, but I doubt that it will bring much joy in theological circles. It is no greater, according to the new agglutination tests, between the bloods of man and the chimpanzee than it is between the bloods of two monkeys of distinct genera! What is even more disheartening to the Mosaic biologists is that the horse and the donkey, animals of so intimate a relationship that the one can, as everyone knows, fecundate

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the other, show a greater difference than do man and the apes. In other words, it is proved that the sanguinity of the horse and the donkey, which are capable of hybridization, is less close than the kinship of *Homo sapiens* and the anthropoids.

The amazing blood intimacy of all the higher Primates is further brought to light in this new work by the discovery that ape blood contains the same four groups of agglutinins that are found in the blood of man. This fact would not be so surprising were it true also of the monkeys or other mammals. But the blood of monkeys reveals no such classification, nor does the blood of any other mammal.

These new and subtle studies are of great importance in clarifying some of the mysteries of man's immediate evolution. It is, of course, the universal biological opinion that man, the anthropoids and the monkeys all derive from a common ancestor. But that common ancestor must have been exceedingly remote, for the monkeys show none of the immunological relationships now demonstrated for man and the apes. Indeed, the monkeys are as far removed from the apes as they are from man. But these studies do indicate that there must have been a second common ancestor, far later in time, for the higher apes and man. This creature must have appeared long after the hypothetical common ancestor of all the Primates. That remote progenitor from whom sprang man, ape and monkey had not developed the serological reactions, the group agglutinins, that were to appear later. Thus these reactions were not transmitted to the monkeys.

Later, however, a second common ancestor of man and the anthropoids did develop a blood classification on the basis of four groups of agglutinins. When a part of his progeny developed in the direction of *Homo sapiens* and another part in the direction of the apes, the preëxisting blood distinctions were necessarily carried through. And so, as a heritage from their common progenitor, we now find orang-outans, chimpanzees, gorillas and men revealing immunologic qualities of the blood that are shared neither by the monkeys nor by any other mammals.

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OREGON POETS

WALTER EVANS KIDD

The Ranch Mother

She who thinned gardens with a table-
spoon
Corroded rough, and milked the stubborn
cows
That fed on pasture onions with the sows,
Had even ceased to mouth a sorry tune.
To her all things were bleakly one: the
moon
That flattens on the water-trough, the
blooms
Of wild sunflowers, her crude monotonous
rooms,
And Archibald's tomato-can spittoon. . . .

She reckoned Spring as only Spring again:
The hens to set, and mud the hired men
track
Across the floor to scrub with aching back.
But when she glimpsed, beyond the mean
pig-pen,
Her odd son swerve the plow in field and
kneel
By flower or mouse, she guessed how he
must feel.

ELEANOR HAMMOND

They Come For Mrs. Lindberg

How the wind screams
In the black middle night!

Old Mrs. Lindberg lies dead in her bed.
What a transparent, small, gray corpse
she makes!

Two undertaker's men have come for it—
How the night-wind keeps screaming
round the house.
The morgue wagon can not come up this
muddy hill.
It waits a quarter of a mile below.
The undertaker's men plod up on foot
Carrying a long closed basket for the dead.
Their coat-tails flap in the wind
Like dark crow's wings.

How the wind screams!
I think so tenuous and thin an old ghost
Can never find its way
Through such a wild black night.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Concerning the Speech of Mountains

Mountains talk!
Lesser mountains speak the folk-
tongue of forests
Wherein the shrill sweet tones of green
heights
Commingle strangely with the deep gut-
turals of canyons;
An ancient tongue rich with the idioms
of wind and rain and snow,
Poignant with the frail pink of rhodo-
dendrons,
Sibilant with rustling leaves and running
water,
Bitter with the tang of cedar and fir,
Accented with the precision of sword ferns,
Punctuated by falling cones and blue
wings;
Its quaint and ordered forms
Older than runes,
Lovelier than psalms,
More potent than the benisons of priests.

Mountains talk;
Young mountains have tongues of fire.
They harangue at length on death
Preaching a doctrine of destruction.

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They make a cult of flame,
And dramatize their mad convictions
In cataclysmic rumblings, horrific upheavals and molten rivers.

Mountains talk;
But old white mountains
Have learned the wisdom of repression,
The effectiveness of silence,
The eloquence of slow and awful gestures;
Uplifted palms may support the heavens,
May cup the thunders;
An extended finger may shred a cloud,
Shatter a moon-flask,
Pierce a dawn—
Blood of a young day on snow is crimson,
Of a dying day, purple—
A clenched fist may bruise the sun.
The shadow of a white mountain across the world
Is the measure of forever.

Mountains talk;
The loftiest mountains, still cowled in mystery,
Commune with the prophets and interrogate the stars.

Mountains talk;
Their language is a composite of all peoples, of all lands, of all ages
Of all planets, of all seas.
Its fundamentals are beauty.

I am studying the language of mountains.

IRENE STEWART

Advice to Beauty on a Cloudy Day

Scurry, my dear!
Get up out of that pile of leaves—
Run! Hide behind the Church or the City Hall!
You must not wallow here in the park so casually.
The fact that you lie down at all looks bad—
Very bad;
I'm always having to make excuses for you,
And your actions *are* suspiciously careless.
Do behave as though you had a purpose in being.
Where did you throw your cloak of decency?
Don't be stubborn. Today you must be what you are not—
At least,
You must not be what you are.
Now run, for I observe
The coat-tails of Righteousness
Flapping in some sort of a wind,
And it looks like some kind of a rain.

H. L. DAVIS

Of the Dead of a Forsaken Country

Since they'd slacked pruning and tending orchards in their age,
We children, new to their trees blossoming, scarce thought of them.
We accounted for their fruit bloom maybe as if the boughs'
Radiance, their apple and quince clusters and white plum
Doubling the sun blindingly, had come from veins of light
That swelled from under the deep bedrock to find mouths
And crowded the black twigs and burst them.

Then, being grown,
I remembered those shadowless white masses in the sky
As having been coddled out of switches by their hard care,
And perceived their lives better: how patient, and how cunning: checked
Into the trees' six-months' cadences. I perceived their hands
To have slowed like dry-headed stiff grass rocking in the wind,
Submissive if its seed fall.

This lasted a long time: till now.

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I have ridden to turn cattle into their forsaken lands.
I have bedded cattle in their orchards under the black angular
Trees, dead or else speckled from a last starved-blossomed bough,
Not thinking of dead people but of children, till tall dustwhirls
Walked over the cheat grass of their abandoned wheatfields, over
Wild bunches of blue lupin, rock roses, short wild hollyhocks
Belled close with red-orange, over foxgloves and striped irises;
And walked over the black haystacks and bare draws and ridges and fields,
Tracked by wild horses and no other foot, where wind
Catches the long boundaries between red and green and black
Shaking the broad planes like banners . . .

Till tall gray-yellow
Dustwhirls mounted out of the dry fields, long-haired
With hands frantic and not patient or cunning, without mouths.
. . . What else should break earth and pace over the bare wild-horse land
To rouse these cattle in the night? They splintered the rotted fences
And milled and flattened the dead fruit trees while the close
Whirl of shapes sucked at the sparse blossoms like loud breath.

GRACE SIBLEY

Curls

See, God?
Here in this box. . . .
Please, God,
I've been wondering
If You could put them on again—
Little ugly, troublesome things—
But they used to curl up
And go to sleep on my neck,
Like tired kittens.

BORGHILD LUNDBERG LEE

Refuge

I found a cottage by the sea;
God only knows what it meant to me.

It had an old stove, rusty and red,
And in the corner a saggy bed.

On the stove stood a kettle of brass;
Where it was worn, it was greener than grass.

Behind the house was a shed full of wood,
I could almost reach it from where I stood.

I filled the kettle and built a fire
And poked around to my heart's desire.

I took off my shoes and lay on the bed
And listened to what the kettle said.

Oh, it seemed a wonderful thing to me
The song of the kettle and the song of the sea.

But one sunny day, my lover came down
And looked at me with a terrible frown.

He said: "What a funny place to stay,
Don't you know what people will say?

"I wouldn't sleep on that saggy bed."
"No one asked you to," I said.

"I have found something all my own,
I wish you would go and leave me alone."

"You have never acted like this before."—
But I only pushed him out of the door.

I closed it tight and turned the key,
And let him talk through the door to me.

"It will be a long, cold day with rain,
Before I will ever come back again."

But I just laughed and lay on the bed
And listened to what the kettle said.

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A time came with snow on the ground
And the wind blew cold, with a different sound.

The bed seemed harder to lie upon,
The fire was low and the wood near gone.

I carried all my arms could hold;
My fingers burned, they were so cold.

I knelt by the fire and blew on the flame
And blew on my hands when my lover came.

He said: "I have stood it as long as I could,
So I came back—." I knew he would.

With the wood all gone and the fire low
I might as well pack up and go.

I polished the kettle and made the bed;
"I'll be back some day," I said.

MARGARET SKAVLAN

Coin-Song

MONEYBAGS, *moneybags—heavy, in rows.*
Things remain though man's love goes.

Your jewels shine in your looking-glass,
Men turn to watch your carriage pass.
Why do you long for Roland's lips
Against your throat—your fingertips?
Coin-melodies will deaden pain—
Love perishes, but things remain.

Moneybags, moneybags—piled to the skies.
Things remain though woman's love dies.

Your wealthy wife wears a velvet gown,
Your house looks down upon the town.
Why hunger so for Sibylle's lips—
Her eyes, her rosy fingertips?
The song of coins will ease your pain—
Love perishes, but things remain.

Moneybags, coins like golden rain!
Life will pass, and things remain.

FRANCES HOLMSTROM

The Shearers

SHORN are the sheep that are mountains,
huddled against each other,
Looking askance and bewildered, each at his naked brother.

The Titan flocks of the mountains, that ruled the plains in peace,
Have bowed to the shears of the shearer, have yielded the golden fleece.

That which was down upon them ere breath touched the shearer's lips
Shall rise in his cloud-hung towers, shall rock in his masted ships,

But when the cities are leveled, and the great hulks rot in the sun,
They shall ask again of the mountains, and learn that the shearing is done.

LELAND DAVIS

To One With Somewhat To Hide

WHEN worms preëmpt your clay, whence Death has pressed
The quintessential You that's life and bright
Laughter, wit, grace, and love the tenderest,
And all that's Woman and a sheer delight;

And with your kinsmen (God's most timid friends)
I hear the hired priest, paid to hide your best,
Glossing a theme shrewd piety amends
—I must not seem unwarrantably depressed!

Oh! but I'll envy the feather-light grey hosts
Of like-impious lost souls that throng to tell
(Chirruping like waking birds, the bloodless ghosts)
How brave it is, your sunrise on their Hell!

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HELEN PARK

Jean Middleton Grady

Jean is four
And six months.
Her hair is corn-silk
Yellow.
And her eyes
Are sea-mist blue.
In the garden
She plays
With her solemn-faced
Dolls.
The flowers of the garden
Smile.
For there
Is no envy
Among flowers.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

Ants

How far can ants see, I wonder?
How much do they know
Of the trees that grow
A million times their size above them?
It might be entertaining to hear
Their opinion of a sunrise;
How a horse may appear
To their infinitesimal eyes
When he plants a hoof
On the laboriously built roof
Of their house; what they think
When crawling on the brink
Of a chasm; what they make
Of a river or a lake,
A thunder-clap
Or a mountain's snowcap.
Maybe ants can write
Poems and recite,
Preach and play politics.
They may have panics,
Parliaments,
High rents,
Bootleggers—and play golf.
Had we an ear to hear
A rose-leaf strike the ground
We might hear the sound
Of ant-talk. Were we wise
As ants, in proportion to our size,
We might figure out
What ants are about.

QUEENE B. LISTER

Youth

The sky was meant to be a crown
For her golden head;
The earth a shifting fairy-stage
For her feet to tread.
The wind a score of willow-tunes
For her youth to blend to,
But she lived in Hinder town
Where there was end to
Paper rocks and granite faces
Made by Hinder people
Who said their prayers in Hinder church
And praised its bell and steeple.
Who pursed their lips and rolled their eyes
Much like their meadow frogs
And croaked behind their hands at dusk
"She's going to the dogs!"

But in a lonely burying-plot
Bouncing Betsies blow
To willow tunes that she danced to
A long time ago.

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VESTIGE OF A NORDIC ARCADY

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

THE charm of the island being due chiefly to its innocence of modernity, I want to protect it, while celebrating its purity, from such ruffians as tourists and Prohibition enforcement agents. Therefore I conceal its location behind hints which only the learned may resolve. An island in the Great Lakes, it was named for a sloop that figured in the second war with England. A vessel known to history and romance ended her days on a reef five miles out of its best harbor. A college president who was recently blistered in poetry has a shack on one of its bays, and there for the admonition of his children has pasted a slogan above the pump, "Brush every tooth on every side every day." The width of the island from him, an economist who has thundered against American complexity reverts to a primitive costume of moccasins, feathers and G-string. A novelist, still remembered by the natives as "that fellow who wrote a book," once spent some time here. He left a steam tug, the *Stewart Edward*, behind him, but its purchaser has never heard of Mr. White's lions.

I have mentioned the Summer visitors, but they are neither numerous nor important. Mostly they come here because their grandparents did. A newcomer reaches the place only by accident and, for the most part, finds little to attract him. Two years ago, for instance, a Broadway ingénue wandered in on her third honeymoon. Her latest husband, it appeared, had read about the simple life, for he had equipped their romance with silk tents, air-mattresses, gasoline heaters, a phonograph, and a set of pocket classics. I met her in the woods, brown, disreputable and aggrieved. She demanded to know whether there were any bathrooms on the island. I walked her three miles to the only house that is so equipped, and watched her stride to the door. In a moment she was back, and furious. "Hell!" she said, "I didn't say bath *tubs*. I can wash in any lake in the world. Isn't there a toilet on this purgatory?" That day the phonograph and the air-mattresses moved on to the civilization of Mackinac.

The natives number something more than a thousand. In four generations, perhaps because of diet, perhaps because of inter-marriage, they have declined from the physique of their Icelandic ancestors. Goiters are endemic among them, but otherwise they seem to live forever. They have abandoned their ancestral speech, but have retained the musical, sing-song intonation of the stock. To hear two of them conversing in the dark is to fancy Sigurd set down in the Great Lakes; there are epics in that chant—it has something of the thrash and rhythm of the Northern seas. Perhaps not one native in fifty visits the mainland, thirty miles away, so often as once in five years. Many have never visited it, and of those who have, few have penetrated as far as railroad trains. Except those who were in the military service, no one has seen an airplane. Even my typewriter causes a mild riot among the children. The effect of all this isolation has been to keep the island fascinatingly naïve. It has the sophistication of Fords and power boats, it subscribes to the daily papers, it follows the fashions in hosiery and neckwear, but it is more out of touch

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with American civilization and American vulgarity than Death Valley or the Florida keys. It belongs to an era that has vanished. It is a part of the frontier.

There are references to the island in the journals of nearly all the French explorers. LaSalle cached some of his supplies here, and the Jesuits maintained a mission for some years and buried their converts in a cemetery whose graves, with the cross of Rome scratched on glacial boulders, are regarded with annoyance by the stout Protestants of today. After the French occupation the island reverted to the Indians, who used it principally as a battle-ground, as bushels of salvaged arrowheads attest. The Hudson Bay trappers, and Colonel Astor's, visited it but found little to interest them, since there were no streams and hence no beavers. It was once the subject of a suit to quiet title between two sovereign States, and is mentioned, under an Indian name, in the treaty following the War of 1812. After that treaty, it disappears from history till the coming of the Icelanders.

II

They, the progenitors of the present race, arrived about fifteen years before the Civil War, and they came as lumbermen. The magnificence of the timber they found may be seen on a neighboring island which has always been a government lighthouse-reserve. White pine, red pine, and red spruce predominated, great clean trees averaging well over a hundred feet tall. Occasional groves of hardwoods broke the sweep of the evergreens, maples, walnuts, and a sprinkling of oaks and beeches. The Icelanders set up their sawmills and levelled every tree. Today, the bottom of one harbor is sawdust many feet deep, and scrub pine grows through strata of rotted planks on the millsites. Not one first-growth tree stands anywhere on the island; even the quaking bogs were deforested. The modern growth is marvelously luxuriant, but it is second-and-third-growth. No one seems to know how long the wild days of lumbering lasted, but they were ended before 1860. Then, instead of moving on to other forests, the Icelanders stayed here. They were, after all, a seafaring race. Their conscription for the lumbering trade had been due to the bonanza advertising of steamship lines, and they had no liking for the land. They burned out enough stumps to clear the ground for gardens and with infinite labor grubbed out the glacial detritus. Then they built dories, wove nets, and reverted to their old ways.

Let no one sneer at these fresh water sailors. This corner of the Great Lakes is one of the worst storm areas in the country. Squalls are practically continuous; gales rise out of nowhere without warning; and between September and June there is no quiet water except what the ice covers. As I write, the lake, which yesterday was so calm that the ripples of a gull's dive could be traced for a furlong, is running many yards up the beach, and though the Coast Guard has hoisted its storm signal and ordered all shipping into harbor, the little fish-boats have put out to their nets as a matter of course. The channels between the small islands are altogether obscured when whitecaps are running, and contrary winds and currents make them treacherous. Everywhere reefs split the waves into white lace, and blind granite shelves, a few feet from the surface, have accounted for several hundred recorded wrecks. Something hidden in the Icelandic blood recognized these hazards as part of the appointed heritage.

In those days the nearest town was a hundred miles away by water. The island depended for its contact with civilization on the occasional tramp schooners that spoke its harbors. Freight could be had, sometimes, from Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, or Buffalo, but the delivery was interminable and the cost prohibitive, so that native arts flourished, and today not even the mail-order catalogue has driven out handicrafts that on the mainland have

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been obsolete for two generations. Sometime a historian of the frontier will visit the island and find it an asphalt-bed of sociological fossils perfectly preserved.

Legends join that generation and this—tales that gather accretions like their ancestral sagas, cry aloud for the student of native arts, and make glorious hearing round the campfire. A few relate to the lumbermen, but most of them concern the lake as their archetypes did the sea, and how much of them is history no one will ever know. Some have the ring of authenticity, as for instance the one which tells how a red-haired fisherman (why are so many Nordic heroes red-haired?) who had risked death so often that he swore the lake could never get him, drifted among the ice-floes for three days with two companions in a fishing dory, and how, after his companions had been frozen, he was washed out of his boat into the broken ice on the windward shore of the island. The tale pictures him driven in and out many times through a chimney in the ice, each trip freezing more water on him, till at last he was able to crawl ashore and, a living iceberg, rolled and staggered three miles to the nearest house. The narrator's eyes widen as he pictures that ice-crusted giant, by now three times his normal weight, descending like some terror out of a nightmare on the dazed natives. The other tales are similar—the American frontiersman hymning the courage and endurance he had to have for survival.

The island has never had much need for government. A village board keeps the records and levies the taxes which a distant Legislature permits to be spent entirely on the roads and harbors at home. A justice of the peace performs marriages but otherwise does nothing but display a shingle. Twenty-eight years ago a man shot another one in a dispute over a cow; last Summer he returned after serving his term in the State penitentiary. Once an islander committed suicide. Apart from these two instances, I have been unable to find record of anything resembling crime. There has been no rape, no seduction, no bastardy proceeding. Theft is unknown; so is divorce; so are all other crimes against person or property. Civil suits are not considered ethical; they would violate the islanders' conception of civilization. The natives explain that to bring suit is an unfriendly act. If there are disputes, they are settled in town meeting—and there are few disputes. There are more fish in the lake than can ever be taken out of it; there is more firewood in the forest than can ever be used. Every family on the island is related to every other family. Life is easy; no one must work very hard, and no amount of work would make any one rich. There are no inequalities of wealth, no debtor class, no potential sources of unrest.

To this Rousseauean perfection, the Church may have contributed—I cannot tell. Three meeting-houses seem to stand for three separate Protestant sects, but only one is ever used. Parsons of every breed come from the mainland, from time to time, and howl aloud their versions of salvation—to an interested audience composed of nearly all the islanders. In their absence the pulpit is supplied by a woman of Holy Roller convictions who thunders doom at her hearers. The audiences fall in with this Sunday mood and derive a vast satisfaction from hearing their state of sin denounced. Yet this Christianity goes no farther than the meeting-house and has in no way warped the happiness of its professors. All sects live together in un-Christianly toleration, nor do they suffer from the inhibitions and compulsions of their kind. They sin with no sense of guilt. They do not wrestle with one another, nor interfere. They never dream of taking up the sword for righteousness. One of them described himself to me as a Lutheran with Presbyterian convictions, leaning toward the Methodist discipline. He saw no incongruity in the description, and no doubt had merely adapted his religion to the lines of inheritance and marriage.

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III

That the creeds are mere conventions is shown by the island's attitude toward Prohibition. Forty years ago the town declared for local option—simply because local option seemed a meritorious, forward-looking idea. But no one dreamed of denying any other man his liquor. You could go to the mainland and fill your boat to the masthead with liquor of all kinds. Or, if you wanted it at retail, you could enter any of the three stores and inquire after the case of beer or whiskey which "that fellow" had left for you. To do so was to offend no one: you were merely observing the community ritual of good form. Fourth of July and other feast days overflowed with potables. And, because the tradition was racial, the goodwives kept alive the practice of brewing beers and ales in the Summer-kitchen.

Judge now what that tradition means in these drear days. Come to the home of Christ Gislason or Jens Koyen and drink deep of an ale never equalled in Cornwall, an ale frosty with odorous must, an ale that reaches back before there were Puritans on earth, before Christians had saddened Valhalla. If your palate craves more pungent drink, Jens will show you a row of barrels, anchored by chains in the slip that holds his boat, charred barrels full of the finest, that have been bobbing on the waves for seven years. Or, in his expansive moments, he will take you to the barn and tap last fall's applejack—smooth as ice, powerful as a third rail, better for fizzes, rickeys and cocktails than any gin on sale in Chicago. If you disdain these homely excellences and sigh for more florid names, Jens has not yet exhausted his resources. A blur of smoke appears above the horizon; binoculars glimmer along the waterfront; someone shouts a name full of Norwegian syllables; and fishboats sputter awake in a reek of kerosene. It is a tramp loaded with lumber or pulp or hemp for the inland ports. Through most of its course the waterway is under Canadian jurisdiction, and though there are impressive regulations, why should a captain let them bother him when friends can greet him in his own tongue, four thousand miles from home?

Always there has been excellent drinking on the island, and this year those who have the natives' confidence rejoice in Kümmel, French and Italian Vermouth, Benedictine, Bacardi, and, it seems, all the Scotch in the world—at prices that represent what the good captain paid at wholesale along the Canadian wharves. If you have known Jens for years, he will have you to dinner. There is a cocktail of Bacardi or applejack, a piddling, citified invention, Jens calls it, and at each place a quart pitcher of Martha's ale. The dinner combines frontier plenty with peasant gusto. Spiced apple muffins; salmon trout from the lake and black bass from the inlets; Martha's cheese and unsalted butter; fresh venison or rabbit pie, odorous with some esoteric sauce; clotted cream for your bread; wild strawberries or raspberries or currants from the woods; sour native salads that sting your palate to delight; rhubarb cobbler, or sherbet frozen from blackberry wine, or perhaps a fruit-cake stories high with raisins and frosted in pink and blue and orange. After dinner Jens sets out his Scotch, his Bacardi, his applejack. Little Gis plays on a violin he made himself. Martha recalls the brave days of her mother, who was born on the island seventy years ago. Jens spins ferocious yarns about the reefs that show their teeth where the currents from two great bays meet.

He arranges the dwindling bottles in the form of a corporal and his squad. He roars an ore-boat song or perhaps a chantey he had from his grandfather, one that goes back to Eric the Red. Once there was a feller caught in the ice off Bumble Point—! Once there wasn't no one could cross the ice for nine weeks and the light man's wife on Grosse Island was having a kid—! Once a whale come all the way from Newfoundland; I wanted him to breed my

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cows—! The mainland is thirty miles away—and enforcement agents are a race of lice unknown to us. Once, ten years ago, a game warden came to inquire whether these folk, who live by fishing, were catching black bass out of season, so that the islanders know of his kind. But those who watch over the kidneys of the nation are less real than Paul Bunyan. None has ever troubled our shores.

And yet I am emphasizing the incidental virtues of the island and not the charm that one remembers when away from it. That charm is not wholly a matter of natural beauty. The island does indeed lift above a turquoise lake great limestone cliffs heavy with green. The miles of shoreline offer every kind of surf, cave, sumphole, suck, and quicksand that an adventurous explorer might desire. Indian hearths, burial grounds, and flint heaps intoxicate the anthropologist and the woods are a slice of paradise to the botanist or ornithologist. I once brought here an authority on fungi. For days on end he immersed himself in the bogs, filling his room with strange dank cancers, and all the next year he flooded the journals of his guild with specimens named after himself. I have seen pileated woodpeckers and wood ducks, birds so rare that they are sometimes listed as extinct; and all along the cliffs mallards, teal, greenheads, owls, herons, and a hundred other species nest in profusion. Flowers grow everywhere and strange, heavy grasses carpet the woods. But it is not this primitiveness that attracts one, nor is it the seclusion—though all Summer long nothing happens except the cycle of the weather and the passage of ore-boats, hull-down against the sky.

No, I think that the attraction is the same tranquillity of competent, self-sufficient lives that commends the peasants of Brittany to writers of personal essays. The island has never been sullied by many of the things that are offensive in contemporary America, and it has preserved much that was lovely and desirable in the old America. No radio has ever screeched the Prisoner's Song here. There is no baseball, no golf, no athletics of any kind. You may torment the storekeepers forever, but they will not import *True Confessions*. The mail-order houses bring their catalogue conception of Fifth avenue to every kitchen, yet the islanders scorn many of the devices we have come to believe necessities. Many trades that are extinct on the mainland still flourish here, with every man to some degree an adept at them all. The householder must possess and exercise the manifold skill of the frontiersman, the skill that has quite gone out of our modern life. If Mr. Gislason would build a shed, he buys planks from the island sawmill but rives beams and studs for himself, from his own woods, and wrenches his nails from the driftwood on his beach. When he would pack smoked fish, he makes his own barrels from his own white pine, warping, smoothing, joining them himself. When a wheel of his wagon collapses, he makes another in his own shop, where he also does all the ironwork for his house and his boat.

Jens has never burned coal. In the Winter he skis into the woods, fells his trees with the same skill his grandfather used professionally, hauls them to his house on skids, and saws and quarters them in immense stacks. He knows all the properties of woods, too: can tell you what kind to use for skis, axles, whiffle-trees, walking-sticks, under-water piers. And all the lore of the seasons he knows; his safety in the fishboat depends on his being able to forecast changes, so that he can peer into a cloudless sky and tell you to a quarter-hour when rain will come or the wind rise. He is also well read in the properties of herbs. His pantry is filled with cordials distilled from them, and used, with what success I cannot say, for every distemper of the family and livestock. Such a root will cure a canker, such another heartburn; this makes a marvelous expectorant for hard colds, and that one will cure all diseases of the eye.

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IV

All Winter long, and during the Summer evenings, his wife and daughters are working at the nets, with deft economical movements, weaving new ones or repairing the old. Fires burn under vats of tanbark that strengthen the fiber against decay. There are weights to be strung along the edges and flamboyant markers to be painted. At five in the morning the fleets put out for the fishing grounds, five, ten, or twenty miles away. The nets, which have been down for thirty-six hours, are hoisted by means of winches—great nets, sometimes in series that reach twenty miles, shuddering with the struggles of hundreds of fish which soon flood the hold with steel-hued bodies splashed with rainbows. Dry nets are let down—a labor of infinite skill—and the boats are back to their slips by mid-afternoon. The women wind the nets on enormous reels to dry and presently are repairing the gaps made by drift-wood or the clinkers dropped by passing steamers.

Meanwhile, the men have cleaned the fish and are flinging out the refuse on a point of rocks—whither thousands of gulls come, keening as they fly. They dip and rise, dip and rise, singly, in squads, in battalions, always screeching that rusty note that will echo in your ears next Winter. Some of the fish are smoked or salted and packed in barrels, for the foreign colonies along the lakes. The rest are cased in ice and the cases are stacked in rows along the dock, whence Diesel-engined tramps bear them to the city markets. Day after day, all day long, whether the sun shines or a scudding rain follows a wind that tosses whitecaps over the dock, the islanders are at their trade.

I have never followed them beyond the first Fall days that turn the lake a stronger sapphire and bring uneasy swells which will soon become a permanent storm. Yet one feels that they are most typical then. Already flights of geese and brant are dipping into the bays, at sunset, from the North. The woods have blazed into gold and will soon be burning the thousand crimson fires of full Autumn. Time then to go over all the caulking of the boat and to test every brace and cleat in its body, for the ice will soon be coming. By December the little bays are full and floes are drifting everywhere. This is the season when the sagas are born, for though the ore-boats have stopped running, the fishermen will put down their nets while there is light to see by and room between the floes to sink them.

But by January there is ice thirty miles to the mainland, and the floes that whiten the mid-lake are too wide to be seen across. The storms are so violent that no boat could live. The fisherman goes about the island visiting his neighbors, on skis or snowshoes, over drifts that cover the roads eight feet deep and sometimes top the outside row of his windbreak. There is little to do but keep the weather out of the boathouse and whittle ships or battle-scenes to be swelled inside of bottles, till it is time to go into the woods for next year's fuel. That is the beginning of the year. Soon the maples may be tapped for syrup—and that means that the ice will be thundering as cracks open for miles through its core.

The forces that have preserved the island's simplicity untarnished seem likely to persist. The only possible financial exploitation was ended when the forests were leveled. The fishing supports the present population but cannot be increased. And, most fortunately, the island cannot be converted into a Summer resort. The automobile tourist who has fouled every accessible wilderness in the United States cannot reach it and would find no roads if he could. The two-weeks' vacationist will not undergo the agonies of crossing in a fish boat, nor is the island large enough to accommodate a trade that would justify boats of a size to make the crossing comfortable. No, it seems likely to go on as it is, ignored and unspotted, unaware of the raucousness and vulgarity it has escaped, quiet, sufficient to itself. For that, I give thanks to God.

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PASTORALE

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

It's perfectly clear to me now that the farmers are dissatisfied. My friend, Senator Bingorly, has been telling me so for the last thirty years. In fact, he ran for Congress on that platform, was elected in his youth, and later was elevated to the Senate. His whole career has been built on the major premise expressed in this sentence: "The farmers are dissatisfied."

Senator Bingorly is looked upon as quite a statesman out where the corn grows tallest. And justly so, in my estimation. He has introduced some two score bills for the relief of the farmers during his long and faithful term of public service. Once there was a slip of some sort, and one of the bills was passed. For a while it looked as if a very embarrassing situation might result. The bill, as I remember it, provided that all agricultural lands should lie fallow every seventh year, while the farmers took a sabbatical leave in Europe at government expense. This would have taken care of the surplus crops, it seemed. But the courts said there was some mistake about the bill, and everything was again all right. Had it stood, it is likely that my friend Bingorly would have been out of a job. The farmers would have been satisfied, at least temporarily, and so, of course, there would have been no need to return Senator Bingorly to Washington for further service.

When I went back to Kansas recently to study the situation, I found that the farmers were still dissatisfied. I particularly want to emphasize that I went out there to study the situation. Situation-studying, I had long observed, is a form of activity that leads to the lecture platform and the first pages of the newspapers almost as surely as exploring. I had been reading about a friend of mine who had studied the situation in Mexico, and was lecturing and writing books about it. He had been across the border twice, and had been in El Paso for two days. He has it on the authority of an El Paso taxicab driver and a Vera Cruz policeman that Mexico is being partitioned and crucified by the American Business Interests, and he says that nobody can make him keep silent about it. Thus far everybody seems to be encouraging him in his resolution, and he is getting good prices for his lectures. So I thought I'd go out to Kansas, where I was born and reared, and study the situation there.

Well, what do you suppose I found? You've guessed it, but I suspect you got the cue from something I said in an earlier paragraph. Dissatisfied farmers! Senator Bingorly himself has been all through the wheat and corn belts, talking to the dissatisfied farmers. I gathered that he now has a scheme for the construction of government warehouses for them. As nearly as I could piece out the details of the plan, the warehouses are to be very handsome structures; a credit to the government and a credit to its creditors as well. I believe they are to be filled with money when dedicated, and that the money is to be paid out for surplus wheat, corn, hogs, stovewood and blackberries. The products of the farm that are not wanted in the open markets at such prices as the growers think just are to be stored in the great, handsome warehouses as fast as the money can be scooped out to make

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room for them. Every community with votes enough to count will be given a warehouse. As for the money, why there is a mint in Washington, I was told, that can turn out money rapidly or slowly, depending upon the speed with which the machinery is run. Lately the machinery has been operated at a snail's pace, due, I was informed, to the influence of the Business Interests.

Senator Bingorly thinks of running for the Presidency, the Vice-Presidency, or for anything else that may look promising, so he is visiting the dissatisfied farmers wherever they are to be found. He stands upon a platform of indignation, and that has always been a very popular platform in the corn and wheat areas. I can remember the days when the Hon. Jerry Simpson was turning my native State into a veritable cauldron of indignation, with great glory to himself and immense temporary satisfaction to the farmers. I was a small boy then, and somewhat looked down upon by my companions in the rural school because my father was not a follower of Jerry. The people did not call him by his surname, but always by the name of Jerry. This was to indicate that the Congressman from the Big Seventh was no aristocrat, and that he was not susceptible to the wiles practiced upon less astute statesmen by the sinister Business Interests.

I recall with vivid distinctness one campaign day when some of the township politicians came to my father and tried to get him to take Saturday off to march in a Populist parade in Wichita.

"Why, no," said my father, "I'll not march in a parade exactly. I have some plowing to do, and I'll be marching right after this plow that you see here. Two horses will head the procession, and there will be no band to speak of."

"But," urged Dan Cluny, the township chairman, "we're all going to march, carrying pitchforks, just to show the Business Interests that they can't monkey with us!"

"Oh!" said my father, as he clacked his tongue at the horses to make them go on with the plowing, "So the Business Interests have been trying to monkey with you, have they? Well, they haven't monkeyed any with me. But maybe that's because I try to keep my bills all paid up. The Business Interests that I'm acquainted with are nice enough men, and they never come out and try to interfere with my plowing or anything. Get up, Prince!"

Cluny and Stowell and Davies, the committeemen, were following along in the furrow and on the unplowed land. I ran along and listened to the conversation. My father kept right on plowing, and it was pretty hard for the politicians to keep up with him. They were men who were not noted for doing much hard work, and they puffed mightily as they trotted along, talking and gesticulating.

"The farmers," said Davies, a little fellow with a red mustache, "are getting mighty dissatisfied."

"What about?" asked my father, as he shifted his plow to avoid cutting a large tree-root.

"Well, why shouldn't they be dissatisfied? What has Congress done for the farmer?"

"Yes, that's it!" chimed in Stowell, a long, lank, sun-burned fellow, who was noted as the possessor of a pack of fast hounds and a very weedy cornfield. "What the devil has Congress done for us? This year or last year or any time? I'm for putting Jerry back into Congress and getting something done for the downtrodden farmer."

"Why, as to that," said my father, "I'd be satisfied if I could get my hired men to do something for me. I never thought of Congress that way. I'll be for any parade you can get up to make the hired men do something for the farmer. But Congress somehow seems too far away. And the work I want done is mostly hoeing and plowing and such-like, and it isn't exactly the kind that Congress could help with very much."

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"Well," said Cluny, "I'm getting mighty tired of the way things are going these days!"

"Yes," retorted my father, "I suppose you are. I've been driving a bit fast. But I want to finish this piece today. Maybe you'd better go home and take a rest. The cockle-burrs have got your corn anyhow, and I don't think it's worth your while to try to plow that wheat-stubble now, the sunflowers have grown so tall in it. A rest is what you need, and very little marching with pitchforks."

We had reached a headland, and my father allowed the horses to rest a little while. The three politicians were almost worn out, but they tried a last sally.

"Jerry is our man," said Davies. "He's just like one of us. Why, they call him Sockless Jerry, because he never wears any socks!"

"Well, that's his own affair," my father replied, "but I'd call it foolish to go without socks and blister your heels when you can get good, substantial socks for a dime a pair. The Business Interests that you just spoke of are very good about making durable socks for a very small price."

"Yes," put in Stowell, "but did you ever notice the tariff on them? If it wasn't for the high tariff we could get good socks cheap. Why, over in England and Ireland and Scotland they are selling socks for almost nothing, but the high tariff here makes it impossible for an honest Congressman to wear socks, so Jerry goes without them. What does he care if the Business Interests make fun of him!"

"No, I don't suppose he cares much," said my father, "so long as he can get us farmers to parade for him and vote. But I don't understand as much about this tariff as some of you fellows who have more time to study it. Now, I was over in England and Ireland and Scotland a couple of years ago, and I happened to go over to Poland and Russia too. Somehow, the farmers over there didn't strike me as being so much better off than we are. I notice we all have socks on, and even with the tariff on them, they don't cost much. But over there the farmers were all like this Jerry you speak of. They were sockless, and most of them looked breadless too. They had no time to talk politics, as we have. They had to work all the time, and couldn't get enough ahead to put a shingle roof over their heads, most of them. I don't understand it at all, but if you see Jerry at the parade you might tell him for me that I'd advise him to wear good, strong American socks and save his heels. Get up, Prince; Molly!"

The committee was dejected as it drove away.

There was a great pitchfork parade, but my father didn't go. I got a ride with a neighbor and managed to see it. The only banners I remember were these two:

"The Farmers are Dissatisfied!"

"What Has Congress Done for the Farmer?"

I remember that Sockless Jerry that night delivered a great speech, denouncing the American Navy. His climax was reached in this thunderous sentence: "What do we want a Navy for; to plow corn with?"

That sentence made Jerry even more famous than his socklessness. It was quoted all over the State, and far into the agricultural areas up and down the Mississippi. If only Senator Bingorly could think of a slogan as good as that, he might hope for the highest office in the land.

True, the American Navy did, later on, turn out to be a pretty good thing to have about. It didn't exactly plow any corn, but it did make it possible for a lot of farmers out along the broad rivers to go on plowing corn in comparative safety, in case they felt inclined to indulge in that old-fashioned industry. But that was in the past, and what is in the future is not always easy to visualize. A good, rousing slogan, if properly molded, is a thing of the present, and it's a fine thing, as everyone knows, to get into office on.

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II

During the last three or four years we have heard a lot about what Congress hasn't done for the farmers. And I suppose there's a good deal of truth in it. Congress has not presented the farmers with any direct subsidy. Government agents have not been deputized to go along the corn rows handing out green money, printed in Washington, to the producers of foodstuffs.

I found a good deal of resentment existing among the farmers because of this state of affairs. It was pointed out to me that there are many millionaires in the East, and that High Finance is a terrible thing, and that Congress is swayed by the Business Interests. But when I sought to learn just what these phrases meant in terms of action, dollars, definite laws or policies that could be formulated into words, I was unable to collect any information whatever. One thing, however, I was given to understand in no uncertain terms: the farmers are dissatisfied.

I found wheat farmers who were in a very bad way. There was John Milinson, for instance, whose crop was destroyed by hail just as it was ready for the harvester. He was bitter against Washington, Congress and the Business Interests. He said that he had never heard of a broker in Wall Street who was ever hailed out as he had been. He was so angry that I could not question him closely, but I got the idea that he intended to do something about it. He was going to vote for Senator Bingorly, for one thing, no matter what office the Senator should aspire to, and he was going to get out and make some speeches himself.

I had quite a long talk with Jim Hollendor, whose land is worn out from raising nothing but wheat for fifty-two successive seasons. He has never done anything with the land but raise more wheat on it, and for the last six or eight years his crops have been getting slimmer and slimmer. Jim is mighty bitter against conditions, and especially against Congress. He says that a farmer can't make a living any more, and that anyone but a fool would know that Congress has done nothing for the farmer.

"Did you ever think of trying a few cows and hogs, or chickens, or a patch of alfalfa here and there, to bring the land around to productivity?" I asked Jim. He answered me derisively.

"You must have been reading some of them farm papers that are printed by New York dudes," he said. "Do you think I'm goin' to get up at four o'clock and milk cows, just to support the farm papers and Business Interests?"

I admitted that it would be rather thick to expect him to do that.

"Why of course. Now you're talkin' sense," said Jim. "If you think at all you must know that it's up to Congress to do something for the farmer. It's just as Senator Bingorly says. The Business Interests don't want the farmers to have enough to eat, so they just clamp down the lid. No, nothing for the farmer! I'm sick and tired of it, I'll tell you!"

I found my old friend, Glen Frobisher, in a similar frame of mind. A tornado had wrecked his granary and the wheat that it had contained was rather badly messed up. Most of it would have to be cleaned, and the cleaning process would subtract a cent or something like that from the profit on each bushel. Nobody could blame Glen for being irritated, especially as he had somehow neglected to put tornado insurance on his buildings and their contents.

"If Congress did its duty," Glen told me, "there would be nothing to worry about. A little twister will come along once in a while, and sometimes will cause some damage. I suppose I should have had insurance. But how is a man to think of all those things? Congress has done nothing for the farmer, and it keeps a man busy just trying to keep track of the relief bills that Congress doesn't pass. Now, if I were a Chinaman or a Jap or a wild man from Borneo, I suppose there'd be relief for my granary and wheat.

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"The Business Interests are to blame, as Senator What's-his-name says, and the Senator is right. They'll send lots of money to the Armenians, and plenty of old clothes for them to make rugs out of, just because the Business Interests want to keep on the right-hand side of Armenia and all those powerful countries, but the tornadoes can blow Kansas off the map, and what's done about it? Why, nothing, of course. I tell you, the farmers are getting dissatisfied, and those fellows up at Washington had better be waking up."

That's the way I found a good many of the farmers in the grain regions talking. They are determined that Congress shall do something for the farmer. They point out that Congress gave a bonus to the soldiers; that there was a terrible war several years ago; that a drought happens every once in a while; that there is a great oversupply of wheat every year; that there are very tall buildings in Wall Street, and that Washington seems to be asleep. I do not know exactly how to arrange these facts and allegations so that they will constitute what you might call a bill of particulars, but Senator Bingorly is using all of them in a very eloquent manner. He is gaining many recruits to the cult of indignation.

That indignation is directed mainly against the Business Interests. It is said by all the orators in the grain regions that these Interests are responsible for the plight of the farmer. If you inquire as to the exact manner in which they operate to bring on droughts, tornadoes, wars and Armenians, you become very unpopular indeed. You are under suspicion of being that worst of all possible demons, a Tool of the Interests.

So I cannot report precisely the train of thought, if any, that leads the plainsmen to the conclusion that the Interests are scheming for their ruin. But it is the same kind of rationalizing that was in vogue when Jerry Simpson, in all his immortal socklessness, arose to demand whether the American Navy was any good to plow corn with. I went out there to study the situation, as I told you before, and the result of that study is this statement, which, while not strictly original, is something that can be used next year and the year after, in case you have no use for it now:

The farmers are dissatisfied.

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CUSTER AND RAIN IN THE FACE

BY ELI L. HUGGINS

GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER, son of an honest farmer in Michigan, was born in the year 1839. When he was twelve or thirteen years old, following his father's plow or hoeing corn, Rain In The Face, the Indian who is commonly reputed to have killed him in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, June 26, 1876, was born in a buffalo skin tepee, the son of an Unkpapa Sioux.

Custer was graduated from West Point in the class of 1861. He came out near the foot of his class, and was a conspicuous example of those men, not few in number, who are regarded by their teachers as unpromising pupils, but have unsuspected qualities which enable them to outstrip their fellows. On graduating, Custer was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Regular Army and assigned to the Fifth Regiment of Cavalry, already in service against the Confederates in Virginia. He reached the front, as he used to say, just in time to join the mad rush from the disastrous field of Bull Run. He was at this time just twenty-one years old. He was a pronounced blond, with yellow hair which, after he left the Academy, was not trimmed for several years and soon fell in luxuriant curls over his shoulders. He was tall and long of limb, a magnificent horseman and an excellent shot both with rifle and revolver. He did not use tobacco in any form and once turned down his glass at a banquet where he was the guest of honor. That was very unusual at the time, for there was then a great deal of hard drinking in the Army. In the Civil War his rise was phenomenal; to say that he went up like a rocket is hardly too bold a metaphor. Although he had no influential friends he soon became colonel of a cavalry regiment, then a brigadier general and before the surrender at Appomattox, at the remarkably early age of twenty-five, he was a major general commanding a large division of cavalry. Superbly mounted, with his long yellow curls floating over his shoulders, he was a brilliant and conspicuous figure at reviews and inspections. He was idolized by his soldiers, whose hardships he was always ready and eager to share. He was a staunch and generous friend, so much so that he was often blind to the faults of his intimates. And, in addition, he was a very good hater.

Soon after the Civil War the Volunteer Army was mustered out, and Custer was appointed a lieutenant colonel in the Regular Army and assigned to the Seventh Cavalry, the youngest officer of his rank in the Army. The colonel, Sturgis, never joined the regiment. It was organized by Custer and commanded by him until his death and was always spoken of as his regiment. In organizing it he secured the appointment to it of a younger brother, of a brother-in-law, Lieutenant Calhoun, and of several officers who had served with him in the War. They were efficient officers and Custer's action was natural and generous, but the results were very unfortunate. The close intimacy between Custer and this group of relatives and old friends caused some of the other officers to feel that they were outsiders and discriminated against. With tact and forbearance, this feeling might have been dissipated, but fighting and not tact was

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the strong point of the Seventh Cavalry. So the atmosphere of the regiment became decidedly troubled. Two definite groups were formed, a Custer and an anti-Custer group. Many of the officers remained on good terms with both groups, but the feud did not disappear until most of the Custer men fell with their chief on the Little Big Horn. But this discord did not prevent the regiment from rendering efficient and gallant service. Until his last fight, indeed, Custer was as uniformly and brilliantly successful on the frontier as he had been on the battlefields of the Civil War.

Myths formed around his name early in his career, and his death remains shrouded in romantic mystery to this day. Was he the last survivor of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, standing alone, beautiful and defiant, amidst his dead when finally stricken down? Or was he one of the first to fall? We shall never know. But we are permitted to hope that he fell early in the fight, and that his proud and heroic spirit was spared the bitter realization of the irretrievable disaster which had befallen his regiment. The last words of Epaminondas the Theban, of Wolfe at Quebec, of our own Stonewall Jackson and of numerous other military and naval heroes are recorded on the pages of history, but we shall never know what was spoken by Custer during the last hours of his life. No doubt, beautiful phrases will be one day invented and attributed to him, as has been done to other heroes. But of fact there is nothing.

II

Sitting Bull and Rain In The Face are still widely believed to have been the principal chiefs of the victorious savage host. Neither of them, in fact, was a chief at all. Sitting Bull was simply the great Sioux medicine man, and during the battle he was serving his people in the same way that Christian ministers serve their nation when it is at war: that is, he was engaged in incantations to propitiate the gods of the Sioux. At the same time, no doubt, the rosy-cheeked and smiling chaplain of the Seventh Cavalry at Fort Abraham Lincoln was trying to persuade *his* Deity to give a glorious victory to Custer over the heathen Sioux. If so, then the incantations of Sitting Bull proved to be the more efficacious.

As for Rain In The Face, he was never a chief, but only a fierce and famous warrior. After the battle it was reported that he had slain Custer, personally, and then cut out his heart and eaten a piece of it raw. This was soon contradicted, but a myth will not down. Later on it was said that the burial party, out of sympathy for Mrs. Custer, had agreed to conceal the truth during her lifetime. But this story was soon modified, and Mrs. Custer says in her book, "Boots and Saddles": "That incarnate fiend, Rain In The Face, cut out the heart of my dear brother Tom" [*i.e.*, her brother-in-law, Captain Thomas Custer]. The book is not at hand and I quote from memory. Rain In The Face, in fact, probably visited the field after the fight, and there he may have mutilated the body of Tom Custer. But no one really knows.

Before the battle in which Custer lost his life he had been accused by General Sheridan and others of serious misconduct, including disobedience of orders. But to dismiss an officer of his rank and reputation would have been a public scandal. President Grant examined the charges and decided that no moral turpitude was shown, but that Custer had been guilty only of rash and reprehensible conduct, to the injury of the service. The most damning charge against him was that he had maliciously accused an officer of conduct, which, if proved, would have ruined that officer's career. As to this charge, the President decided that Custer had only been guilty of rashly believing and acting upon stories which a little investigation would have shown to be without the slightest solid foundation.

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It was impossible, however, to condone Custer's conduct entirely. Therefore, the President directed that instead of taking the field with his regiment for the next campaign he should remain at his post, Fort Abraham Lincoln. Compared to dismissal from the Army this penalty was mild, but preparations were then being made for a decisive campaign against the Sioux, in which all the available troops in Dakota and Montana were to be engaged, and Custer naturally chafed at keeping his post while the regiment took the field under Major Reno. As the soldiers used to say, he was condemned to stay in command of the chaplain and the sick, the lame and the lazy. To a proud and sensitive officer this would have been more bitter than death, so he made an earnest and pathetic appeal to the President, concluding as follows: "I appeal to you as a soldier to spare me the humiliation of seeing my regiment march and I not share its dangers." This appeal had to pass through three intermediate commanders before reaching the President. General Terry, at St. Paul, who was conducting the campaign, said in substance, rather ambiguously, that he would be willing for Custer to go out in command of the regiment if it was believed that it would not be injurious to discipline. General Sheridan, in Chicago, put the following on the *dossier:* "I am sorry that Lieutenant Colonel Custer did not manifest as much interest in staying at his post to get his regiment ready for the expedition as he now shows to accompany it. On a previous occasion, in 1868, I asked executive clemency for him to enable him to accompany his regiment against the Indians, and I sincerely hope that if granted this time it may have sufficient effect to prevent him from again attempting to throw discredit upon his profession and his brother officers." Finally came General Sherman, at Washington, and the effect of Custer's moving appeal to the President is shown by the following telegram to Terry, dated May 8, 1876:

> General Custer's urgent request to go under your command with his regiment has been submitted to the President, who sent me word that if you want General Custer along he withdraws his objection. Advise Custer to be prudent, not to take along any newspaper men, who always make mischief, and to abstain from personalities in the future.
>
> W. T. SHERMAN,
> *General.*

Custer knew that one word of objection from Terry would still make his appeal hopeless, and so he called upon Terry to plead his cause in person. Terry, speaking to a group of officers later, some of whom may still be living, said: "Custer, with tears in his eyes, begged my aid. How could I resist?"

When the campaign opened Custer moved with his usual energy, and on June 26 found himself in the presence of the largest body of Indians he had ever seen. It was inevitable that his decision now should be influenced by the intense humiliation he had recently suffered. He was ready to risk everything for the chance of winning an astounding victory which would confound his enemies and completely rehabilitate him in the public estimation.

When he first located the Indian camp he detached Captain Benteen with three troops to proceed in a certain direction. He also left one troop in the rear with the pack train. A little later he sent Major Reno with three troops to ford the Little Big Horn and cut off the retreat of the Indians. After detaching Reno, Custer waited, it is not known how long, before making his own dash. The Indians swarmed out and drove Reno back with heavy loss. Then they turned upon Custer, and quickly wiped him out. That was the famous Battle of the Little Big Horn.

The Indians' losses were slight, but the story persists that "for every one of the gallant band that fell, at least six savages bit the dust." This is what I heard a lecturer say some years ago in a touring cyclorama representing "The Custer Massacre." Custer was shown standing alone, a beautiful youth with long yellow curls.

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I saw him about eighteen months before his death: his hair was then closely trimmed, as prescribed by the Army regulations.

Custer had with him five troops; according to official reports, the exact number was two hundred and eight, officers and men. Three civilians were also killed: a young brother of the General, Boston Custer, a nephew named Reed, and a newspaper man named Kellogg. Three Crow scouts, hereditary foes of the Sioux, were also killed. One Crow scout passed himself off for a Sioux during the confusion and escaped. Major Reno lost fifty-six officers and men. The detachment under Benteen and the troop with the pack mules were not under fire, and joined Reno after his retreat. Five members of the Custer family including the General were killed: the two mentioned above, a brother-in-law, Lieutenant Calhoun, and the General's brother, Captain Tom Custer.

Reno was accused of cowardice and inefficiency and it is still a moot question what the result would have been if his action had been different, but a court of inquiry exonerated him.

III

The morning after the massacre found the Indians in full retreat for the Canadian border. They were not welcomed by the Dominion authorities, but were permitted to remain. They stayed in Canada several Winters and suffered great hardships from lack of food. The United States Government made them an offer of amnesty if they would return, and after four years Chief Spotted Eagle, with his band of about eight hundred, sent word that he would come in if given an escort of soldiers, for he feared trouble with the frontiersmen, who hated all Indians. This was in the early Fall of 1880.

The writer, at that time a captain of cavalry, was sent with his troop to escort Spotted Eagle and his band to Fort Keogh, Montana. The Indians were camped about seven days march from Fort Keogh. On our return, I usually pitched camp about three in the afternoon. At the end of the first day the celebrated Rain In The Face appeared suddenly on a pony, his squaw following him closely on foot. I was lying on a buffalo robe under my tent-fly, but on seeing Rain In The Face I rose and shook hands with him. He dismounted with the assistance of his wife, who took charge of his pony. (He was badly crippled from a wound he had received in one of his legs.) I called my orderly, but Rain In The Face, divining my intention, said: "Don't send for an interpreter. You speak Sioux." I said: "My knowledge of Sioux is very imperfect and I might not understand all you say." He replied, "We can understand each other. Interpreters are all liars." I did not send for the interpreter, and we sat down on my buffalo robe. His patient wife sat on the grass nearby, holding the pony and letting it graze, and listening intently to every word we said.

Rain In The Face began by saying that he did not belong to Spotted Eagle's band and feared he might not receive the good treatment that had been promised it. He evidently believed that he might be arrested and punished for what the adjacent white people called a brutal murder, committed more than a year before the Custer affair. He had been arrested for it at Standing Rock Agency—by treachery, as he claimed. But after being confined in the guard-house at Fort Abraham Lincoln for some months he made his escape, stole a horse and fled to the hostile Sioux. We talked about this business for some time. He was evidently trying to divine my thoughts; if he succeeded he found that I was not unsympathetic. Finally I said, "I hope you will go with me to Fort Keogh, but you are not under guard and if you leave you will not be pursued." But he had no intention of leaving, and said nothing for a few moments. Then he said: "They did not give me any of the food which General Miles sent to Spotted Eagle. I drank coffee in the teepee of a friend, but the food was all

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distributed to Spotted Eagle's people." I sent at once for the sergeant who had charge of the rations and told him to bring rations for seven days for two people. At this Rain In The Face's manner changed perceptibly, and I ventured to question him concerning the Custer affair. I began by asking him why the Sioux, flushed with victory, had not resisted General Terry instead of fleeing to the Canadian border. He said they had exhausted their ammunition. Had they been supplied with plenty of ammunition they would have whipped Terry as they had Custer. Even in the fight with Custer and Reno many of them used arrows. (The truth is that we have never seriously worsted the Indians in any conflict with equal numbers where they were all supplied with arms and ammunition. This is so, whether our forces were regular troops or hastily levied frontiersmen: we have always found them foemen worthy of our steel).

I asked Rain In The Face who killed Custer. He replied that Custer had several wounds and nobody knew who shot him. After a slight pause he added, in a tense voice as if repressing emotion: "He was a bad man and a liar and women and children slept better when they knew he was dead." In using the word liar, he made the sign of a forked tongue by putting two outstretched fingers in front of his mouth. What he referred to was an incident in Oklahoma, a few years before Custer's death. He had attacked a big camp of Cheyennes, Kiowas and Arapahos there. The Indians were not on the war path, but Custer met with considerable loss, including Captain Hamilton, a great grandson of Alexander Hamilton. The Indians themselves lost very heavily, including some women and children. The survivors were set adrift destitute of everything. Piles were made of their teepees, poles, robes and all their other belongings of no use to their captors, and the whole lot was destroyed by fire. Eastern humanitarians protested against Custer's action in attacking what was represented to be a peaceful village. But at that time on the frontier it was impossible to paint the Indian devil too black. "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." This was attributed to Sheridan. He never said it, but it was a common expression. So was, "Nits make lice," when the slaughter of children was mentioned.

The village attacked by Custer was not openly at war, but no doubt some depredations had been committed by warriors from it. Custer believed it to be a nest of incorrigible horse-thieves and murderers and that he was fully justified in wiping it out. But the story told and believed by the Indians was that he had treacherously attacked a peaceful village. He had ridden into the Indian camp with a few of his officers, and shaken hands with some of the Indians, who hesitated how to act. Custer waited there until his regiment arrived and then gave the signal to start the slaughter. With some variations, this was the story told by the Indians all the way from Texas to Canada. It was evidently in the mind of Rain In The Face when he said that women and children slept better when they knew that Custer was dead.

When he said that all interpreters were liars, he had in mind an incident of his imprisonment at Fort Abraham Lincoln. One morning Custer had Rain In The Face brought to his office in chains; he took him into a back room with an interpreter and locked the door and subjected him to a long grilling. Rain In The Face did not deny the killing of two white men but his version of the affair was very different from Custer's. Custer finally sent him back to the guard-house and had him chained to a white criminal. Custer gave out that Rain In The Face had fully confessed his guilt. Rain In The Face said that Custer was a liar, and, as the interpreter told the same story, he said that interpreters were also liars.

I was surprised to learn in my conversation with him that he had picked up a considerable knowledge of English. When

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he found, as sometimes happened, that I did not understand his Sioux, he supplemented it with such English words as were necessary. His fellow prisoners and the guards at Fort Lincoln were white men and for some months he had been chained to a white criminal; he made good use of his opportunity to learn as much of the language as he could. He and the white man to whom he was chained finally made their escape, assisted by friends of the latter from outside, who probably bribed the sentinels. Rain In The Face was relieved of his chains, stole a horse and fled to the hostile camp. But like most Indians he usually feigned complete ignorance of the English language, and would speak it only when absolutely necessary.

After this interview I saw Rain In The Face frequently and apparently won his complete confidence. From a short thong attached to his G string he had dangling an unusually fine horn bowl made of the horn of a mountain sheep. One day I said to him, "That's a very fine bowl." Without saying a word he detached it and gave it to me, and I took it without saying a word. I prized it highly in spite of the fragrance of skunk soup that clung to it for months. It was not a vase in which roses had once been distilled.

Rain In The Face was the youngest son of a prominent warrior who had six sons, but by different mothers. He was about five feet nine inches tall and rather heavier set than the average Sioux. His features were impressive and showed the highest type of the Sioux warrior.

IV

If Custer had survived the battle in which he met his death, his enemies would have demanded another court martial. It was said that he disregarded his orders by entering the valley of the Little Big Horn and attacking the Sioux instead of waiting for the coöperation of troops under Generals Terry and Gibbon, which he knew to be approaching from two directions. It was said that he was determined to hog for himself and his regiment all the glory of the campaign. He would have found defenders in the press and elsewhere, but the controversy would have seriously injured his reputation. Soon after his death an important post was established on the Crow reservation and named Fort Custer, and at least six States have named counties or towns for him. These posthumous honors never would have been paid to his memory if he had died ingloriously in bed. Booth the assassin was all unwittingly the best friend of Abraham Lincoln. We do not know the name of the Indian who in the valley of the Little Big Horn was all unwittingly the best friend of George Custer.

I heard a few years ago to my surprise that Rain In The Face, before his death, got religion and joined the Church. He discarded the *cache sexe* and superstitions of the Sioux for the bifurcated garments and superstitions of the pale face. Which Rain In The Face is the more interesting animal, the savage of the Little Big Horn or the Presbyterian of Standing Rock?

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THE FATHER OF PROHIBITION

BY HERBERT ASBURY

A VAST number of holy men have been given credit for starting the series of miracles that finally brought forth the Eighteenth Amendment, but the real father of Prohibition in this country was Francis Asbury, the first Methodist Bishop to be consecrated in the United States, and for many years almost the sole proprietor of American Methodism. There was no organized temperance movement when he arrived from England in the latter part of 1771, and little or no discussion of the subject in pious circles, for the clergymen of the period held to the curious view that the regulation of the liquor traffic was solely a matter for the civil authorities, and that salvation and abstinence did not necessarily go hand-in-hand. But from the beginning of his American ministry Asbury was the inveterate foe of the Rum Demon, although he himself occasionally drank ale "for my health." He was the first preacher on the continent to inaugurate a serious and concerted attack on John Barleycorn, and under his instructions and leadership the Methodists were the first sect to make drinking a matter of concern to the Lord. This primary linking of God and Prohibition occurred in 1780, twenty-eight years before the first temperance society was organized at Saratoga, N. Y., and twenty-four years before the birth of Neal Dow, who is generally hailed as the father of the movement because he procured the passage of the Maine law in 1851. At a conference called by Asbury in Baltimore, dominated by him and attended by the preachers of the Northern Methodist circuits, the following minute was presented and adopted:

Question 23. Do we disapprove of the practice of distilling grain into liquor? Shall we disown our friends who will not renounce the practice?
Answer. Yes.

Immediately before and after the Revolution there was much drinking everywhere in the country; it is quite likely that, in proportion to population, almost as much hard liquor was consumed as is now drunk under Prohibition. Good whisky was regarded as one of the blessings of God, to be used accordingly; it was considered a preventive of disease, and a necessary adjunct to decent social intercourse. "From my earliest recollection drinking drams, in family and social circles, was considered harmless and allowable socially," wrote Peter Cartwright, a celebrated Methodist circuit rider. "It was almost universally the custom for preachers, in common with all others, to take drams, and if a man would not have it in his family for his harvest, his house-raisings, his log-rollings, weddings and so on, he was considered parsimonious and unsociable, and many, even professors of Christianity, would not help a man if he did not have spirits and treat the company. I recollect, at an early age, at a court time in Springfield, Tennessee, to have seen and heard a very popular Baptist preacher, who was evidently intoxicated, drinking the health of the company in what he called the health the Devil drank to a dead hog. I have often seen it carried and used freely at large baptizings, where the ordinance was administered by immersion."

Asbury's first American sermon, in Philadelphia on the night of his arrival, is said to have contained a denunciation

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of whisky; and thereafter he continually preached against it, and made frequent mention in his Journals of the wide-spread evil of drunkenness. "This is the prime curse of the United States," he wrote, "and will be, I fear much, the ruin of all that is excellent in morals and government among them." He implored the Lord to "interpose Thine arm," which the Lord, as everyone knows, eventually did, employing first Neal Dow, then Carrie Nation and finally the Anti-Saloon League, Wayne B. Wheeler, General Smedley Butler, and company. Much of the divine authority has now passed into the hands of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.

By compelling conferences to enact rules against spirituous liquors, by procuring the insertion of a prohibitory section in the first Methodist Discipline, and by insisting upon a literal obedience to the general rule of the Wesleyan societies against drams except in case of illness, Asbury forced the itinerants to aid him in his campaign. But they did not always practice what they preached, and it was many years before the great body of Methodist preachers acquired the holiness, so far as liquor was concerned, that is now so characteristic of them. The local preachers and exhorters were, in particular, a constant thorn in Asbury's side; they continued to distil and drink liquor and to sell drams, ignoring warnings and denunciations. Even threats of eternal damnation did not reconcile them to the invasion of their liberty. Asbury finally found it necessary to expel many of them, as well as a large number of lay members, and the itinerants were instructed to examine both with great care at the regular class and society meetings. Cartwright gives this account of one such examination which resulted in the expulsion of a local preacher on an East Tennessee circuit:

> In examining the leader of the class I, among many other questions, asked him if he drank drams. He promptly answered me, No, he did not.
>
> "Brother," said I, "why do you not?" He hesitated; but I insisted that he should tell the reason why he did not.
>
> "Well, brother," said he, "if I must tell the reason why I do not drink drams, it is because I think it is wrong to do so."
>
> "That's right, brother," said I; "speak it out; for it is altogether wrong for a Christian; and a class-leader should set a better example to the class he leads, and to all others."
>
> When I came to the local preacher, I said, "Brother W., do you drink drams?"
>
> "Yes," said he.
>
> "What is your particular reason for drinking drams?" I asked him.
>
> "Because it makes me feel well," he answered.
>
> "You drink till you feel it, do you?" said I.
>
> "Certainly," said he.
>
> "Well, how much do you drink at a time?"
>
> He replied, gruffly, that he never measured it.
>
> "Brother, how often do you drink in a day?"
>
> "Just when I feel like it, if I can get it."
>
> "Well, brother, there are complaints that you drink too often and too much; and the Saturday before my next appointment here you must meet a committee of local preachers at ten o'clock, to investigate this matter; therefore prepare yourself for trial."
>
> "Oh!" said he. "If you are for that sort of play, come on; I'll be ready for you."

Then Cartwright goes on to describe the trial:

> I had hard work to get a committee that were not dram-drinkers themselves. When the trial came on, the class-leader brought evidence that the local preacher had been intoxicated often, and really drunk several times. The committee found him guilty of immoral conduct, and suspended him till the next quarterly meeting; and the quarterly meeting, after hard debate, expelled him. The whole society nearly were present. After his expulsion, and I had read him out, his wife and children and connexions, and one or two friends, rose up and withdrew from the society. . . . From this very day the work of religion broke out in the society and settlement, and before the year closed I took back the thirteen that withdrew, and about forty more joined the church, and not a dram-drinker in the society; but the poor local preacher who had been expelled, I fear, lived and died a drunkard.

II

The right of the local preacher and exhorter to distil, drink and sell liquor continued to be a matter of great concern to Asbury and the temperance element among the Methodists, but no official rule against them was enacted until James Axley appeared on the scene as a member of the General Conference of 1812. He then intro-

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duced a motion that "no stationed or local preacher shall retail spirituous or malt liquors without forfeiting his ministerial character among us." It was defeated, but to satisfy Axley and at the insistence of Asbury this was inserted in the pastoral address:

> It is with regret that we have seen the use of ardent spirits, dram-drinking, and so forth, so common among the Methodists. We have endeavored to suppress the practice by our example; and we really think it not consistent with the character of a Christian to be immersed in the practice of distilling or retailing an article so destructive to the morals of society, and we do most earnestly recommend the Annual Conferences and our people to join with us in making a firm and constant stand against an evil which has ruined thousands both in time and eternity.

Axley renewed his motion each year, without success until the Conference of 1816, the year of Asbury's death. An attempt was then made to amend it by adding, "that every prudent means be used by our Annual and Quarterly Conferences to discourage the distilling or retailing of spirituous liquors among our people, and especially among our preachers." But this was unpopular and was withdrawn, and Axley's original motion passed.

Axley, a Virginian, joined the Methodists in 1802, and became one of the noted preachers of the South and Middle West. He was fanatical in his opposition to liquor, and is said to have anticipated Carrie Nation by smashing bottles and bar fixtures with a hammer. Asbury employed him as a traveling temperance exhorter, changing his circuits with great frequency and sending him into Indiana, Louisiana, Tennessee, North Carolina, Ohio and other districts where there was considerable consumption of liquor. He seldom failed to convince the Methodists that they would go to hell if they did not stop drinking, and his discourses became famous. One, known as Axley's Temperance Sermon, is still cited to ambitious young Methodist preachers as a model pronouncement against liquor, although it is curiously free from invective. This sermon was preached in East Tennessee, where there was a large production of peach brandy. Axley's text was II Timothy, iv, 14: "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works," and the sermon offered the first exact knowledge that the world had of the nature of the evil perpetrated against the Apostle Paul:

> Paul was a traveling preacher, and a Bishop, or a presiding elder at least; for he traveled extensively, and had much to do, not only in regulating the societies, but also in sending the preachers here, there and yonder. He was zealous, laborious, would not build on another man's foundation, but formed new circuits "where Christ was not named," so that from Jerusalem, and round unto Illyricum, he had fully preached the Gospel of Christ. One new place that he visited was very wicked. . . . Sabbath-breaking, dancing, drinking, quarrelling, fighting, swearing, etc. abounded; but the word of the Lord took effect; there was a powerful stir among the people, and many precious souls were converted. Among the subjects of that work there was a certain noted character, Alexander by name and a still-maker by trade: also Hymenæus, who was his partner in the business. Paul formed a new society, and appointed Brother Alexander class leader. There was a great change in the place; the people left off their drinking, swearing, fighting, horse-racing, dancing and all their wicked practices. The stills were worked up into bells and stew-kettles, and thus applied to useful purposes. The settlement was orderly, the meetings were prosperous, and things went well among them for some time.

But after awhile there came a backsliding:

> One year they had a pleasant Spring; there was no late frost, and the peach crop hit exactly. I do suppose, my brethren, that such a crop of peaches was never known before. The old folks ate all they could eat; the sisters preserved all they could preserve; the children ate all they could eat; the pigs ate all they could eat; and still the limbs of the trees were bending and breaking. One Sunday when the brethren met for worship they gathered round outside the meeting-house, and got to talking about their worldly business—as you know people sometimes do, and it is a mighty bad practice, and one said to another, "Brother, how is the peach crop with you this year?" "Oh," said he, "you never saw the like; they are rotting on the ground under the trees; I don't know what to do with them." "How would it do," said one, "to still them? The peaches will go to waste, but the brandy will keep; and it is very good in certain cases, if not used to excess." "I should like to know," said a cute brother, "how you could make brandy without stills?" "That's nothing," replied another, "for our class leader, Brother Alexander, is as good a still-maker as need be, and Brother

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Hymenæus is another, and, rather than see the fruit wasted, no doubt they will make us a few."

The next thing heard on the subject was a hammering in the class-leader's shop; and soon the stills in every brother's orchard were smoking, and the liquid poison streaming. When one called on another, the bottle was brought out, with the remark, "I want you to taste my new brandy; I think it is pretty good." The guest, after tasting once, was urged to repeat, when, smacking his lips, he would say, "Well, it's tolerable; but I wish you would come over and taste mine; I think mine is a little better." So they tasted and tasted until many of them got about half-drunk, and I don't know but three-quarters. Then the very devil was raised among them; the society was all in an uproar, and Paul was sent for to come and settle the difficulty. At first it was difficult to find sober, disinterested ones enough to try the guilty; but finally he got his committee formed, and the first one he brought to account was Alexander, who pleaded not guilty. He declared he had not tasted, bought, sold or distilled a drop of brandy. "But," said Paul, "you made the stills, otherwise there would have been no liquor made; and if no liquor, no one would have been intoxicated." So they expelled him first, and then Hymenæus next, and went on for compliment, till the society was relieved of all still-makers, dram-sellers and dram-drinkers, and peace was once more restored.

III

Another noted dry exhorter of the South and Middle West at this time was James B. Finley, a native of North Carolina, who entered the Methodist connection at the age of twenty-eight, after several years of service as a local preacher. Asbury employed him as he did Axley and Cartwright, as a traveling oracle against liquor, and Finley had great success. "Frequently," he wrote in his autobiography, "I would pledge a whole congregation, standing upon their feet, to the temperance cause, and during my rounds I am certain the better portion of the entire community became the friends and advocates of temperance. In one circuit alone at least a thousand had solemnly taken the pledge of total abstinence. This was before temperance societies were heard of in this country." Like Axley, Cartwright and the others, Finley spread the doctrine of Prohibition among the faithful to such effect that in many parts of the South and Middle West any person who refused to drink, for whatever reason, came to be called a "Methodist fanatic." Also like Axley and Cartwright, he encountered much opposition from the local preachers and exhorters and lay members; he expelled many, and others withdrew of their own accord because they were not in sympathy with the campaign against whisky.

Finley relates that on one of his circuits his host, class leader of the local Methodist organization, took him into a room and showed him a ten-gallon keg of whisky which he had bought to treat his neighbors at a barn-raising. "Do you know," demanded Finley, "that God has pronounced a curse against the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbors' lips?" The brother replied angrily that there was no law against distilling and using whisky, and that in this matter he proposed to do as he pleased. Finley left the house, saying that he would "rather lie in the woods than sleep in a Methodist house with a ten gallon keg of whisky for my room-mate." At his appointment the next day he preached a rousing sermon against liquor, and when he had concluded, the local exhorter advised him thus: "Young man, I advise you to leave the circuit and go home; you are doing more harm than good. If you can't preach the gospel and let people's private business alone they don't want you at all." Finley replied that he was commissioned by the Lord to smash this stronghold of the Devil, and that he would brook no interference from distillers and whisky-drinkers in the church.

The prohibitory minute enacted in 1780 remained in effect during 1781 and 1782, and nothing was added to it by the Methodist conferences for those years. Asbury's time and thought were devoted almost wholly to the sacramental controversy which had arisen among the preachers of Virginia and Maryland. They were not ordained ministers and had no ecclesiastical warrant for conducting the Lord's Supper. However, their argument was that the Southern Methodists pre-

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ferred to receive the Lord's Supper from their own itinerants, whom they could trust to serve them with the flesh and blood of Jesus instead of the flesh and blood of Satan. The priests of the Church of England were then in great disrepute, and were regarded by the Methodists as minions of hell. For a time the uproar threatened disaster to the Methodist movement in this country, but Asbury finally averted serious trouble by inducing the Virginians to suspend the administration of the sacrament for one year while he wrote to John Wesley and obtained aid and advice. He then turned his attention once more to rum, and in the Conference of 1783 this further prohibitory rule was adopted:

> *Question* 11. Shall our friends be permitted to make spirituous liquors, sell and drink them in drams?
>
> *Answer.* By no means; we think it wrong in its nature and consequences, and desire all our preachers to teach the people by precept and example to put away this evil.

The first Methodist Discipline, largely written by Asbury and Dr. Thomas Coke, and adopted at the Baltimore Conference in 1784, when the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, contained this regulation, and a further rule forbidding the preachers to drink spirituous liquors "unless it be medicinally." Wesley permitted his English preachers to drink ale after preaching, and this permission was expressly granted to the American itinerants by the following note:

> After preaching take a little lemonade, mild ale, or candied orange peel. All spirituous liquors, at this time especially, are deadly poison.

These provisions remained in the Discipline until 1796, when the Conference adopted the following rule, as Section 10 of Chapter II:

> *Of the Sale and Use of Spirituous Liquors*
>
> *Question.* What directions shall be given concerning the sale and use of spirituous liquors?
>
> *Answer.* If any member of our society retail or give spirituous liquors, and anything disorderly be transacted under his roof on this account, the preacher who has the oversight of the circuit shall proceed against him as in the case of other immoralities; and the person accused shall be cleared, censured, suspended or excluded, according to his conduct, as on other charges of immorality.

This section remained in the Discipline until 1840, when it was "struck out as seeming to sanction the practices for which it made regulation." In their "Notes on the Discipline," prepared at the request of the 1796 Conference and thereafter printed as part of the Discipline, Asbury and Dr. Coke made this comment:

> Far be it from us to wish or endeavor to intrude upon the proper religious or civil liberty of any of our people. But the retailing of spirituous liquors, and giving drams to customers, when they call at the stores, are such prevalent customs at present, and are productive of so many evils, that we judge it our indispensable duty to form a regulation against them. The cause of God, which we prefer to every other consideration under Heaven, absolutely requires us to step forth with humble boldness in this respect.

In view of the vast extent to which the movement started by Asbury has grown, it is interesting to notice that he never admitted, nor even discussed, the advisability of political compulsion; on the contrary, he advocated teaching "by precept and example," and the rules which he caused the Conferences to enact applied only to Methodists. The section against liquor in the present-day Discipline makes no mention of the religious and civil liberties of the people, nor is there much of "humble boldness" in the manner in which the Church steps forth to coerce the law-maker, although immediately following the endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League the Discipline formerly said, "We recognize that the Church as an ecclesiastical body may not properly go into partisan politics nor assume to control the franchise of the nation." However, even this apology was eliminated by the General Conference of 1924, and the current Discipline contains no reference to the impropriety of political meddling. But it does contain a mighty gloat over the Eighteenth Amendment.

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VIRGINIA

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Mythology

SINCE that great day three centuries ago when the *Mayflower* landed her cargo of witch-burners on our coasts, the Brahmins of Massachusetts have persisted in proclaiming Plymouth as the nation's birthplace and their State as the fount of American culture and democracy. The First Families of Virginia have just as persistently retorted that Jamestown was settled thirteen years before Plymouth and that it was the Old Dominion and not the Bay State that played the leading part in the upbuilding of early America. Nothing seems to stick quite so firmly in the proud craws of the loyal Virginians of today as these claims of the New Englanders. For while they are themselves by no means guiltless of creating historical myths, they are hardly the equals of the descendants of the sainted Pilgrims. If they are reluctant to admit that Washington's Farewell Address was penned by Alexander Hamilton, or that Jefferson deserves little or no credit for the Louisiana Purchase, or that Monroe's part in the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine was limited, their output of balderdash can scarcely be compared to that of the estimable sons of the Bay State.

The favorite legend nurtured by New Englanders is that the beginnings of American constitutional history are to be found in the Mayflower Compact. It seems to matter little to them that Virginia had representative government long before the *Mayflower* sailed, and few of them, even today, can be brought to admit that the year 1607 antedated the year 1620. Unfortunately for the peace of mind of highly patriotic Virginians, the Massachusetts historians have persuaded nearly all the people of the North, East, and West that American institutions had their sole origin in the civilization of the Puritans. Right-minded authors and editors in the Old Dominion are thus kept in constant ferment combating this nefarious propaganda and consigning its sponsors to everlasting damnation.

With the perennial wrangle as to whether the blood of a Brahmin or that of an F. F. V. is of deeper indigo I am not especially concerned. The fact is that the greater part of the aristocracies of both the Bay State and Virginia came to flower on this continent. Each sprang in large measure from the English merchant class. Only a handful of the forebears of the haughty Massachusetts gentry of today could boast on their arrival of a coat-of-arms, while a very small proportion of Virginia's puissant First Families can trace their descent from the Cavaliers.

II

Surgery

Virginia's present boundaries date from 1863, when West Virginia was admitted to the Union as a separate State. Following King James' Virginia grant of 1609, describing the Commonwealth as extending into the interior "West and Northwest," it modestly claimed the entire territory from which have since been carved the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wis-

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consin. By the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 the region north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi was detached from the Old Dominion and organized as the Northwest Territory. Five years later Kentucky was admitted as a separate State. This left Virginia with only its present area and that which subsequently became West Virginia.

The surgical operation performed on it during the Civil War deserves honorable mention. The Constitution forbade the dismemberment of any State without its consent, but this slight obstacle was easily surmounted. Practically all of the Western Virginians who sided with the South were in the Confederate army, so a group of 100% Americans in that part of the State proceeded, during the absence of the Confederates, to get themselves "elected" to the "Legislature." This "Legislature" convened at Wheeling and notified the government at Washington that it was the Virginia Assembly. The claim was acknowledged by the Great Emancipator and the radicals in Congress, and the Wheeling patriots decided to create the State of West Virginia. When that great Commonwealth was admitted to the Union in 1863 a Legislature was duly elected, while the noble body which had engineered the dismemberment proceeded to take up its abode at Alexandria, then held by the Northern army, and again to proclaim itself the Legislature of Virginia. Everyone knew the government of Virginia was located at Richmond, but the farce was carried out for the remainder of the war and for some time thereafter, with a "Governor" of Virginia sitting at Alexandria. After Appomattox the radicals at Washington treated Virginia as a State in so far as getting its consent to the Thirteenth Amendment was concerned, but as a conquered province when it came to accepting its representatives in Congress. Thus in open defiance of the Constitution came into being the sovereign State of West Virginia, "the bastard offspring of a political rape."

III

Beating the Tom-Toms

The Virginia of today is quite different from that of 125 years ago. Once the first State of the Union, it is now merely one of the forty-eight. Until 1820 it was the most populous Commonwealth in the country. Now it is twentieth. Its influence on the affairs of the nation is slight and it has lost its old prestige. We hear sneering allusions on every hand to poor old Virginia's lamentable flop. Its citizens endured these taunts for years with equanimity. They argued that the Commonwealth had been laid waste by the Northern armies and that no one could expect the State to resume her leadership for a long period. Time passed but still Virginia lagged. Its oft-repeated alibis would no longer hold water, but the innate conservatism of its leaders held them inactive. The cultured, old-fashioned Virginia gentleman scorned the idea of shouting the attractions of his native State from the housetops. The rest of the country would have to discover them for itself. No Virginian of the old school had any intention of making a bounding and bawling mountebank of himself in imitation of the uncouth boosters in the more up-to-date sections of the Republic. He asked only to be left in peace in his romantic Zion with his volume of Thackeray, his mint julep, and his glorious and apocryphal memories.

But soon the boosters descended upon the land. "These moss-backed fossils have been running the State long enough," they bellowed. "All they do is talk Virginia's past. We've got to put some pep into this thing! It's up to us to sell Virginia to the world!" So the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce was founded in 1924. And then came the rest of the live-wire organizations. Governor E. Lee Trinkle, their roaring leader, in his closing message to the General Assembly of 1926, spoke of them in the following high terms.

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A State Chamber of Commerce, hitherto unknown in the Commonwealth, has been organized with efficient, patriotic men at its head, working together with a real fervor for the advancement of the State as a whole. I feel, too, that I can point with pride to the work that is being done by Shenandoah Valley, Inc., Southwestern Virginia, Inc., Southside, Inc., and Rappahannock, Inc., and our various Chambers of Commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and Civitan Clubs, all now surging with an intense interest in the progress of the State.

As a result of this Great Awakening hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent in advertising Virginia. It was said a few years ago that Hampton Roads, the greatest land-locked harbor on the continent, had been given the State by God and that Virginians were evidently waiting patiently in the confident expectation that God would also develop it. Not so today. The go-getters are seeing to it that Hampton Roads' light is not concealed behind any species of bushel. Similarly the campaign for the Shenandoah National Park was put over the top with little difficulty. Drowsy sons of the Old Dominion were prodded into action and the needed $1,250,000 was pledged in short order. The cities and towns of the State, with an excess of zeal and a corresponding shortage of modesty, are expressing their civic pride through the medium of automobile tags bearing such slogans as: "Richmond And Proud Of It," "Norfolk Where Prosperity Is A Habit," "Boost Bumpass."

Even Richmond, the ancient capital of the Confederacy, has succumbed. No better illustration of the change that has come over Virginia can be cited than the recent metamorphosis in the Richmond Chamber of Commerce. Early this year a member of the chamber wrote a letter to one of the local papers protesting that the organization was "absolutely dead" and that it was nothing more than a place where "blue-blooded F. F. V.'s often gather to listen to one another's stale talk." Immediately the paper began belaboring the chamber unmercifully, accused it of being almost defunct, and declared that what the city wanted was results. Other dissatisfied idealists chimed in, and it was decided that something must be done. An Inter-Club Council, composed of representatives of all the forward-looking organizations in the city was formed at once as an auxiliary to the chamber. And Richmond was put on the map. When it was host not long ago to a Rotary convention every effort was made to demonstrate to the visiting back-slappers that Richmond appreciated this signal honor. The streets were bedecked with flags, automobiles carried placards bearing the generous invitation, "Rotarian Ride With Me," and the keys of the city were handed over to the high priests of pep. Richmond's red-hot boosters are eagerly anticipating the not distant day when the city can boast a population of 200,000, but they quake with apprehension at the thought that Norfolk may at any moment annex Portsmouth and thus wrest from the capital the proud distinction of being the chief metropolis of the State. In their hearts rankles the crushing realization that Atlanta's population is more than 30,000 greater than Richmond's.

Eddie Guest paid the Confederate capital an official visit early this year. The city of James Branch Cabell was thrown into a furor at the prospect of seeing the Poet of the Plain People in person. The local newspapers heralded his coming with daily eulogies for two weeks before his arrival. More than 2,000 people, the largest gathering that had attended a similar function in years, paid a dollar each to hear one of Eddie's inspiring lectures at the city auditorium. He was invited to address the Legislature. Bookstores took advantage of this unprecedented publicity to put on prominent displays of his works and were rewarded by large sales. Eddie so enraptured the local literati that they were moved to express themselves in verse. One of them gave vent to his enthusiasm in a touching lyric printed in a Richmond paper and entitled, "Eddie Guest, You Come Again!"

Thus it is evident that Virginia has

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roused itself from its torpor and is following the example of the more "progressive" and forward-looking Commonwealths. Having drifted along for years in a semi-comatose state, it is now engaged in selling itself to the world. If the blasts of Virginia's advertisers have thus far created smaller atmospheric disturbances than the siroccos generated by the boosters of Florida and California, the explanation lies in the newness of the Virginia movement. Boosting in the Old Dominion has already taken every form except that manifested on a large electric sign displayed in front of a New York church and bearing the simple words "Boost Jesus." Virginia may even come to that, in time.

IV

F. F. V.'s

What of those old-fashioned Virginia gentlemen who a few years ago were so loath to seek publicity for their native State? Have they joined the Rotary Clubs? Have they become salesmen of Virginia?

It is safe to say that the vast majority of these scions of the pioneers still feel the greatest repugnance for the buffooneries of the go-getters. They are anxious for the Old Dominion to recover her lost prestige but they are utterly unable to comprehend how that end is to be achieved through perpetual bleating about Service and Vision. To the Virginia aristocrat the methods of the boosters are oafish and barbaric. True, some of them have been dragooned into joining the luncheon clubs. The spectacle of a gray-haired Episcopal rector singing asinine songs, banging his fellow Kiwanians on the back and calling them Bob or Jim when he scarcely knows them by sight, is, indeed, a dolorous one. There are others who feel a genuine interest in the welfare of the State, but have declined to join the clubs under any conditions. And there are still others who much prefer the Virginia of the Old South to the modern article. To this last-named group of ultra-conservatives the doings of the he-men are detestable. They feel that Virginia has already been robbed of much of her pristine charm, and they cling desperately to what is left. For example they oppose the scheme of a Shenandoah National Park on the ground that it will bring millions of Babbitts into the State and tend to divest it of what little remains of its individuality.

Thus it will be seen that there is a large group of Virginians who refuse to echo the yawps of the go-getters. This group is, indeed, much larger than in the majority of States. It includes, generally speaking, the members of the First Families—those Virginians who for 300 years and more have contributed the largest share to the upbuilding of the Commonwealth. They are offering stout resistance to the wave of Babbittry which has engulfed the country. If their opposition is not always evident to the casual visitor, it is nevertheless real. That opposition, in accordance with traditional Virginian etiquette, is generally expressed *sotto voce*, and thus cannot be heard above the *fortissimo* whooping of the boomers. The Service Clubs get most of the publicity and make all the noise, but it does not follow that Virginia has completely capitulated to them. On the contrary, there are few, if any, States in which the Kiwanian lump is leavened with so stiff an ingredient of sense.

Rotarianism finds its toughest sledding in the Tidewater and Piedmont sections. Within this region are situated the oldest cities and towns—Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, Alexandria, and Charlottesville. To the people there the current frenzy for larger and larger cities, with taller and taller skyscrapers and bigger and better smokestacks, is altogether incomprehensible. As I have said, it is this civilized element which serves as a partial check to the up-to-date schemes of Mr. Babbitt. For example, it was recently suggested that the old court house at Charlottesville in which

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Jefferson frequently attended court, be torn down and a modern structure be erected in its place. At about the same time the Richmond boomers were moved to bring forward a plan for razing the home of John Marshall in order to extend the playground of a public school. Both suggestions were scotched after a hard struggle by citizens who have been able to retain their reverence for tradition and their appreciation of historical associations. Another uplifting scheme was partially carried out a short time ago before the people of sense became aware of what was up. Several of the old brick walks in historic Capitol Square at Richmond were torn up and replaced with concrete. Asked to explain this vandalism, the superintendent of buildings and grounds replied that "brick walks were all right years ago but they are out of date now." "We want to make the square modern," this talented landscape gardener declared. Immediately upon the publication of this highly illuminating pronunciamento a tremendous howl went up, and the superintendent suddenly concluded to leave the remaining brick walks unmolested.

V

Relics of the Past

In the Virginia of the Eighteenth Century there was as great a social distance between the opulent planters on the one side and the masses of the people on the other as that which separated the nobles from the yeomanry in Europe. Although the Virginia of today is almost 75% rural, the landed proprietor with his thousands of acres and hundreds of slaves has, of course, vanished long ago. The last vestiges of this feudalistic system were obliterated by the Civil War. Social distinctions in present-day Virginia are based more largely upon wealth than upon birth. While members of the old families often point with satisfaction to their family trees, there are no social barriers separating them from the bourgeoisie. It has been aptly said that in Twentieth Century Virginia "bank notes are more than coronets and simple flasks than Norman blood." If there is in the State a single club, circle, or other similar organization into which anyone with a few thousand in the bank and a fair knowledge of the amenities will not be readily admitted, I am not aware of its existence. And if to these attributes be added a well-stocked cellar, the combination is irresistible. Indeed, where membership in social clubs is concerned, the possessor of a corpulent bank roll who is of dubious progeniture is frequently regarded as preferable to one rejoicing in the most patrician lineage but lacking the roll, for dues are sometimes heavy.

If the landed aristocracy of the Old Dominion is a thing of the past, there remain many of the beautiful old Colonial mansions builded long ago by the members of that aristocracy in Tidewater, Piedmont, and Valley Virginia. The most famous are Mount Vernon, Arlington, and Monticello. The last-named has recently become a national shrine, having been purchased from the Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, who had almost succeeded in ruining it by installing canopied beds surmounted by the imperial L, granite lions, heavy gilt furniture, and similar monstrosities. Many of these stately mansions standing amid groves of ancient oaks have been preserved in all their original charm, but hardly a dozen in all Virginia remain in the hands of the families which erected them. In some cases those families have died out or moved away, while in others poverty has made necessary the sale of the ancestral home. The consequence is that a large proportion of the Colonial estates are now in the hands of wealthy outsiders. Unfortunately, some of them have been purchased by loutish Middle-Western captains of industry or Northern *nouveaux riches* whose idea of the proper way to furnish an old Virginia home is to throw away the mahogany and secure overstuffed lounges from Saginaw, Mich.

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VI

Moronia

Virginia, like the other States of the Republic, has its uplifters bent on legislating morality into the populace. Except in the case of Prohibition, however, the wowsers have had hard going. It was in 1914 that the wets were routed. In that fatal year of grace was passed the Enabling Act, by which the Legislature authorized a State-wide referendum on Prohibition. With the passage of this act the forces of righteousness launched an intensive campaign against the powers of darkness. Renowned exhorters were imported and the electorate was besought to banish the unholy liquor traffic. Hundreds of church meetings were held. When the day of the referendum arrived, bells were tolled, hymns were caroled, the Scriptures were read, and prayers were offered throughout the State. Such a high pitch of emotional fervor was thus worked up among the Christians by the evangelical sorcerers that they actually were persuaded for the moment that a vote to retain local option was equivalent to a vote for Belial. The result was that the wets went under by a majority of almost two to one. In 1916 the Legislature passed a State Prohibition law and Virginia has since been officially dry. Actually things are, of course, different. Virginia is one of the leading States in the number of stills seized within its borders since Volstead was sainted. While there is little prospect at this time of putting through the pious General Assembly any drastic modifications of the State dry law, several of the legislators have, of late, dared to question whether Prohibition rests on a plane of complete equality with revealed religion. One of the assemblymen, for example, recently denounced the superintendent of the Virginia Anti-Saloon League in fierce terms, while another sharply denounced both the superintendent and Prohibition. The latter also charged that "Richmond newspaper editors write dry editorials but fail to decline a good drink of liquor." The fanatics are thus far from being in complete control.

The legislative session of 1926 was also remarkable for the squelching of two bills making the teaching of the Federal Constitution and the reading of the Bible compulsory in the public schools. Both of these measures were slain in committee. A Methodist clergyman in the Assembly announced his intention of sponsoring a bill outlawing the hideous and nefarious doctrine of evolution. He never introduced it, for he soon found on investigation that it was certain to be defeated. The Baptists of the State, who, with the exception of the Methodists, have the largest membership of any Virginia denomination, were the leaders in the fight against the Bible Bill. They unanimously passed resolutions at their annual convention condemning the bill as "an invasion of the rights of conscience and a violation of religious liberty," and later presented an able memorial to the Legislature which might be perused with profit by Kluxers and other such apostles of tolerance. The principal advocates of the Bible Bill were the Methodists and the self-styled Patriotic Welfare Committee, which last was also behind the Constitution and Anti-Evolution Bills. This body of 100% Americans is composed of representatives of the Ku Klux Klan, Daughters of America, Patriotic Order of Sons of America, Junior Order of United American Mechanics, Order of Fraternal Americans, and Sons and Daughters of Liberty. It has failed in everything it has undertaken. It first came into prominence during the Summer of 1925, when it made a ludicrous attempt to prevent the erection at Richmond of a statue of Columbus, on the ground that he was a Catholic and a "furriner." The opening paragraph of the committee's statement of its alleged reasons for opposing the statue contained these chaste and grammatical lines:

> Believing the citizens are anxious to know why citizens objected to the raising of a monument

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> to one Christopher Columbus, we submit this article, in the beginning we desire to say not through any religious prejudice has there been objection raised but purely along historacal lines, inasmuch as our histories denie the fact that the said Christopher Columbus was the discoverer of America therefore patriotic men and women who believe in dealing justice where same is due, believe that the real discoverer should be recognized if such monuments are to be erected. . . . As we surely favor the erection of a monument any where, any time, to any of our noble patriotic American heroes, New York may boast of a Columbus Square and Washington of its monument, yet Virginia, the Mother State of the South, should ever erect monuments to the patriots that are dear to all Americans.

In addition to refusing to pass the measures advocated by the dolichocephalics, the Assembly of 1926 gave its approval to several highly beneficial bills sponsored by Governor Harry F. Byrd who, fortunately for the State, is not a member of the "boost, don't knock" school. When he took office he saw the woeful inefficiency of the State government, and courageously set out to remedy this condition. His programme is generally regarded as the most salutary inaugurated by any chief executive of Virginia in at least a generation.

VII

Teaching the Young Idea

The institutions of higher education in Virginia are laboring under the serious disadvantage of receiving practically no support from the State. Out of every dollar raised by taxation only 6.2 cents go to higher education, this being the lowest allotment in the Union save in backward Georgia. The consequence is that the State-supported institutions of collegiate rank are unable to do much in the way of research. A more cheering aspect of the educational situation is the entire absence of that relic of barbarism, the heresy hunt. With teachers in North Carolina continually belabored by earnest pastors who adhere to the doctrines of Bryanism, and with Tennessee and Mississippi already committed to the literal interpretation of Genesis, educators in Virginia are free to embrace Darwinism, and they do not hesitate to do so, even in the sectarian institutions. Anyone who attempts to hamper scientific research by an appeal to Scripture receives only loud guffaws and is speedily laughed out of court.

The University of Virginia is commonly regarded by the more righteous citizens of the Commonwealth as a sinkhole of iniquity, but not because the members of its faculty acknowledge their arboreal ancestry. The youth who matriculates there is not eternally coddled and pestered by professors, nor is he spied on by hired snoopers, as is the case in many other universities. This, of course, is not at all to the taste of the Pecksniffs of the State, who hold to the conviction that the student body is made up of pampered Sybarites spending their time in bacchanalian orgies. This naïve estimate of the university cannot be justified. The per capita consumption of booze by the undergraduates is no greater than in Wake Forest College.

Aside from this, the university is one of the most beautiful in America or Europe. Its grounds and buildings were designed by Thomas Jefferson and were laid out under his personal supervision. Visitors from all parts of the world are struck by the Hellenic loveliness of its architecture, the stately beauty of its arcades and serpentine walls, mellowed by the passage of the years. On the grounds and in the adjoining town of Charlottesville is probably as much first-rate statuary as can be found in any place of equal size on the planet. William and Mary College, located in the historic town of Williamsburg, was founded in 1693, and is the oldest college or university in the country with the exception of Harvard. It numbers among its alumni Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Monroe, John Tyler, Spencer Roane, Benjamin Harrison, Littleton Waller Tazewell, and many other august celebrities. Then there is Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland, named for John Randolph of Roanoke and Nathaniel Macon of North

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Carolina. When Randolph was asked by the college authorities if he would permit this institution for the education of young Methodists to be named after him, that ingratiating statesman replied: "Yes, you may use my name, for when educated they will cease to be Methodists."

VIII

Today and Tomorrow

While it is obvious that Virginia occupies no such place today as it held at the opening of the last century, its current contributions to civilization are perhaps not quite as infinitesimal as might be supposed. It is moderately well represented in the fine arts, and an examination of "Who's Who" reveals that the number of Virginians in it is almost twice as great as that for any other Southern State and ninth for the entire country.

True, practically all its politicians have capitulated long since to the Anti-Saloon League and may be found doing the goose-step behind the Hon. Wayne B. Wheeler. The Commonwealth must therefore look to her neighbor, Maryland, for stalwart leadership in combating the tyranny of the dry laws. Finding small comfort in their native habitat, the embattled wets in the Old Dominion rally beneath the standards of those unterrified apostles of individual liberty in the Free State, Governor Albert C. Ritchie and Senator William Cabell Bruce, both of whom are native Virginians.

The question which gives most concern to the illuminati in the Virginia of today, however, is not quite so much its present as its future status. Only the most frantic Rotarian will deny that the Commonwealth's present position is immeasurably below that of 100 years ago, although it has thus far been able to retain a small share of its former charm and to bring forth a limited number of civilized sons and daughters. But the boom now on threatens to despoil the ancient State of what remains of the glamor that was peculiarly its own. What will Virginia be like in fifty or even ten years? The answer rests with the boosters.

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QUAY OF PENNSYLVANIA

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

In the fourth decade of the last century, in a small inland town of Pennsylvania, there lived a minister of the Presbyterian Church who had given up pastoral work because he was threatened with tuberculosis. From this disease he, his wife and all of his children but two subsequently died. The church authorities assigned him to a line of activities which took him out of his study, called for journeying to and fro, and kept him outdoors much of the time. The journeys were not long, and he usually reached home on a Saturday to spend Sunday. One Saturday he had driven to within ten miles of his home, but too late to connect with the family midday meal. Entering a wayside hotel, he found seated at the dinner-table his son, aged ten years, and his daughter, several years younger. At the boy's instigation the two children had tramped the ten miles in order to meet their father, and the boy had ordered for the two a dinner which they were eating with entire self-possession and the hunger of childhood reënforced by their long walk. The boy was Matthew Stanley Quay, described in the memoirs of Thomas E. Platt, of New York, as the ablest politician who ever lived in America.

This exhibition of youthful audacity in one whom James Donald Cameron, railroad president, Grant's Secretary of War and United States Senator, once declared to me to be the most audacious man he had ever known, was repeated more than once in childhood. Seated on her porch on a Summer day Matt's mother was surprised to see entering the gate a large number of girls and boys, the girls in white dresses with ribbons and the boys with clean faces and collars, wearing their Sunday clothes. Matt had simply decided that it was time for him to have a party. Without consulting his elders he had written invitations to every girl and boy of his acquaintance. Whether he overlooked the matter of refreshments or whether, with his habitual foresight, he counted upon their appearance if he provided the guests for their consumption is not certain. If the latter surmise is correct, no doubt his mother fulfilled his anticipation by sending out hurriedly for ice-cream and cake. On one of his week-end visits the father brought home a Bible and one of those weapons of war from whose lifted hilt the shadow of the cross was said to have been thrown. Being older than his sister, Matt was given the first choice. He chose the Bible—and soon had the sword also.

Quay's public career; the long list of public offices he held, many of which he resigned, including one with a salary of $50,000; and his numerous political positions of responsibility outside constitutional office, including the management of the campaign which placed Benjamin Harrison in the White House, are known to all persons familiar with our political history. The Blaine campaign of 1884 had been run in a most incompetent way, measured by Pennsylvania standards. There was much talk but not much systematic, thorough-going work. A few hundred votes for Cleveland in New York city gave him his majority over Blaine in the Electoral College. In the successful Harrison campaign which followed, Quay adopted

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the unique plan of obtaining, by a house to house canvass of New York under the guise of a directory compilation, a list of the city voters. The directory completed, Platt's memoirs record that Quay notified Tammany of his possession of a list of both honest and fraudulent voters and that if fraud were attempted prosecution would follow. The scheme worked by its prevention of fraudulent votes, won the respect of Richard Croker, and created vast enthusiasm among the Republicans—with the possible exception of the President-elect, who, being a Fundamentalist, attributed his success to Providence. Blaine, however, said to Quay's wife that if her husband had been the national chairman in his campaign he would have been President of the United States.

Quay's defeat of the Force Bill in the Senate during the Harrison administration, an outcome of minority leadership made possible only by the absence of cloture, won the gratitude of the Southern people and later a wider approval. It made the Democratic Senator, Daniel of Virginia, one of his warmest eulogists, and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, said, "No deeper sighs of relief ever came from human hearts than were given by millions of people in gratitude to God for a great deliverance by the action of a quiet, determined and generous man who sought no reward or praise." The record of this and other senatorial services is perhaps only to be found in the *Congressional Record*. For Quay, like nearly all active Pennsylvanians from the colonial period to the present, had none of the New England habit which Benjamin Franklin took with him to Philadelphia of making a favorable record of his own performance, and there is no biography of him. As tending to confirm, however, what was written in "The Education of Henry Adams" of the superiority in practical value of the Pennsylvania type over the New England type there may be repeated the opinion of an experienced and intelligent newspaper editor, a Jerseyman and a Democrat, who, after sitting through the sessions of the Senate for several weeks, declared that no matter from what section of the country a serious proposition came, the Pennsylvania Senators, Quay and Cameron, were invariably the first to be consulted about it. If they approved, the proponent had reason to hope; if they disapproved, there was apt to be but another dead cock in the pit.

II

But it is the personality of Quay, not his public career, that is here under survey. As a reader, he was as tireless as he was in his capacity for work. Through the many years during which the Philadelphia bookstore of Porter and Coates, long dead of department store competition, was the largest and most attractive place of its kind in the country, Quay had with the firm a standing order to send him every book on folk lore that was published. On his journeys, and to his bed at night, abroad and at home, he carried his book. His bedtime habit was hard upon his wife, for he usually fell asleep very late, with the book in one hand and a burning cigar in the other. In constant fear of his setting the bed-clothes on fire, it fell to her to wait until it was time to enter his room and take the cigar from his hand.

For several months in the Summer of 1889, Rudyard Kipling was the guest of the Rev. Dr. R. T. Taylor, for 35 years President of Beaver College in Quay's home town. The Taylor family were old friends of Kipling in India. Dr. Taylor took Kipling to call upon Quay in order that the guest might see the fine library as well as meet the celebrated leader. Kipling found his call interesting enough to repeat it, and he translated the Arabic inscriptions upon some swords and dirks in Quay's possession. The two men, according to a member of Dr. Taylor's family, had a delightful time, thoroughly enjoying their meeting. Quay's opinion of Kipling was expressed in his family circle by the prediction that if the young man lived he

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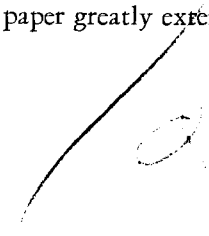
would be one of the greatest of English authors. Kipling's opinion of Quay came in the form of hearty concurrence with the family of Dr. Taylor in their admiration of the Senator, who, my informant adds, was "never the boss to us at home." After Quay's death Kipling is said to have informed his editor that he could not write an article on the political boss, but that he could write one on the best literary critic in America.

Quay's indifference to money sometimes stripped him of funds. But as New York's easy boss, Thomas C. Platt, wrote, he could win political victories with money or without it. Once when his wife asked him what he was reading, he explained that it was an article maintaining earnestly that husbands should keep wives informed of the amount of the family income. Asked for her view she replied that she agreed with the writer, and that if she knew the amount of the Quay income, she would arrange her household expenses accordingly, and she wished she did know. "Well," said Quay, slowly and after due contemplation, "if I paid everything I owe, I shouldn't be worth a cent."

The first issue of Quay's weekly newspaper, the Beaver *Radical*, bore the date December 11, 1868. Its first year's receipts were $2,703, of which amount $889 came from subscribers and $1,814 from advertisers. The expenses were $4,800, including the expenditure, remarkable on a county weekly, of $860 for correspondence. The newspaper building, one of the best in the town, cost Quay $15,364.87 in 1869. There were regular letters on literature from Boston, on political matters from Washington and Harrisburg, and on this and other topics from New York. From Horace Greeley came an article, "Pennsylvania in the Future," and Colonel A. K. McClure was also a contributor. The Lord Byron scandal, brought to the fore by Mrs. Stowe, was discussed. Within two months the paper had 1,000 subscribers living in more than thirty of the sixty-seven counties of the State. Quay's editorials were vigorous, showed knowledge of the subjects discussed, and were promptly reprinted in county weeklies and city dailies. Frequently they started a State-wide discussion, a feat which not a newspaper in Pennsylvania now seems to be able to achieve. In 1869 the paper advocated the popular election of United States Senators, and condemned the abuse of the franking privilege and a certain class of newspaper writers turned office-seekers. The paper was especially strong in its discussion of State finances, made so by the fact that the editor was one of the few men within the State who knew and thoroughly understood the subject. Toward the end of 1870, on a balance sheet showing a loss of $2,097 in his paper's first year, Quay made the note, "Which proves to have been money well spent." This newspaper work ceased in 1872.

III

Whether Quay actually had a trace of Indian blood from a remote ancestor or whether the story of such ancestry grew out of the simple fact that a great-grandfather had an Indian wet-nurse has not been determined. This great-grandfather, who as a baby had been suckled by an Indian squaw, in manhood was a soldier in the French and Indian War, and in the Revolutionary War was the senior captain of the Pennsylvania Line. A son of his headed the poll in the national House of Representatives in favor of Jefferson's Louisiana purchase. Quay himself had a lifelong interest in and sympathy with the American Indian. For his Beaver *Radical* he wrote a half dozen or more instalments of an Indian story, "Mandan Bill: An Episode of the Yellowstone Country." The tale purported to be told by one John Siniex, of Pennsylvania, a retired fur trader, and dealt with the time when he was a runaway Montreal school-boy, aged eighteen, and lately enrolled as an employé of the Northwest Fur Company. His newspaper greatly extended Quay's reputation.



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That perennial subject, taxation, was to the fore at Harrisburg, and the *Radical's* editor was summoned there to give information and advice. In his absence many subscribers wrote to the paper inquiring why the Indian story had stopped. Asked what reply should be made, Quay wrote, "Tell them the author's dead."

He took a special interest in the welfare of the Delaware Indians, the tribe which had been moved gradually by the pressure of the whites from Eastern Pennsylvania to Indian Territory, and saw to it that they got the money due them from the government and that nobody stole it. How the widely scattered Indian tribes learned of these services to their people is unexplained. Certainly they did not learn of them from the country's newspapers, since there was no political fodder in such acts, which went on unknown to newspaper readers. To Quay's house in Washington once came a clergyman from Canada, a man whom he had never heard of, with the story that funds in his custody, collected for erecting an Indian mission church in Canada, had disappeared. Quay gave him a check for the whole amount, an act which would swing no vote and did not have the entire approval of his wife, who knew that he could not afford it.

It was in recognition of his many services to them that the Delaware tribe in Indian Territory made him a chief. In poor health and old, Quay went to the Territory for the ceremonies, taking with him a much younger man, Samuel Moody, of Pittsburgh, an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Moody once told me in detail of this journey. From the railroad there was a wagon ride of many miles to the scene of the ceremonies. These began at dark and lasted until dawn. On the way Quay said to his companion, "Sam, I want you to remember that these ceremonies are of a religious nature, and to the Indian his religion is as important as yours is to you. Remember, if I see you engaged in any skylarking I'll sit on you and I'll do it hard." The night was cold. All night the Indian dance music, that seemed monotonous and dismal to Moody, continued. All night Quay sat on the ground with the stoicism of one of the tribe without a change of expression, almost without change of posture, and in unbroken silence.

At daylight the best cooks began to prepare what the braves boasted would be a fine breakfast. In a huge mortar a circle of squaws pounded the corn. Moody, in order to get warm, took a pestle, joined the squaws, and with a little practice was able to pound alternately without interfering with the strokes of the women. The braves formed a circle, laughing loudly at the sight of a man doing a squaw's work. Presently Quay stalked up to the outside ring of braves, beckoned to Moody and said to him, "Sam, come out of there, and stay out!" The Indians were provided with tinware, and when the stew was ready, Moody dipped from the pot a breakfast for the Senator. The first dipperful contained a squirrel's head with the eyes in it. Quay, of course, ate practically nothing, and when they reached the railroad he was in a state of collapse, and Moody was alarmed lest he die then and there.

A reading of the editorials from a file of the Beaver *Radical* shows what is either apparently forgotten or what was never known to the present generation of newspaper writers: that Quay's early political interests and allegiance were independent of the Cameron régime. In 1869 an editorial predicted that women would be given the right of suffrage because the law always gives way to advancing reason, and another condemned the political mercenaries who shun minorities, in which preachment all persons opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment may find a crumb of comfort. Quay was an active supporter of Curtin for Senator in opposition to Simon Cameron and again advocated Curtin's claim to a seat in Grant's Cabinet. It was a Cameron, however, who got the seat.

Quay had graduated from Jefferson College in 1850, had been admitted to the bar in 1854, and almost at once had been

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elected and then reëlected to a county office. Quickly followed the Civil War, during which he had a varied military service. While in the field as colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment he fell ill with typhoid fever, and when convalescing was told by the surgeon that he must quit army life or he would die. His resignation was accepted a few days before the battle of Fredericksburg. The men of his regiment had just been paid the sum of $3,961, which they turned over to him to carry home to their families. He had a belt made to hold the money, fixed it about his person, and saying he wasn't going to turn his back on a battle, rode up against the heights at Fredericksburg as a volunteer aide-de-camp on a brigade staff in the division which charged further than any other division in Burnside's army. Thus he carried nearly four thousand dollars through the battle, in which in a brief time, the Union Army lost 12,653 men. Quay was serving without pay, but he won the Congressional medal of honor. When he reached home he distributed the money where it belonged, in each instance taking a receipt. This package of receipts he did not burn when, in his closing years, he destroyed many unpaid notes held by him for money he had lent, and vast numbers of letters written. His possession of these receipts, necessarily widely known, possibly accounts for the failure of his political opponents to add one more to the list of evils which they attributed to him.

Having acted as Governor Curtin's military secretary and as Pennsylvania's military agent at Washington, where he was brought into frequent contact with Lincoln, Quay knew the extent of Curtin's war-time activities, which surpassed those of other northern war Governors because the Confederates fought their pivotal battle within his State, invaded it again in 1864, approached it in force as far as Antietam Creek in 1862, threatened it almost every Summer, and so menaced Washington that national authority took from the State the troops which Curtin had organized for its defence. Long afterward Quay was anxious to have Curtin write his memoirs and offered to give six weeks of steady work to the drudgery of bringing together the necessary data. But the Pennsylvania habit of mind, which is more interested in doing things than in writing of things done, prevailed with Curtin.

IV

Until nearly the end Quay's political career was a series of contests. Although he told me once that he did not have a high opinion of Bayard Taylor's poetry, he directed that the title of one of Taylor's poems "Implora Pacem" be inscribed on his gravestone. In one of his infrequent speeches he said that to his part of the State had come two parrots. One parrot said "Quay is a bad man and the tariff is a tax." The other parrot said "The tariff is a tax and Quay is a bad man." "Now," he added, "these parrots have propagated." In his political battles he used various weapons and diverse methods, sometimes a rapier, sometimes a clout, often an application of oil for the troubled waters—as when a high license law in the State, by abolishing rows of city saloons and regulating those that remained, quickly reduced the Prohibition vote to a meagre 18,461 out of a total of 785,423.

The laugh is even yet sometimes heard in Pennsylvania over the withering irony of his letter aimed at a justice of the State Supreme Court who had issued a political manifesto—not, however, aimed at Quay himself. Having silenced the offending judge and attained his own object in the ensuing State convention, he wrote in a sportive vein to a State official: "Et interrogatum est ab omnibus, 'Ubi est ille ——?'" After repeating the question as to several other anonymous letter writers and political tar babies, he concluded with "Deinde iteratum est ab omnibus cum cachinatione undulante et trepidante, 'Non sunt inventi. *Murder as a fine art!*'"

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After graduating from college, Quay, who lived in dread of the family pall of tuberculosis, went to the South and taught school, making his home with a wealthy family in Mississippi. He became much attached to them and they to him. The Civil War, sickness, and the death of the husband left the Southern widow impoverished. She at last appealed to Quay, now a member of the Senate, for help in getting an appointment as postmistress in a small Mississippi town. After McKinley's inauguration Quay went to the White House and said, "Mr. President, I have a favor to ask of you. I want to name the postmaster at ——, Mississippi." McKinley at once granted the request, but some weeks later sent for Quay and told him that he could not give him that appointment, as the Republican leaders of the territory demanded it. "Very well, Mr. President," said Quay, "but remember that in the National Republican Convention Pennsylvania has 32 votes and Mississippi has only 9." Shortly afterward the woman's appointment was announced.

Along with his indifference to money, the absence of personal animosities was noticeable in Quay. In the primary election of a campaign which defeated John P. Elkin for Governor word was sent to Quay that Elkin was spending a good deal of money in parts of the State and that much of it was falling into the hands of Quay men. They asked him what should be done with these funds. The reply came that they should be kept until the contest was over, when, wrote Quay, "John will need the money."

Senator Vest of Missouri, a Democrat, and Quay were close friends, spending many hours together at the home of one or the other. When the Governor of Pennsylvania appointed Quay to a vacant senatorship after the Legislature had failed to elect him, and the matter came before the Senate, he did not ask Vest for his support, but was disappointed when the Missourian cast the adverse vote which rejected the appointment. Mrs. Quay took the Vest vote much to heart. She expected that a break in the friendship of the men would ensue. But she told me with not altogether concealed pride that a week or so later, when her husband came home late one night and she asked where he had been, he replied "Over at Vest's." He was afraid that Vest felt embarrassed, and therefore made the first advance toward a restoration of the old terms. Of Quay, Vest said, "Of all the public men with whom I associated in Washington I admired Senator Quay most and loved him best." The setback was soon overcome by Quay's reëlection at the next legislative session.

A dozen years after Quay's death a man of high standing in the coal regions, who earlier in life had served several terms as deputy Attorney General of the State, told of visiting Florida as Quay's guest. One day the lawyer struck at a snake. Quay reproved him, saying that many years before the Seminole Indians and the rattlesnakes, after long hostilities, had made a treaty of peace. "No Seminole will ever strike a rattlesnake, and no snake since has bitten a Seminole. I never strike a snake, and don't you do it." When the same lawyer argued with him in opposition to a line of political action Quay listened until the advocate had finished and then said, "There is no flaw in your reasoning, but I must make the fight. I often discard my reason and follow my intuitions." That fight was against odds, but Quay won. During his last years the opposition to him altogether disappeared. With every resource brought to bear, with supplies well up, with Big Berthas and hand grenades, poison gas and newspaper propaganda, with the State Governor as a flag-bearer, with the railroads fetching and carrying and the party organizations of the two big cities all combined, the grand assault against the Quay line had failed, leaving Quay the victor on the field of his political Poictiers. The subsequent small arms fire died away, and thereafter he had in life a substantial

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measure of that peace for which the inscription upon his tomb later implored.

Quay's audacity was illustrated by his practice of leaping to the forefront of battle at critical periods of his career. He himself became the candidate for State treasurer, and at a later time for State chairman, when these offices happened to be the bones for which his opponents contended; if they could have seized them it would have meant his political undoing. He thus made a sharply defined issue between himself and his foes. At the primaries and in the general election the voters were never left in doubt as to what was involved, and it was his opponent who usually went down to defeat. His comment upon the Republican organization of Philadelphia, when its ward leaders thought themselves invulnerable, indicated his clear perception of the centrifugal tendencies of such combinations. He said, "They think they have a good organization in Philadelphia; they have a pretty good organization, but it won't last." At another time when the leaders told him with a suggestion of a threat that they wanted a certain thing done he said, "To hell with you and your organization!"

V

Because of Quay's mastery of all the diverse elements of the Republican party in his State Boies Penrose succeeded him to a comparatively easy party leadership. The Washington correspondents today oftener recall Penrose and Hanna than Quay as examples of the masterful political boss. But neither Penrose nor Hanna ever attained to Quay's artistry. Penrose appeared to present one front to all types of men, possibly because of his inherent cynicism. Quay stood on common ground with all sorts and conditions, perhaps because along with an extraordinary comprehension of involved problems and an unerring faculty for laying bare their root, he had within himself that something which drew to him men of the highest type and at the same time bound the unlettered fisherman to him in personal devotion. His marked vein of sentiment and that curious other side of him which made him superstitious helped to tie men to him. Of a vision which he once saw he declared that he knew right well what it meant. His large measure of sentiment was shown by many acts.

Quay had the reputation of being habitually reticent. He seldom made speeches and he had a weak voice. Between campaigns he went fishing for drum in the surf at Absecon or for tarpon in Florida. Asked to explain President Harrison's inability to hold men to him, Quay said "If you ask Harrison to lend you five dollars he replies, 'I'll lend you four dollars and seventy-five cents or I'll lend you five dollars and a quarter, but I won't lend you five dollars.'" He was also charged with saying, "Harrison is so religious that over at the White House they even open oysters with prayer."

A chairman of a county Republican committee once expressed to me his surprise at Quay's intimate knowledge of the people of that county, their character, standing and so on. My informant had been present at a conference of State leaders when the doubt was expressed whether any of them could name the county seats in all of Pennsylvania's sixty-seven counties. Pencils and papers were taken and the effort was made. Some attained 50%, some 80% of the total. Quay was the only man to name the whole sixty-seven. This detailed knowledge, extending to individuals, to families and to the present and past of localities, was of course of much use to him.

The political scandals centering about Quay were apparently inexhaustible, and of infinite variety. As an example one widely circulated outside the State may be cited. William H. Kemble, a Philadelphian, was tried at Harrisburg and convicted of "corrupt solicitation," he having pleaded guilty to soliciting a member of the Legislature, for a money consideration, to vote

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in favor of a bill making compensation for losses caused by the Pittsburg labor riots of 1877. For the offence of "corrupt solicitation" the legislature had prescribed a fine not to exceed $1,000 and imprisonment in the county jail for a term not to exceed two years. The State Board of Pardons of which Quay, being secretary of the Commonwealth, was *ex-officio* a member, together with the Attorney General, the Lieutenant Governor and another State official, sent word through its secretary to the trial judge that if the sentence were not excessive it would keep hands off. But public indignation over the case came to a boil, and the trial judge shared in it, and the message from the Board of Pardons may have put him upon his mettle. At all events, in an excess of zeal he sentenced Kemble to pay the limit of the fine and the costs of prosecution, and to undergo imprisonment in the State penitentiary (not the county jail) at hard labor for one year. Now, under the State constitution sentence to the penitentiary carried with it disqualification to hold any office of trust or profit under the Commonwealth forever, a penalty not imposed by a sentence to the county jail. The judge's sentence was therefore in excess of the punishment prescribed by law. Kemble applied to the Board of Pardons for relief, the board made a favorable recommendation, and the Governor remitted the imprisonment part of the sentence. Kemble paid the fine and costs, and then went free, but remained during life disqualified to hold office under the Commonwealth. Quay was made to appear as the man chiefly responsible for his escape from the penitentiary. This charge had only the modicum of truth that it was he who hit upon the constitutional limitation on the judge's authority.

Penrose felt sure that if he had remained in the practice of law he would have become, along with John G. Johnson and George Wharton Pepper, a leader of the Philadelphia bar. Few men, probably, are thoroughly satisfied with their success. Many go far in life, but seldom in the direction they would have preferred. That Quay in one way was profoundly disappointed is hardly to be doubted. Private commendation of him was abundant. Men brought into personal contact with him found him punctilious, courteous, and honorable. He had the respect of the members of the political bodies in which he served, and the admiration of thousands who worked under his direction. But printed recognition was scant. Much of his ability, energy and time were wasted in the political battles forced upon him at home. During most of his career what was called Reform was the vogue with the dilettanti and the doctrinaires. College professors, preachers, magazine editors and essayists whooped it up for anything different that wore the reform livery. Their own methods often stood in need of reform. They were often such as Thoreau described when he wrote: "If anything ail a man so that he does not perform his functions, if he have a pain in his bowels even, for that is the seat of sympathy, he forthwith sets about reforming the world."

Once, laying aside some utterly shallow comment in print upon one of his numerous commendable acts, Quay said with something like a sigh, "It's of no use." Therein lay his disappointment. Adam Smith quoted David Hume as saying on his death bed, "I have done everything of consequence that I ever meant to do." But few men could say that truthfully, and Quay was not among them. He did say that at three score and ten the world grows lonely. For all his victories and successes he was born out of his due time and place. Like a long line of sagacious English politicians of all parties, Whig and Tory, Conservative and Liberal, he was after substantial results for his State and the nation at large. Unlike these politicians he did not strive to hide the practical end in view. He has had no successor in Pennsylvania and the men who fought the good fight with him are dead or have turned "respectable."

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THE BOWERY

BY GIUSEPPE CAUTELA

THE Bowery is the last act of a social tragedy. Its best setting is night. In no place is night as dark, and in no place does darkness play so fantastically as it does on this shore of misery. Men and things are thrown into a bewildering, turbulent confusion. The elevated road overhead and the people underneath mingle and bite at your nerves with a repressed rumble. The air is dense, and there is an acrid odor of unreleased forces that knocks at your brain like a deep, bitter protest and menace. You walk along afraid and lost.

But you need not fear; the professional criminal does not lurk here. He does not sleep on beds that let for twenty-five cents a night. You may see him, yes, but he is slumming with his girl, going to Chinatown. Humanity is here reduced to its primitive simplicity, its essential elements. It drifts in from the water-front, guided by the compass of dereliction. South street is not far from the Bowery. All races meet and become one. Man loses his identity. Under the cloth of misery he acquires a sameness that fades into a shadow. Be he stevedore or sailor, as he stands in the dimly lighted doorways of lodging houses or walks on the narrow sidewalk under the elevated, he is silent and sad, and his look is in his mind. He finds himself here and he does not know why. I do not believe he cares to know. If he feels secure it is because he has nothing to lose. He sits in the cheap lunchroom with a feeling of intimacy not to be found in any other social stratum. The same callous hands reach for the common sugar bowl. The waiter looks, acts and talks like him. He may rest over his cup of coffee; he will not be disturbed.

The older houses on the Bowery all convey the same feeling of decay, squalor and filth. The indulgent sunlight shines on nothing more putrid. And yet they seem to meet an unmistakable social need. Where would all those homeless men go if they could not get beds for twenty-five cents a night? It does not matter that they sleep in one common room and fully dressed. They are glad to find even so much. In the early hours of the morning when the clerks awake them, they prefer to be eaten by vermin for yet a while to being thrown out in the cold and deserted street. Those who have never felt that feeling of impotence and despair do not know what misery is. A stray mongrel feels much better; a man without even a nickel in his pocket to buy a cup of coffee has also his intelligence to contend with. Furthermore, he becomes the object of the cruel curiosity of his fellow-men. They board busses and see the Bowery. The well dressed man and woman out for excitement look at him with magnifying lenses, as at a rare specimen. I have seen him stand the examination with the most indifferent and patient attitude. The gulf that can lie between two suits of clothes is marvelous!

But the school mistress who visits the Bowery on top of a bus really sees nothing. Or rather she sees only dirty old windows and through them a few lodgers sleeping over their newspapers. If you wish to see the Bowery you must see it on foot. Then only will you feel your pulse quicken. As you turn in from Canal street, in the space of two blocks you struggle and grip with

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a life that has something of the Beyond. The opposite poles seem to meet as in a tremendous upheaval. A strange symphony of sounds assaults your ears. Stooping, indolent and silent Chinamen babble like the patter of rain, and as you turn to gaze at them they remain impenetrable and indifferent. Your attention is soon caught by the soft, open tones of the Italian. It ranges from the flute-like notes of male voices to the sweet arpeggios of the female. Men, women and girls from Italy wander through the Bowery, to shop or for a walk. To follow them into the Jewish shops and assist in the give and take as they bargain for a piece of goods is like hearing the dissonances of a Stravinsky. The mellifluous Jew shows his wares under the glaring electric light and asks for it three times what it is worth. The Italian gets hot all of a sudden, and, gesticulating, makes for the door. The Jew follows him, smiling and calling him, "Paesano, Paesano," meaning countryman. They stop by the door; a drop in price does not convince the Italian; he gets hotter than ever. The Jew tries to pacify him by putting his right hand on his heart and taking a solemn oath. The Italian looks at the Jew closely, doubtfully. He does not trust him. Finally he says he honestly cannot spend that much—he hasn't the money. There is a pause. "Well, if that's the case, you can have it for what you have got. How much have you got?" The Italian pulls out the money; they count it. The bargain is closed; the struggle is over. They part smiling.

Within the distance of a few feet, from one sidewalk to another, you may see the abjectest poverty clash with wealth. Such is the scene at the entrance of Manhattan Bridge—on one side, the Bowery, dark and hungry; on the other side, rich shops of every description, with huge electric signs that expose the miserable conditions of another world. As you cross the street you find yourself in the Ghetto. Here are work, thrift, riches, a certain amount of happiness, and a colorful life.

II

Most of the shops on the Bowery are run by Jews or Chinamen. Pawn-shops abound, and there are a few clothing stores; the rest are restaurants, lunchrooms and lodging-houses. The names bring up many memories. The Owl, the Lanier and then the Boston Hotel, the New York Hotel, the Plaza, the Palm House, the Victoria, the Uncas—"beds twenty-five cents," says a cheap sign over the entrance.

On the upper floors of some of the buildings are Chinese restaurants. These are especially numerous near Doyers street. Nothing is beautiful on the Bowery. The Orient, with all its absurdities, clashes with the misery of the western world. A Chinese lantern hung over a window does not remind you of China. And a Chinaman smoking meditatively and looking at the girls is more, much more, than a mere Chinaman. Everything is there to arouse the senses, but not the intellect. A few steps and you find yourself in Chinatown. You can never feel at home there. The fantastic condensation of so many Oriental customs that you do not understand is a terrible barrier to overcome. You may like Chinese food and the booth in which it is served to you, but you breathe much freer when you have left it behind. On the west side of the Bowery you run into a part of the Italian colony; on the east live the Jews. Division street, at the intersection of Chatham Square, throws a defiance of electric light through the windows of its modern dress-shops. It is an example of what the Bowery would be if a revolution, a blast or a cyclone should hit it some day.

You pull a sigh of relief as you emerge near the approach to Manhattan Bridge. It juts into the Bowery with a violence of liberation. There is the sky, with the moon racing playfully through the clouds. The Bowery gets a glimpse of it. There is the rumble of the trains over the bridge. There are the thousands of people going home.

The Bowery runs from Chatham Square up to First street and Third avenue. Its

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atmosphere, however, continues well up to Cooper Union, which is at Ninth street and Third avenue. In fact, it seems to hover around that famous institution. A hobo blends well with the dark nooks of the Cooper Building, and seems to take from it a look of learning and an air of wisdom. The roar of the elevated means nothing—you don't hear it. The shrieks of the automobiles do not annoy you. They speed by like phantoms. A huge commercial building a little beyond fades into the air, but Cooper Union remains looking at you, grim and yet indulgent with benignity. There is a flow of thought that catches the stillness of the air, making it throb.

III

Tammany Hall is still in Fourteenth street. At one time it derived most of its strength from the Bowery. But no more: the Bowery is dead politically. Different factors have helped to bury it. Its old social life is gone. At one time it was like a gold-camp. Prize fighters, champions of all feats, went under the whirl of life that never knew a stop. Now the street is dying of decency and misery, and a new form of life seems to be taking hold of it. There is an odor of mysticism and of intellectuality. Paganism in the form of Greek dances has vivified the depressing atmosphere of St. Mark's Church. The intelligentsia from Greenwich Village felt it a duty to assist and encourage the new movement. And so St. Mark's became a Greek temple in form and spirit. God bless this country! It is the only place on earth where such a transformation could happen. The rituals, I hear, are most inspiring. They once brought about a war between the rector of the church and his Bishop, and the Bowery became the center of an ethical dispute. From all reports the Greek dances won.

It was only in keeping with the new artistic invasion of the Bowery. What effect it may have on our national life I do not know yet, but it has far-reaching possibilities. From Canal street up to Houston you find Chinese theatres, and Yiddish and Italian, not counting the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand street, a block away from the Bowery, and the National Theatre in Houston street, where cheap opera is given. The Chinese have taken over the Italian theatre. The house looks as ancient as the race that now acts in it. The massive columns at the entrance give the impression that a revolution has been fought around them. Time and the hand of man have written legends that speak in huge black and gray patches like blows received in heroic combats.

Farther up, near Prince street, there is the People's Theatre, where Yiddish drama is played. This theatre has made history. Famous Jewish actors have played in it, some leaving it for the more profitable American stage. In the same block are the Italian theatres, the Maiori and the Caruso. The Maiori was the London years ago. Mimi Aguglia played there many times with her Sicilian players. She gave also classical drama. I saw her in one of the best performances of "Zaza" I have ever seen. The capricious creature lived her life of passion in all its range of abandon, rage, despair, pleading and resignation. Mimi Aguglia wore bobbed hair before it ever became a vogue. And any one who knows anything about the *divette* of the European stage, knows that she looked the part as though she herself was Zaza. Her hair is naturally curly and black. It became tempestuous as she acted. Later Giovani Grasso came over and acted in the same theatre. He discovered Mimi Aguglia and she shared with him his triumphs all over Europe. Giovani Grasso gave "Othello" one night. His voice had lost some of its clearness and so his reading had a barbaric intonation that no Moor ever had.

But there is really great art on the Bowery. Among those foreign players you find artists known only to their countrymen. There is, for example, Edward Migliaccio, or Farfariello, as he is called on the stage, who as impersonator of Italian colonial characters is truly great. However, a great

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deal of the entertainment in the Italian theatres is furnished by mediocre actors. But the popular melodies of Naples are beautiful even when sung by poor voices. If the voice is lacking, a spark of fire sometimes puts it over. Moreover, the real performance in an Italian theatre, especially the *varieta*, is given by the audience. It runs the house. From the pit to the gallery the battle of approval and disapproval wages. Nothing like it is ever heard in an American theatre. A real drama is enacted on and off the stage. The audience supplies the chorus.

One night I went to see the first performance of a satirical play at the Maiori Theatre. The play was written by a friend of mine. In association with an actor, he had entrusted it to a troupe of incompetents. I went with great anticipation because the title of the play amused me immensely. Imagine on the Bowery a piece called "The Revolution of the Bums." "At last it has arrived," I said to myself. The audience in an Italian theatre gets in late. It is a European custom. Tonight it is composed mostly of laborers with their families. The mothers carry their children in their arms. There is no one with whom they can leave them, so along they come, sucking at the breast. Some awake and cry while the performance is going on; then the hisses resound.

A few songs are given while the audience slowly files in. At last it is half past nine. The curtain goes up for the drama. Hisses from pit to gallery and from gallery to pit are given by the spectators as a warning to the actors to behave themselves. Act I: a street—it could be the Bowery; well, maybe it is the Bowery! Beggars on the corners; they are professionals, and one of them, it appears, is an ex-newspaper man. They fear that through the drunken behavior of one of them they may lose their cliéntèle. All the tricks of the trade are exposed. In order that they may better protect their profession they decide to unionize. It is during their meeting in the second act that the satire against society is pungent to the point of rebellion. The spectators receive the work indifferently. This is due mostly to the wretched performance of the actors. Some of them cannot even speak Italian. It is shameful.

But I stick to my seat. I know, I feel it: something unusual is going to happen. Half of the audience, especially the women and the babies, are fast asleep, while the gallery hurls imprecations on the actors. The curtain tumbles down on the second act. Vendors of popcorn, candies and soda begin to hawk their merchandise, and the theatre is turned into a picnic-ground. While everybody is munching something and apparently enjoying himself, a tall, pale young man comes like a ghost before the footlights. He is the author of the play. I was not mistaken—this is the something I expected. In a clear, distinct voice and perfect Italian he begs the audience to listen for a few minutes. And here is his speech: "With the next act will be buried the play, 'The Revolution of the Bums.' My name, Vincenzo Bello, has appeared on the programme as the author. But the work that you have seen on this stage tonight is not my work. All the applause [there wasn't any!] you have given goes to the able actors who have so magnificently interpreted a work I do not know anything about."

The audience goes wild; so do I. This unique protest establishes a precedent that should be copied. But the show is not over. Now comes the turn of the actors. After the author has withdrawn, the head of the troupe comes forward with his defense. He begins: "I am sorry that the play given tonight has failed. [It was not over yet!] I told the author that the work had merit, but was not actable. We did the best we could."

He cannot finish: yells, hisses, insults, popcorn, old hats, apple cores, candy and bottles fly on the stage, and as a fellow in one of the boxes is about to throw a chair at him, the actor jumps for his life.

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Emotion and the American.—The outstanding hypocrisy of the American is his reaction to emotion. Ashamed of his own emotions, at least in what may be called their finer shadings, he seeks to conceal his true nature by snickering loudly at any display of such emotions on the part of one of his less hypocritical compatriots. He doesn't hesitate duly to cry copiously over the predicament of some absurd heroine of some absurd theatrical exhibit, or duly to laugh broadly over the humorous embarrassments of some hero of fiction, or duly to yell himself hoarse when a band tunes up on "The Star Spangled Banner" or "Dixie," or duly to cheer any gent in an American military uniform when the said gent's image is reflected on a movie screen, or duly to bestow an affectionate smack upon his twins at bedtime, or duly to take his wife to dinner at Childs' on their wedding anniversary, or duly to sock a man in the nose if the fellow makes a derogatory remark about his mother, or duly to get up and give his seat in a streetcar to an old, gray-haired woman with one leg. In such junctures he permits his emotions to enjoy full play, and is proud of the permission he vouchsafes them. But in the case of any emotion of a somewhat more delicate and exotic tint, he conducts himself much like a small boy who has been kissed by the school-teacher and who, desirous of impressing the other boys that, for all that, he isn't a sissy, fingers his nose at the teacher immediately she turns her back.

In the view of the American, there is something unmanly in a display of any emotion between the sexes or, in fact, of any emotion not commonly and publicly shared and indulged in by the man in the street. This accounts for the American's voracious relish of marital, divorce and other such journalistic scandals and, as a corollary, the length to which sagacious newspaper editors go in the retailing of them. It accounts, too, for the recent tremendous success of the tabloid journals, which are built entirely upon the principle of holding up to scorn any citizen who has indiscreetly allowed his emotions a free course and thus converted himself into a laughing-stock for all pewholders, members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and bloomer salesmen. Nothing induces in the American such an elaborate series of camouflaging winks and wise-cracks as a fellow patriot's marriage with a young and too good-looking woman, an unrestrained love letter, a man blackmailed under the Mann Act, an elopement after a gin party, an amorous dereliction from the code of Increase Mather, a romance unintelligible to a paperhanger, the spectacle of a couple of lovers on a park bench, the late Autumn moon, or a first-rate poet.

Exercise.—"A man who has walked downstairs and then upstairs in one day has had enough exercise for any gentleman." Thus, no less estimable and sapient a fellow than the M. Joseph Chamberlain. The American of today who is wearing himself out long before his time chasing golf balls for miles across mule pastures, pulling tough rubber appliances in business men's gymnasiums, swimming himself breathless through a mixture of salt water, cantaloupe rinds and barrel staves, and walking himself foot-sore may well pon-

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der our British friend's injunction, faintly exaggerated though it be. It is a recognized physiological fact that the human body begins very slowly to deteriorate after the nineteenth year, that, indeed, assuming two prize-fighters of nineteen and twenty respectively were exactly matched in every detail, the one of nineteen would still have a small advantage over the one a year older. However, due to the persuasiveness of a lot of clever charlatans who make a living out of so-called health farms, out of books on keeping fit and out of niblicks, mashies, rowing machines, tennis racquets, punching bags, catchers' mitts, weight-pulling paraphernalia, horizontal bars and other such boob-bait, many Americans are being led to lined and gnarled faces at thirty, chronic Charley-horse at thirty-five, a weakened heart at forty, and an almost total loss of procreative ability, because of physical exhaustion, at forty-one.

If the American exercised as the Englishman does, that is, in a casual and good-natured manner, the damage he does to himself would not be so great. But he doesn't. He goes at exercise as he goes at his business, with his coat and collar off, with his sleeves rolled up, with a noble assortment of cuss words on his tongue, and with a fixed determination to win the admiration of the club veranda bus boy by showing up every other Babbitt who offers himself in competition with him. The American takes his exercise as a German takes his sauerkraut. One round is not enough; he isn't satisfied until the supply is exhausted and until his necktie, vest and lap are covered with mementos of his virtuosity. It is thus that one can tell the exercising Americano a block off. That is, the one who has passed his thirtieth year and still keeps up the nonsense. In order to revive himself after the immediate and superficial stimulation of his physical monkeyshines has worn off, he is driven to keep himself going with alcohol. Such local expressions as "the nineteenth hole," "the tenth inning," "65-love" and "a Johnny Walker massage" are illuminating.

The effect of exercise on professionals or on persons who devote their careers to it —and who are physically best fitted to indulge in it—should be closely regarded by persons, not so well equipped, who engage in it, as the curious phrase has it, for pleasure. If there is, with the single exception of Miss Helen Wills, a woman tennis player or swimmer or horse fanatic or gutta percha ball pounder who, even in her late twenties, doesn't look like an old apple, I am either taking the wrong rotogravure section or losing my eyesight. With the single exception of James J. Corbett, who can think of a prize-fighter who, at forty-five, hasn't been viewed by Frank Campbell with gleeful, appraising glances? The divorce court records in the last ten years show that husbands sued by their wives on the euphemistic ground of "incompatibility" have been for the most part steady golf players or addicts of one or another form of muscular exertion. Why, to continue the embarrassing questioning, do professional athletes so often lose their wives to lounge lizards, chauffeurs and barbers? Why, with a half dozen exceptions, have celebrated athletes been such failures, in after years, in business? Why, with the single exception of Jack London, who, at that, was pretty much of a muscular faker, has no exercise hound written a good book or painted a decent picture or designed a sound building or composed even a respectable jazz tune in America in the last twenty-five years? The American, seeing pictures of John D. Rockefeller with a golf club in his hand and of George Bernard Shaw chopping at a block of wood, takes too much for granted. He fails to reflect that Rockefeller is the man he is because, once the kodak has snapped, it takes him three days, six masseurs and 480 to go around, and that Shaw is the man he is, in turn, because the date on the picture showing him felling an oak is coincident with that of Gabriele D'Annunzio's last bath.

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Book Reviewing in America.—With just four distinguished exceptions that I can think of, book reviewing on its more conspicuous levels in this country falls into a readily recognizable and perceptibly asinine technic. Among the leading reviewers of letters, aside from the quartette alluded to, it would seem to be a seldom violated tradition to approach a new book in the following manner:

1. An objection to any theme which disturbs the reviewer's personal philosophy in the matter of that theme.

2. A deploring of the fact that the author, instead of treating the present theme, did not treat of some other theme.

3. A cordial reception, regardless of the author's skill or lack of it, of any theme that finds a sympathetic response in the reviewer's psyche.

4. An objection to brilliance as brilliance save it be invested with emotion.

5. A deep-dyed conviction that, as between an Englishman and an American who write equally well, the Englishman is yet the better of the two.

6. A belief that all Germans over-write, and that their books might profitably be cut down by half.

7. A feeling that a young author, however ably he has done his job, is yet somehow lacking in something.

8. A conviction that humor is a smoke-screen designed to conceal lack of depth.

9. A hospitality to realism, yet a synchronous objection to vulgarity.

10. A belief that any book on Christ or Lincoln is a good book and any one on Swedenborg or Coolidge a bad one, and very funny.

Classification.—The prevailing classification of human beings into rich and poor, successful and unsuccessful, strong and weak, master and slave, and so on, misses something. There is only one true, one exact, classification and that is the comfortable and the uncomfortable. Into one of these two pigeon-holes fall, with a sharp click, all men. The men who are comfortable in the world are the happy men; the men who are not are the unhappy and miserable. The rich man sometimes finds himself in the latter category, and so, too, do the successful man and the strong man. And, paradoxically, the relatively poor man who has not realized all his dreams, whose body is an ailing one and who is not entirely the master of his destinies sometimes finds himself in the former. The millionaire tormented by a dream he cannot realize, the successful man ridden by a shrew of a wife, the strong man outwitted by a weaker and more cunning one, these are men less comfortable than the poet singing his songs in a dog-hole, the hobo of the heart flirting easily with women along the road of life, or the Machiavelli with puny biceps. A Baron Rothschild, for all his fortune, is less comfortable than a pauper Franz Werfel, because, try desperately for years as he will, he still finds himself unable to write as Werfel can. A successful business man like Mellon, what with the irritations visited upon him by courts of law, is not as comfortable as the man who makes a peaceful living running some dinky little store around the corner. A Jack Dempsey is perhaps for not more than two or three months a year as comfortable as the average man he could lick with one finger. All this, I duly appreciate, sounds like the dreadful stuff that the uplift magazines print, but nevertheless I believe it has a considerable amount of truth in it.

Woman As Artist.—One of the favorite perplexities of the student of æsthetics concerns the seeming paradox that woman, the more emotional of the sexes, occupies, in the practice of the arts, a position of so great inferiority to relatively unemotional and rational man. Since art, the student argues, is the retailing of emotion in terms of beauty, why should not woman, the emotional creature, surpass or at least equal man, the unemotional creature? If it were true that the definition of art were precisely that which the student postures,

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that is, if art reposed chiefly in emotion, one might lift an eyebrow with him. But the fact is that the accepted definition is to a considerable degree faulty. Art is itself not emotion. Art simply conveys to another an emotion which the artist himself has carefully and painstakingly filtered through a meditative and critical mind. Woman lacks this quality of mind and as a result we have her inability to convey emotion with the force, the beauty and the conviction of man.

The woman in the arts, with very few exceptions, has sought to inspire emotion in terms of emotion, which is very much like trying to inspire a warmth of the heart by burning a person's house down upon him. If art consisted solely in the emotionalization of the beholder, woman would have occupied many more niches in its high temple. But art consists rather in an enkindling of the heart and fancy through the mind. The greatest art appeals first to the mind, and then to the heart. That is why culture, experience and a critical equipment are necessary to a proper understanding and appreciation of great art, and why, on the other hand, those without these gifts are unable to understand and appreciate it. To anyone, even to the humblest of God's blockheads, simple emotion is intelligible, and easy to assimilate, and easier still to react to. But a reaction to an emotion created out of an artist's profound thought is far beyond the reach of such a one's sensibilities. The emotional blockhead can readily comprehend and react to such performances as George Sand's "Consuelo," Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair," Thela Badarczevska's "La Prière d'une Vierge" or the Black Patti, but it takes a sophisticated and intelligent emotionalism to comprehend and properly to react to Flaubert's "Sentimental Education," Rubens' "Fall of the Damned," a Bach fugue or Feodor Chaliapin.

The Waltz.—For the last fifteen years it has been steadily predicted, chiefly by persons who do not dance, that the waltz is due soon to return to favor and to supplant, in a measure, the current jazz monkeyshines. This prediction I privilege myself to believe, is on a par with the other popular prediction that we will have light wines and beer within the next few years. The waltz will not return to favor for many years, and for a simple why and wherefore.

Where in the yesterdays dancing was a diversion entered into with a more or less straight face, it has since become a pastime of low humor all compact. The minuet, the lancers, the schottische, the waltz, the polka and even the one-step were dances intrinsically devoid of gayety and abandon and called for more or less dignity and reserve on the part of their participants. With the introduction of the two-step there dawned the first faint symptoms of the humor that has now reached its zenith in the jazz dance. The dance of today, accordingly, is entered into in a loose and jocular manner, like the baiting of colored gentlemen in the South and the eating of hot-dogs in the North. Grace, languor and formality have passed out of it completely. The dancing citizen has no use for them and gives no signs of having use for them. The waltz is utterly without humor and, being without this modern *sine qua non*, cannot possibly regain its hold until the entire attitude of a people toward its slippery-floor nonsense undergoes a radical change.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A SCRUTINY of the plays produced in New York since the beginning of the season reveals a uniform tendency on the part of native playwrights to fall into a fixed set of grooves in the manufacture of dialogic comedy. This comedy formula has been repeated for so long now that the edge has disappeared from it entirely. To be effective, comedy must have at least an air of spontaneity, and that which is currently being merchanted is as spontaneous as a railroad schedule. A regular theatre-goer will immediately recognize it as following the appended half dozen rubber-stamp forms:

1. "*What do you think you are? A* ———?"

The attempt to extract laughter from this form takes the shape of exaggerated and ridiculous disparities. Thus does Mr. Perlmutter inquire ironically of Mr. Potash: "What do you think you are—a Valentino?", and thus, changing the form but slightly, does a host inquire sarcastically of a too ravenous eater: "What do you think this is—Reuben's?"

2. "*That isn't a* ———; *that's a* ———."

The attempt to make the trade roll over with mirth in the instance of this one lies in the confection of impossible vaudeville antonyms. Thus, animadverting on avoirdupois, one character: "That isn't a stomach; that's Mount Logan." And thus, objecting to the size of a tipple, another: "That isn't a drink; that's a tear."

3. "*If that's a* ———, *you're a* ———."

Here the bait consists in hyperbolic contradictions. One character insists that what he is holding in his hand is a diamond. Whereupon, his *vis-à-vis:* "If that's a diamond, you're a grand piano." This is changed at times to the personality form, as: "If you're a detective, I'm the Pope."

4. "*If I had a* —— *like that, I'd* ——."

This is the comic detraction form. "If I had a face like that," remarks a character, "I'd sue myself for damages." Or, "If I had a mind like that, I'd live in a sewer."

5. "*He's so* ———, *he's* ———."

No. 5 takes the shape of exaggerated disparagement. Alluding to B, A observes: "He's so mean, he'd steal his own pants." Or: "He's so stingy, he makes his wife use old matches for toothpicks."

6. "*If* ——— *was* ———, *I'd be* ———."

The humor here proceeds from a character's chronic bad luck and his commentary upon it, as "If it was raining money, I'd be wearing a mackintosh and galoshes," or "If diamonds was sauerkraut, my parents'd turn out to be French."

What we obviously have in these forms are a half dozen branches on the family tree of the so-called wise-crack. The wise-crack, as I have noted before, is the species of repartee that from time immemorial has been accompanied on the vaudeville and burlesque stages either by a boot applied to its sponsor's seat or by a newspaper applied to his nose. It is humor that proceeds in no wise from character but simply from a dummy that serves as the mouthpiece of a ventriloquial stage writer. It relies for laughter solely upon itself; what has gone before it, whether in dialogue or character drawing or dramatic action or what not, is utterly immaterial. It may be isolated from its context and, unlike true comedic humor, lose nothing in the process. And it is today the worst handicap under which American comedy writing is laboring. It has come to the stage directly from the movie sub-title and it has reduced dramatic composition on a wide-reaching plane to the level of of such gag sub-titles.

The wise-crack, addressed theatrically

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to the cheaply vulgar element in our audiences, has not only already gone a long way toward ruining reputable comedy dialogue in the drama; it has already gone an even longer way toward ruining general conversation in the Republic. It is at present almost impossible to carry on an intelligent conversation with the average man or woman whom one meets. Before three sentences have passed, the snappy retort, the hypothetically killing crack, the curbstone rejoinder, begin to show themselves. The nation is laboring under the belief that conversation is no longer conversation unless it be interlarded with a number of presumably devastating witticisms. Barbers filter Joe Miller through H. C. Witwer; servant girls are jitney Mesdames de Staël; lawyers talk as if they were playing "in one"; Senators need only red undershirts and floppy pantaloons to get good jobs with Mr. Keith. The young of the species, both male and female, talk like so many He and She jokes, and their elders like so many Harold Lloyd captions. The stage mirrors the taste of these idiots. There was a time when one man or woman in every ten thousand spoke at least the language of Bronson Howard's "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Today, the language is universally that of Mr. Gleason's "Is Zat So?"

The bulk of the comedies on view in the American theatre at the present moment haven't characters, but merely interlocutors and end-men. Smear burnt cork over such exhibits as "Loose Ankles," "If I Was Rich," "She Couldn't Say No" and "Potash and Perlmutter, Detectives," and you'll find just so many minstrel shows.

II

The difference between the approach to risqué sex comedy on the part of an American and a Frenchman is this: the American goes about the business with the air of one saying, "Isn't this interesting?" and the Frenchman with the air of one saying, "Isn't this ridiculous?"

In these two points of view lies the secret of the Frenchman's ability to go the distance without offense and, on the contrary, the American's inability to do the same thing. The French comedy writer gives one the effect of standing apart from his comedy and criticizing its naughtiness with a somewhat cynical indifference; the American gives one the impression that he is whole-heartedly playing the leading characters himself. And what is true of the American is also true of the German.

Although playwrights of other nations have often in more recent years tried to fashion risqué sex comedy in the tone and spirit of the French, they have seldom succeeded. A leer, however slight, has got into their work. They make one feel that, in a way, they have their eyes on their own heroines. One of the few exceptions that I can think of is Imre Földes' "Over the Phone," which captured the boulevard tone nicely. And now there comes another exception from the same Hungarian territory and from no less surprising a hand than Molnar's, to wit, "Spiel im Schloss," due, as I write, to be revealed locally by the Frohman Company. What Molnar has deliberately attempted is a Sacha Guitry farce-comedy, and the attempt is a pretty successful one. At a few points in the manuscript a touch of heaviness descends to check the light Gallic touch-and-go, but for the most part the quality of "Le Mari, La Femme et L'Amant," "Faisons Un Rêve," "Je T'Aime" and other such Guitry divertissements has been happily caught by the tail.

What is this quality? It is not, as the American reviewer likes to describe it, an adroit skating over thin ice; it is, I believe, rather a complete and ingratiating lack of consciousness that there is any thin ice present to be skated over. If a playwright, whether because of nationality, race, geographical morals or what not, is unduly conscious of thin ice, his gingerly adjustment of his skates to it betrays him, and his written word no less.

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His very caution implies that he regards his theme as risky and even dirty, however much he may posture himself to the contrary. But where there is no self-consciousness over the matter of thin ice, the playwright's very unconcern throws the auditor pleasantly off the track. A child, knowing no taboos, may safely say things that, in the mouth of an older person, would call for the bouncer. It is this child-attitude in risqué sex writing that gives it the necessary innocence, and makes it theatrically safe. The Frenchmen, in their confection of such comedy, are figuratively little boys in long trousers.

Molnar, in this boulevard attempt of his, presents us with sophistication in terms of wide-eyed innocence. For his central situation, he takes a comedy idea that goes Guitry ten better in the way of *méchanceté* and yet, by the familiar device, ingeniously tricked, of calling upon *honi soit*, contrives an entertainment that puts the moralists off their guard.

It is the custom of the Anglo-Saxon theatrical commentator disparagingly to observe of the authors of such things as "Spiel im Schloss" that they do not take the theatre seriously. Nothing could be more foolish. They take the theatre seriously, but not the audience. The writing of good risqué comedy demands a serious craftsman, and one who understands the theatre down to the last inch.

Is "The Wife Without a Smile" a less seriously considered piece of dramatic writing than "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"? Is "L'Illusionniste" a less penetrating criticism of life and love than "Deburau"? Were the Restoration comedy writers mere empty clowns? Isn't "Les Hannetons" a much finer piece of work than "La Femme Seule" or "Maternité"? Which would an intelligent man rather see, "Reigen" or "Der Ruf des Lebens"? The commentators confuse themes with treatment.

The dramatist who takes the theatre most seriously is often the one who picks his themes most lightly.

III

The inability of American playwrights to brew so-called polite social comedy out of the native scene is less the fault of the playwrights than of the scene itself. Whenever one of these writers essays such a comedy, the howl of derisory mirth when his curtain goes up can be heard a mile away. He is informed, with a superior dose of irony, that "society" *grandes dames* are not in the habit of employing lorgnettes to survey the ashman, that gentlemen in Long Island country houses do not customarily wear swallow-tails when they go to Canoe Place to dance, and that it is hardly the fashion at Newport to be uncomfortably elegant at breakfast. While it is true that the "society" plays visible on the American stage confuse the butler's pantry with the drawing-room and aristocracy with spinal paralysis, it is hardly less true that American society itself, in a number of its current manifestations, is guilty of a like confusion. One can't make bricks without straw, nor can one make plausible smart comedy where the basic materials are lacking.

The attempt at such comedy in America generally turns out to be ludicrous not because of the commonly voiced argument that its writers, not being of the class which they seek to depict, are unable to negotiate that depiction convincingly, but because the personages, life and pretensions with which they deal are in themselves essentially ludicrous. These are a subject for farce, not comedy. The fact that American actors are ill at ease in English drawing-room comedy is not strange; they are not to be blamed; it is not the circumstance that they are actors which brings about the embarrassment, it is rather the simple circumstance that they are Americans. A group of highly proficient actors drafted from American society, assuming that there were such a group, would be equally ill at ease. Before a nation may produce fashionable comedy it must produce a class to whom leisure is not an

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acquired but a natural gift. It must produce a class, first and foremost, so certain of its traditions and position hat it can laugh at itself, for save it can laugh at itself it cannot persuade audiences to laugh with it. This laugh-with-it is the ground-plan of all effective polite comedy. In America, the situation is one of laugh-at-it, a situation, as I have observed, that makes only for open and shut farce. The fact that the majority of American writers who set themselves to polite comedy are alien to the polite world has nothing whatever to do with their failure. We have had a number of non-aliens to that world who have failed just as signally. The talented J. M. Patterson with his "Little Brother of the Rich" and Preston Gibson with his several comedies are examples that come to mind. Most of the best of modern English drawing-room comedies, let us not forget, have been written by men who were far removed from the class which they described, by ex-traveling-salesmen, ex-actors, ex-shyster lawyers and ex-cattle-drivers, the sons, in turn, of farmers, provincial politicians, oculists and piccolo players.

While the details of drawing-room comedy as it is manufactured by the unacquainted American playwright are sufficiently grotesque, the substance is often equally grotesque. For the details, such as causing the host and hostess at a Long Island week-end to call one of the housemaids into the party to do a Charleston—a toothsome morsel in one of the recent exhibits—, the ignorance of the playwright is alone to blame. But, ignorance or acquaintance, playwrights are less to blame for characters that are often in actual life unintentional caricatures. The so-called smartness of the best American polite comedy conceivable would immediately become transparently ridiculous were a character to stop suddenly short in his tracks in the middle of the play and ask each one of the other male characters to tell what his job was, and what his father's job was, in turn, before him. Truly smart drawing-room comedy presupposes the smartness of its characters; American drawing-room comedy builds up to it. There is a considerable difference between a Lord Quex and a former curb broker who has swindled enough money out of Florida real estate to rent a house at Newport.

Which remarks are prompted by elements in three such recent gimcracks as "The Little Spitfire," "If I Was Rich" and "No Trespassing."

IV

I remarked some time ago that the success of Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," like that of much of the work of Ring Lardner, is due to her vivid characterizations. The practise of ninety-nine out of every one-hundred hopeful American comic writers is to think up a lot of jokes and then fit them as closely as they can into the mouths of more or less appropriate dummies. The result is simply a lot of jokes that are perhaps laughed at but forgotten the moment one finishes the story or book or play. Miss Loos, like Lardner, has gone at things the other way 'round. She has first carefully and seriously devised her comic characters and then, her laughter assured, has unconcernedly thought up the jokes to point those characters the more sharply. The result is that one forgets the jokes, but that the characters linger realistically in mind. As a matter of fact, Miss Loos' jokes are often anything but wows. In her pages we meet many ancient vaudeville friends, as, for example, the one about the deferred bath (given a Folies Bergère setting), the one about the French pronunciation of Robert, the one about Frenchmen kissing each other, the one about spats, etc. But her characters are completely alive, reported with an ear of absolute pitch and caught brilliantly in detail. One laughs not at what they say so much as at what they are. This is not, however, because of their newness, but because no one has fixed

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them to paper and ink precisely as Miss Loos has.

As a matter of fact, the characters of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" have been familiar to us, in print and on the stage, for some time. We have had Lorelei's counterpart in miniature in "The Gold Diggers"; we have had the counterpart of Dorothy in "Ladies of the Evening"; we have had Mr. Eisman in Sacha Guitry's "L'Illusionniste," in "The Blue Mouse," in a score of farces and comedies. But in none of these have the characters been plumbed so nicely, despite a deceptive air of superficiality, as in Miss Loos' book. Miss Loos' virtue lies in her sharp reportorial skill. Her Lorelei may, to the casual reader, be merely a little blonde dumbbell, but every shrewd quirk and ratty turn of the mind in that apparent bonehead has been carefully ferreted out by way of capturing the character in its entirety. And the same in the case of the other central characters. On the surface we have simply a burlesque show, but in the cellar under the stage, hidden from view, we have some cunning analysis of character that serves as that burlesque show's stoutest prop.

The play made from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" retains much of the humor of the book, although the physical embodiment of the characters, as is so often the case in book dramatizations, leaves something to be desired. The handicap in casting was here a double one, as not only did the producer have to capture Miss Loos' Lorelei, Dorothy, Spoffard, et al., but also Ralph Barton's unusually good likenesses of them. It is hard enough satisfactorily to cast the personages of a dramatized book; the job becomes twice as hard when the personages have been illustrated by an artist in such wise that they become irrevocably stamped in the public consciousness.

Again, the easy humor of the book has been strained a trifle for popular theatrical purposes. But the play remains none the less very jolly stuff.

V

Of those writers for the American theatre who devote themselves to a vivisection of the theoretically tender passion, Vincent Lawrence, it seems to me, is the most informed and intelligent. He alone, in the dramatic examination of the emotion known as love, approaches the subject with a shrewdly observant and adult head. I have heard him compared, in this respect, with Clyde Fitch. Such a comparison is nonsensical. Although he hasn't anything like Fitch's talent in the composition of plays, Fitch was a sentimental sophomore compared with him in so far as the handling of amour is concerned. If Lawrence could write plays as well as he analyzes his themes in his own consciousness, he would be a comedy writer worth reckoning with. But the trouble with him is that, once he has interestingly announced his point of view and sustained it adroitly with some of the realest dialogue being written today, his dramatic imagination gives out and his plays trail off into space. Even so, however, his field is his own among the native playwrights. None of them, in the dramatic consideration of love, courtship and marriage, has got anywhere near the calm philosophic sense that lies imbedded in such of his treatments as "The Ghost Between," "Two Married Men" (in part as brilliant a comedy as we have had in the American theatre), "In Love With Love," "Two Fellows and a Girl" and, most recently, "Sour Grapes."

The American playwright who has concerned himself with love in its various manifestations has almost uniformly revealed himself to be either an oversweetened ass or a sour indignanto. He has treated of it either in terms of soft waltz music or of pistol shots. Its sardonic loveliness, its irritating humor, its recalcitrant burlesque and its mirage-like glamor have evaded him, and all that he has been able, in his yokel way, to make of it has been a kiss in a Sunday-school or a rape in a pigsty. Study the chart of love as we have

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got it in the American drama and you will find the sort of treatment of the subject that one gets in the women's magazines on the one hand and the tabloid newspapers on the other. A man loves a woman in a pure and holy manner, duly marries her, and the curtain comes down. A man loves a woman in an impure manner, does not marry her, and the curtain comes down with her in the arms of her forgiving fiancé or husband. A married woman finds her eyes wandering but eventually concludes that her place is with her spouse, and the curtain comes down. A married man cheats and his wife, declaring that what is sauce for the gander is also sauce for the goose, does likewise, and the curtain comes down. All is surface; the playwright never gets under it for a moment. All is actor stuff, as far removed from the truth, except in the matter of externals, as the two poles. These externals Lawrence takes, holds them under a microscope and dramatizes what he detects therein. His plots do not matter; they are at bottom conventional enough. It is the detail of observation and deduction that makes his plays, even though they are very far from the first quality, the engaging things they are.

"Sour Grapes" is not one of his best. Placed beside "Two Married Men," for example, it seems feeble. But the sharp nosing out of the phenomena of amorous reactions is present for at least two of its three acts. In the easiest manner imaginable, Lawrence lays hold of the stereotyped personages and situations of American comedy-drama and looks truth into them. This truth is not always dramatic, employing the adjective in the boob sense, but it is the ground work of reputable and important comic writing. Fine comedy is ever disconcerting to complacency. Now and again in his effort to make the theatre and life meet on natural ground, Lawrence foozles matters. His attempt to avoid drama and touch life, to remove theatricality from the standard situations and interpret them in terms of the living world, occasionally turns turtle on him and makes him, albeit unintentionally, doubly artificial and theatrical. Of this we have an example in his latest play when the girl about to have a baby by the man she loves rejects his proposal of marriage on the ground that his fancy is fixed elsewhere. Such a girl may exist in drama, but Mr. Lawrence will have to travel a devil of a distance before he finds one in actual life. Again, his notion that he has unearthed a new idea—the newness being thrice emphasized by him during his last act—in the philosophy of rekindling love by a mere pretence of rekindling is hardly what he imagines it to be. May I refer him to the writings of Edouard Pailleron?

VI

The mystery play is always with us. Three new specimens have been produced since the season opened: "The Ghost Train," by Arnold Ridley, mentioned in my review of the London season; "The Donovan Affair," by Owen Davis; and "Number 7," by J. Jefferson Farjeon. All follow familiar tracks; in none of them is there any departure from the old stencils. In no department of theatrical writing is so little imagination and inventiveness shown as in the mystery play. At rare intervals we have a "Sherlock Holmes," a "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a "Bat" or an "Unknown Purple" that works a fresh vein into the venerable materials, but in the general run all that we get is the same laborious and intricate concealment of the identity of a criminal and a last-minute solution that would make even a traffic cop laugh.

It seems strange that the manufacturers of such exhibits do not exercise more ingenuity. The invention that we find among the fiction writers is lacking among the dramatic. There hasn't been a single mystery play produced in the last ten years that has had one-tenth the ingenuity of Melville Davisson Post's "Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason" and "Man of Last

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Resort," or the short story called "The Suicide of Karnos" (I forget the author's name), or Austin's excellent murder stories published in *McClure's Magazine*, or Chesterton's "Father Brown," or the story, printed in the *Strand Magazine*, built around the smashing of an inscribed goblet by a loud orchestral vibration, or William J. Burns' story dealing with the way in which a criminal, against his will and wholly unconscious of outside machination, is persuaded to leave a small village —or of a score or more such tales. Instead of hitting off in new directions, the mystery play writers stick complacently to the ancient formulæ. The curtain goes up on the discovery of a man found murdered and suspicion is made to fall elaborately and senselessly upon everyone, with the eleventh hour disclosure that the crime was committed by the last person in the world who would conceivably have committed it in actual life. The curtain rises on a supposed haunted house, the strange goings-on in which terrorize the inhabitants until 10:45, at which hour it is revealed that the occult phenomena have been produced by electric switches hidden behind a secret panel and manipulated by the villain. The curtain is pulled aloft and, after two hours of mystery monkeyshines, the profoundest idiot among the characters is revealed to be a detective master-mind in disguise. Thus, year in and year out, it goes. Yet the slightest exertion on the part of the gentlemen who confect such boob delicatessen might be productive of something less stereotyped. In any book of parlor magic they might find a dozen or more ideas that might be developed into fresh theatrical stuff. (If the theme called "Zeno," produced a couple of years ago, had been handled by a man experienced in playwriting, it would have proved lively and interesting mystery pastime.) Surely, there are some fetching suggestions in the prestidigitator tomes, as a glance at them will show. In the book compiled from "Science and Invention" there are no less than twenty tricks and illusions that might profitably and divertingly be incorporated into the mystery-play form. There are, also, the astonishing chemical discoveries of James Millar Neil, the Canadian, that offer a wealth of excellent material for such theatrical purposes. But the playwrights persist in going on with the same old trap-doors, phosphorescent ghosts, busts of Buddha, suits of armor that suddenly move, and cabbaged pearl necklaces.

VII

Brief mention. "Just Life," by John Bowie, is trash. "Henry's Harem," by Frederick Ballard and Arthur Stern, is trash. "Kept," by Pierre Gendron, is trash. "She Couldn't Say No," by B. M. Kaye, is trash. "Honest Liars," by Robert Weenolsen and Sherrill Webb, is trash. "My Country," by William J. Perlman, is trash. "The Adorable Liar," by Roy Briant and Harry Durant, is trash. "No Trespassing," by John Hunter Booth, is trash. "Two Girls Wanted," by Gladys Unger, is trash. "Broadway," by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, is an excellent piece of reporting and a very good melodrama. I shall say more about it anon.

The best scores of the early season are those of Oscar Straus, in "Naughty Riquette," and Emmerich Kalmann, in "Countess Maritza." Straus has turned out as fetching a waltz as has come from Vienna in many a day, and Kalmann has written a score quite as good as that of "Sari."

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THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Three Lively Lives

THROUGH MANY WINDOWS, by Helen Woodward. $2.50. 8⅛ x 5¼; 387 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

BRAWNYMAN, by James Stevens. $2.50. 8⅛ x 5¼; 323 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

UP FROM METHODISM, by Herbert Asbury. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 174 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

WHO ever heard of a bad autobiography? That is, a bad *honest* one? I can scarcely imagine it. Even the story of a nun immersed in a suburban convent, or of a bookkeeper chained to his stool, or of a mail-order pantaloons agent in a remote country town—even so dull and uneventful a story, done simply and with candor, would hold the reader as no novel save the best could hold him. For there is a dreadful fascination about the truth. It alarms and annoys the absurd bladders of unstable colloids who rove and pollute the earth, masquerading in God's image, but at the same time it arrests and enchants them. They simply cannot resist it, hideous though it be. No man in this world, telling the truth, ever got popular thereby, but no such man ever went disregarded.

I thus predict brisk sales for all of the three books here under notice, for each is as transparently honest and convincing as the kick of a mule. Why Mr. Stevens, in his brilliantly vivid account of his early manhood in the Northwest, should try to conceal himself under the stage name of James Tanner, is quite beyond me: he will deceive no one. Some of his chapters, in fact, have been printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY under his own name, and I daresay that most readers remember them: they deal with his boyhood in an Idaho town and his first adventures in a logging-camp. Here they are reinforced by many others, all full of the same unaffected innocence and sincerity, all extraordinarily interesting and charming. They carry him from adolescence to years of what passes in the world for discretion, and cover all the thrilling and complicated experiences that come normally to a lively and enterprising young man. He is initiated, like a young savage, into the tribe; he feels ambition stirring within him; he sees strange places and meets strange people; he rises out of apprenticeship into mastery; he becomes aware of women. It is a story packed with fascinating detail, and it seems as overwhelmingly true as a thumb-print. This Mr. Stevens can write. His book of Paul Bunyan yarns, reviewed in this place in June, 1925, revealed a neophyte of the utmost promise. That promise now begins to be fulfilled.

Mrs. Woodward tells a far different story. Its scene is not the Northwestern woods, but Manhattan Island, and there is no struggle with elemental forces in it but only a long, hard battle for economic security. Nevertheless, it is quite as interesting, and even more instructive. The author started out as a badly equipped stenographer, with an air of foreignness hanging about her and a great diffidence to make it worse; she ended as one of the most successful women ever heard of in the advertising business in New York, with slaves to leap at her whim and the income of a Broadway bootlegger. How did she manage it? Her own answer, I fear, will make a lot of trouble for the office managers of the nation, for she shows that she got on, at least very largely, by flouting all the canons of discipline. She came to work late; she picked and chose her tasks; she indulged herself in various other eccentricities of temperament. What she modestly conceals is the fact that she got away

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with that sort of thing because she was a young woman of really extraordinary ability. She could do things that no one else in sight could do, and so her rewards were large and her privileges extensive. Her narrative is full of shrewd observations. The American business man is no hero to her, but a naïve and somewhat pathetic fellow. She sees through his throbbing head. She is privy to his childish vanities. She knows precisely how to manage him. But, as I hint, her iconoclasm needed a touch of genius to make it safe and effective: a lesser personality would have come to grief. Her book is an excellent piece of writing—clear, well-ordered, and full of felicitous phrases. Her style is not a mere gift of God; she acquired it by long and hard efforts to write advertisements that would fetch home the bacon. It suggests the thought that the American literati of tomorrow will probably come out of advertising offices, instead of out of newspaper offices, as in the past. The advertisement writers, in fact, have already gone far ahead of the reporters. They choose their words more carefully; they are better workmen, if only because they have more time for good work. I predict formally that they will produce a great deal of the sound American literature of tomorrow. The reporters will write the movie scenarios and Western stories.

Mr. Asbury's "Up From Methodism" is made up, in part, of matter that has been printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY in the form of articles, but he has made many additions to his narrative, and it now tells a coherent and extremely interesting story. In brief, it is the history of a young man bred to evangelical Christianity who revolts against its fraudulences and imbecilities, and so goes flying into the Bad Lands of doubt. The name of Asbury is to Methodism what that of Darwin is to science. The first American Asbury, Francis by name and a Bishop by rank, organized the Methodist Church among us, and remains its chief hero to this day. Many other Asburys have served it as preachers, and the author of the present book was told off, in youth, for the sacred office. He turned out, unfortunately, to be intelligent, and so the pulpit lost him, and he is now anathema to all good Methodists, along with the Pope and the Devil. His story has the immensely unpleasant quality, from their standpoint, of being written from behind the scenes. What he says cannot be controverted by evidence; he is, in a way, an expert upon the subject he discusses. Characteristically, the outraged brethren call upon the secular arm to help them in their war upon him. When one of his chapters was printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY a furious effort was made to suppress the magazine. That effort failed, though very powerful influences were summoned to support it, but there will be other forays, no doubt, against the book. But it will make its way. It comes at a time of rising rebellion against the evangelical tyranny. Especially in the South and Middle West, where that tyranny is still strong, the younger generation is in a state of revolt. It is outraged by the effort to put down intelligence by force; it is sick of the whole obscene imposture. The facts set forth in "Up From Methodism" will give force and direction to its discontent. The book is a small one, but I believe that it will have a powerful and lasting influence. Mr. Asbury, like Mr. Stevens and Mrs. Woodward, writes very skillfully. His style is simple, but full of eloquence. He is without artifice and yet very persuasive. He will be heeded.

Certain Works of Fiction

TAMPICO, by Joseph Hergesheimer. $2.50. 7⅜ x 4⅞; 328 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THE KEEN DESIRE, by Frank B. Elser. $2. 7½ x 5⅛; 335 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

SWEEPINGS, by Lester Cohen. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 447 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

JARNEGAN, by Jim Tully. $2. 7⅜ x 5; 265 pp. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni.*

IOWA INTERIORS, by Ruth Suckow. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 285 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

SHORT TURNS, by Barry Benefield. $2. 7⅜ x 5; 328 pp. New York: *The Century Company.*

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Of these books, the only one that seems dull to me is Mr. Cohen's "Sweepings." It bears the air of an enterprise a bit beyond the author's skill. What he essays to do is to tell the whole story of the rise and fall of a New England family; in general plan his story is not unlike Charles Norris' "Pig Iron," which it also resembles in certain important details. But Mr. Cohen's store of observation is not sufficient to carry him through. Before he has gone fifty pages his characters begin to stiffen, and after that the thing is less a chronicle of human beings than an elaborate and somewhat improbable fable. What he lacks is to be found in Mr. Tully's "Jarnegan" and Mr. Elser's "The Keen Desire." Both of these writers manage their stories badly —Mr. Elser by over-using the device of projecting his hero's acts against a background of his hero's thoughts, and Mr. Tully by succumbing to the charms of a moving-picture ending. But both see into character with sharp eyes, and know how to make it real. Is Mr. Tully's bombastic movie director preposterous—a figure out of the Middle Ages, set down in Hollywood to prey upon pie-faced gals and thrill and terrify honest Ashkenazim? Is it obvious to even the meanest understanding that his gaudy triumph at the end should have been a defeat—that such a man, in so hostile an environment, is bound to succumb—that depicting such ironical disasters is the chief business of first-rate fiction? Then the answer is that the fellow somehow lives and breathes. Tully's belief in him is so complete that the reader is bound to pick up some of it. The story is immensely interesting—a bravura piece done at high pressure. There is a great deal more than a picturesque past in Tully; he has begun to learn his trade.

Elser has written other novels, but none to be compared to "The Keen Desire." His story here is the familiar one of a young newspaper man who takes the high mission of journalism with gravity, and is gradually disillusioned by the cowardice and venality of his superiors. It is by no means, however, a mere exercise in cynicism. Young Martin Lavery, after depressing adventures on various small and snide newspapers in his native Southwest, makes his way to New York and there gets a job on the *Sun* of the days before the Munsey deluge. What he finds there is not exactly Utopia, but it is at least an air that he can breathe. He sees at last that the compromises and hypocrisies of journalism are not all due to the knavishness of editors—that many of them are made necessary by the very nature of things. So when we leave him he is contented enough, and a solid success seems to be ahead of him. But meanwhile, his going has been hard in another department—that of amour. The climax shows him saddled with a girl he has outgrown, and thrown over by one he yearns for. It seems to me that his adventures here are depicted with great insight and unfailing skill. As I have said, Mr. Elser overworks the device of turning swiftly from the boy's objective experiences to his inner soarings; at the end there is a scene in which this device actually leads to confusion and misunderstanding. But otherwise he manages his story very competently, and it is immensely better than any of its predecessors. Like Tully, he has a sensitive feeling for character. His young Lavery is a trivial fellow, but extraordinarily real.

Miss Suckow's "Iowa Interiors" and Mr. Benefield's "Short Turns" exhibit the American short story at the two poles of its latest development. Mr. Benefield, I suppose, derives from Maupassant. His stories are essentially well-made and situation is more important in them than character. Such a piece as "Daughters of Joy" is, within its limits, a capital piece of work, but after all, Maupassant said most of it long ago. In Miss Suckow's stories situation is usually of small significance: the salient thing is the anatomizing of character. Who among us can manage that business with greater penetration and understanding, with a finer feeling for the tragedy of everyday, with a more moving

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evocation of simple poetry? Who, indeed, at home or abroad, has ever published a better first book of short stories than this one? Of its sixteen stories, not one is bad —and among the best there are at least five masterpieces. I mean by a masterpiece a story that could not imaginably be improved—one in which the people are overwhelmingly real, and not a word can be spared. All of these people are simple Iowa peasants. In other hands they would slide inevitably into stock types, ludicrous and artificial. But Miss Suckow differentiates them sharply, and into every one she breathes something of the eternal tragedy of man. Her talent is not unlike that of Sherwood Anderson, but her mind is more orderly than his: she gropes and guesses less, and is hence more convincing. There are moments when he far surpasses her, but her average, it seems to me, is at least as high as his. She is unquestionably the most remarkable woman now writing short stories in the Republic; all the rest, put beside her, seem hollow and transparent. Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, in an absurd preface to the Benefield book, discusses the "distinguished talents" that have adorned the American short story "during the past ten years." He names Anderson, Benefield, Manuel Komroff and Ernest Hemingway —and forgets Ruth Suckow. It is an imbecility worth remembering.

"Tampico" presents a sort of extension of the theme of "Cytherea." In the latter Lee Randon elopes with Savina Grove—and begins to repent the instant the train pulls out. In "Tampico" another Lee Randon, this time named Govett Bradier, does his repenting a trifle sooner, and so never elopes with Vida Corew at all. The two stories have another thing in common: in each the grotesque farce is played out against a forbidding tropical background. But here again "Tampico" goes a step further than "Cytherea," for instead of stopping with the relatively civilized cane country of Cuba it takes the whole company to the sinister and noisome oil coast of Eastern Mexico, with the lightnings of revolution playing along the sky. Is it currently believed that Hergesheimer is a mere literary elegant, concerned only with satins, perfumes, rouges and drawing-rooms? Then here he gives a blow to that doctrine, for it is his business to evoke, not the polite and beauteous, but the hideous, and he does it with easy skill and vast effect. One somehow feels the greasy, paralyzing heat of that loathsome coast, and senses the menace that arises out of its dripping jungles and bubbling pools. There is always a murder around the corner, and malaria hangs over the whole scene. If the people are ever gay, it is with the macabre gayety of a *Totentanz:* sudden death is a part of their daily experience, as horrible sweating is. The story, to me, is not as interesting as "Cytherea." For one thing, Vida Corew lacks the amorous plausibility of Savina Grove: it is difficult to imagine even a man with chills and fever succumbing to her. Nor has Bradier the magnificent innocence of Randon. But if Hergesheimer is not here at his best, he is still thoroughly Hergesheimer. The book is full of the glow that he knows how to get into a narrative. It is carefully designed. There is color in every line of it.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HERBERT ASBURY'S *first book, "Up From Methodism," has just appeared.*

CATHARINE BRODY *is a frequent contributor to the reviews. She is a former newspaper woman.*

GIUSEPPE CAUTELA *is an Italian and has been writing English less than five years. He is now living in Brooklyn.*

VIRGINIUS DABNEY *was born in 1901 in Virginia, and is a graduate of the State university there. He is on the staff of the Richmond* News Leader.

H. L. DAVIS *was born in 1894 in Yoncalla, Oregon.*

LELAND DAVIS *was born in 1895, and is now living in Twin Rocks, Oregon.*

BERNARD DE VOTO *is an instructor of English at Northwestern University. His new novel, "The Chariot of Fire," has just been published.*

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL *is a Kansan. He is now managing editor of the McNaught Syndicate, New York.*

RICHARD DYE *is an Ohioan. He was formerly a college tutor, but is now in newspaper work.*

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER (MRS. CHARLES E. FULLER) *has lived in Oregon for the past twenty years.*

FRANCIS HACKETT *is the well-known critic and novelist. He is now in Europe.*

ELEANOR HAMMOND (MRS. LELAND DAVIS) *lives at Portland, Oregon.*

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER *is the well-known novelist. His latest book, "Tampico," was just published.*

FRANCES HOLMSTROM *was born in Michigan in 1881, and is now living in Oregon.*

GENERAL ELI L. HUGGINS, U.S.A., *has had a long and distinguished military career. He served with great gallantry in the Civil War, in the Indian wars, in China and in the Philippines, and holds the Congressional Medal of Honor. In October, 1880, he received the surrender of Rain in the Face. He was born in Illinois in 1842 and retired from the Army in 1903.*

WALTER EVANS KIDD *is twenty-one years old and a native of Oregon.*

BORGHILD LUNDBERG LEE *was born in Norway, and came to this country at the age of nineteen.*

QUEENE B. LISTER *was born in Chicago, but has lived for a long time in Oregon.*

WILLIAM MCFEE *is the author of "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," "Command" and other books. He is now living at Westport, Conn.*

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER, LITT.D., *is the author of a number of historical and other books.*

HELEN PARK *was born in Idaho in 1899, but has lived in Oregon for many years.*

HENRY F. PRINGLE *is on the staff of the New York* World.

GRACE SIBLEY *was born in 1907 in Pennsylvania, but since the age of two has lived in Oregon.*

MARGARET SKAVLAN *is twenty-two years old and a graduate of the University of Oregon.*

IRENE STEWART *was born in Lake county, Oregon, in 1900, and attended the State university.*

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Editorial NOTES

The poems of the Oregon Poets in this issue were mainly unearthed by Mr. Charles Oluf Olsen, of Portland. Mr. Olsen is himself a remarkable man. Born in Denmark fifty-four years ago, and coming to America in 1888, he labored in an iron works for five years, and then became a blacksmith. He worked at that trade for more than ten years, travelling all over the Far West. Marrying in 1922, he was forced to settle down. When he found it impossible to get a job as a blacksmith in Portland, he took to writing, and is now doing feature articles for the *Morning Oregonian*, technical articles for the lumber journals, and a certain amount of fiction and verse.

There is a great deal of versifying among the youngsters of Oregon, and some of them are beginning to attract attention in the East. Most of the newspapers of the State give space to original poetry, and there are a number of local magazines devoted to it, among them the *Lariat*, of Salem, edited by Col. E. Hofer; the *Spectator* of Portland, edited by Hugh Hume, and the *Oregon Magazine* of Salem, edited by Albert Richard Wetjen. There is also the *Emerald*, published at the State university at Eugene. The Albany *Democrat-Herald* gives two pages of its Saturday edition to local poets and other writers. The State is full of poetry societies, among them the Oregon Writers' League, the Northwest Poetry Society of Portland, and the Salem Arts League.

In the December issue, which will close the third year of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, there will be printed a report upon its

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However storms may interfere with travel, telephone operators are at their posts

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So commonly used is the telephone that it has come to be taken for granted. Like the air they breathe, people do not think of it except when in rare instances they feel the lack of it.

Imagine the seventeen million American telephones dumb, and the wires dead. Many of the every-day activities would be paralyzed. Mails, telegraphs and every means of communication and transportation would be overburdened. The streets and elevators would be crowded with messengers. Newspaper men, doctors, policemen, firemen and business men would find themselves facing conditions more difficult than those of fifty years ago, before the telephone had been invented.

To prevent such a catastrophe is the daily work of three hundred thousand telephone men and women. To maintain an uninterrupted and dependable telephone service is the purpose of the Bell System, and to that purpose all its energy and resources are devoted.

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Send me free California Picture Book and Grand Canyon Folder.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxvi

progress, showing the steady growth of its circulation. There will also be an analysis of its contents during the three years, showing where the authors who have made it were born, where they live, and what their occupations are.

Judging by the MSS. that pass through this office the new schools of short-story writing have almost ruined that delicate and useful art in the United States. The American Mercury is especially eager to print the work of new writers. A great deal of it comes in, and all of it is read with care, and by experts of long experience and great gifts. But they report that they find only bilge. All the newcomers write alike, and in the manner of the hacks who supply the cheap magazines. Every story is well-made, and every one is as hollow as a jug. Such are the effects of pedagogy when it is applied to one of the fine arts. The teachers of short-story writing seem to be unanimously distinguished by their ignorance of the thing they presume to teach. It is as if scenario writers for the movies should set up as professors of the drama, or chiropractors as experts in pathology. But their flaming advertisements fetch the young aspirants, and the result is sadness in all the editorial offices of the United States. The American Mercury, however, still clings to hope. That is, it still examines all MSS. sent to it. Soon or late, perhaps, it will unearth something worth printing. But for a year past it has had to depend for its fiction upon writers of established reputation.

Subscribers whose copies of the magazine go astray, or who have other complaints to make to the Subscription Department, are advised that justice will be done much

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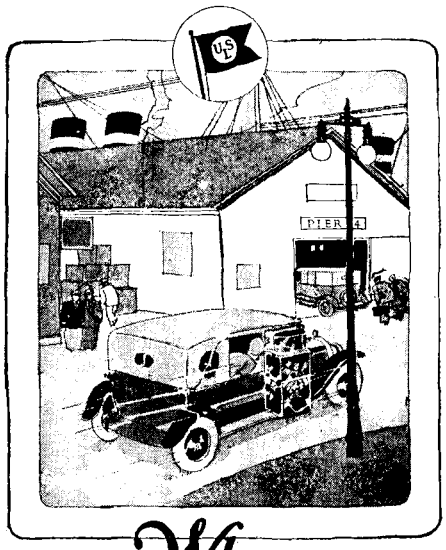

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Editorial NOTES

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more expeditiously if they address their communications to that department, and *not to the Editor*. The editorial office is so flooded with mail relating to its own proper business that getting through the day's work is often extremely difficult. But the Subscription Department handles all business very promptly, and complaints, when they are found to be grounded upon errors chargeable to it, are dealt with instantly. Only too often, alas, it turns out that the complaining subscriber is to blame. He has sent in an insufficient address, or failed to enclose a check with his subscription, or neglected to give his old address in changing to a new one. Sometimes even more lamentable carelessness reveals itself, to the sorrow and scandal of the Subscription Department. It may seem incredible, but it is a solemn fact that an appreciable number of friends of the magazine seem to believe that it is published in Boston. The Postoffice is extraordinarily intelligent and competent in such matters: letters so misaddressed are forwarded to New York at once. But it takes time. And it takes time, too, to recover letters addressed to Baltimore. Much mail is sent to the editor there. Sometimes it lies in his barn for a week. All mail, whatever its character, should be sent to 730 Fifth avenue, New York, and when it contains MSS. it should be addressed simply to The Editor, not to individuals.

In the October number, in the announcement of delicatessen scheduled for this issue, two articles were mentioned that the alert and expectant reader will now look for in vain. They were "The Palmy Days of Methodism," by Herbert Asbury, and "The Moral Law," by William Seagle, two old and valued contributors. They are

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62 days, $600 to $1700
MEDITERRANEAN
s s "Transylvania," sailing Jan. 29

23RD CRUISE; SPAIN (Madrid - Cordova-Granada), 15 DAYS PALESTINE AND EGYPT; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy and the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

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Phelps Bros. & Co., General Agents, 17 Battery Pl., N. Y.
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Editorial NOTES

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missing simply because unforeseen exigencies of make-up forced their omission at the last moment. Such things are bound to happen now and then. Both articles are in type, and both will be printed very shortly. The monthly announcements are printed in the best of faith, but they are necessarily written before the issue dealt with is made up, and once in a great while they list articles that have to be postponed.

A learned customer at the great university of Yale sends in a protest against the use of what he describes as "the bastard and immoral verb, *to loan*," in Mr. Pringle's article, "His Masters' Voice," in the October issue, page 150. Mr. Pringle wrote:

> Mr. Rockefeller testified that Mr. Lee, graciously *loaned* for a time by the Pennsylvania Railroad, had been paid $1,000 a month for his services.

The proper verb, says the Yale gentleman, is *to lend*. *Loan* is the noun. *To loan* is a vulgar Americanism, and without support from philological science. But is this true? The evidence seems to be against it. The New English Dictionary shows that *to loan* was already sound in England so long ago as 1543, for it was used there in that year in a statute of Henry VIII. There is reason to believe, indeed, that it had support more than three centuries earlier. In modern times it has been used constantly by reputable writers, including especially the authors of laws. The courts have painfully defined its meaning. It is thus quite as respectable as *to eat*.

But it must be confessed that an evil flavor still hangs about it, and that many writers of sensitive conscience avoid it rigorously. It is, in fact, under the ban in this office, and Mr. Pringle slipped it into the magazine without protest only because the whole editorial staff was napping. If

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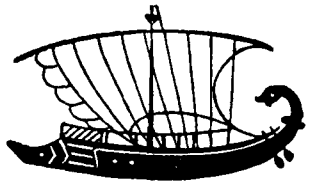

THE NEW MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

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Glorious Islands of Greece

Where the Blue Mediterranean Surpasses Itself

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxii

it had been detected, he would have received a polite remonstrance. Hereafter a special watch will be kept for it. Every time it is found in a MS. a volley of musketry will be fired, and it will be changed to *to lend*.

In Editorial Notes for September an eminent reader in the great city of New York set up a wail for the exact text of the old-time minstrel song, "I Had But Fifty Cents." The following version comes from Professor Gates Thomas, head of the department of English in the Southwest Texas State Teachers College at San Marcos, Texas. He says he heard it sung by a comedian in an itinerant medicine-show at Sherman, Texas, in 1892:

You ought to have seen that little girl I took
to the fancy ball:
A span around her little waist, so neat and very
small;
I thought two oysters sure her appetite would
sate.
She said she wasn't hungry at all, but this is
what she ate:

A dozen raw, a plate of slaw, some fancy Boston
roast,
Some turtle stew, crackers too, some soft-
shelled crab on toast;
Next she tried some oysters fried—her appetite
was immense!
She asked for pie! I thought I should die, for I
had but fifty cents!

After eating all of this she smiled so very sweet;
She said she wasn't hungry at all, she wished
that she could eat.
But the very next order that she gave, my heart
within me sank:
She said she wasn't thirsty at all, but this is
what she drank:

A brandy, a gin, a big hot rum, a schooner of
lager beer,
Some whiskey skins and two more gins did
quickly disappear;

Continued on page lxxvi

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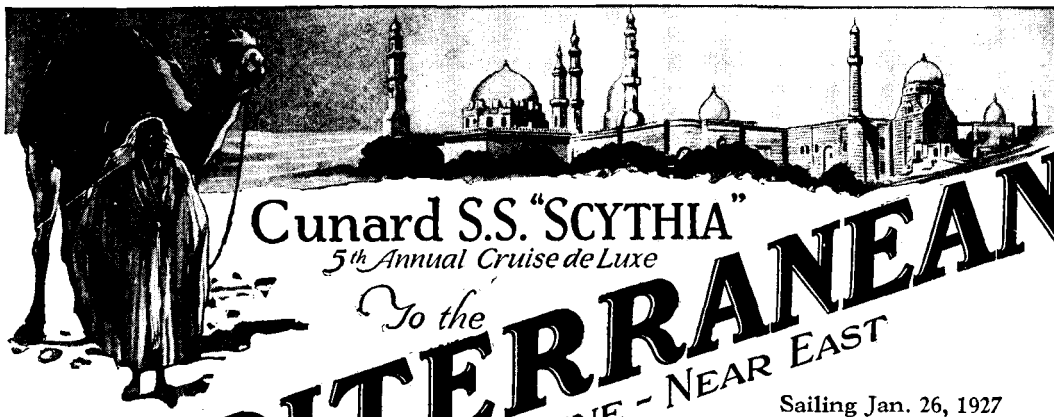

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BOOKS

THE announcement of leading publishers are in the front advertising section (pages 1–64). The new autumn books are presented in these pages.

BOOKS

BOOKSHOPS, here and abroad, dealing in new books, old and rare books, and first editions, which will take care of your book needs either directly or by mail have their announcements in the front advertising section.

BOOKS

THE Literary Bazaar, the new section, will be found on pages 22 and 23 This classified department is a meeting place for collectors and sellers of books, prints, maps, stamps, autographs, etc.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxiv

A bottle of ale, a soda cocktail—she astonished all the gents!
She called for more; I fell on the floor, for I had but fifty cents!

To finish up, this delicate girl cleaned out an ice-cream can;
She says, "Now, Sam, I'll tell Mama you're such a nice young man!"
She said she'd bring her sister along next time she came, for fun;
I handed the man my fifty cents, and this is what he done:

He broke my nose, he tore my clothes, he knocked me out of breath;
I took the prize for two black eyes, he kicked me most to death;
At every chance he made me dance, he fired me o'er the fence.
Take my advice: Don't try it twice, when you have but fifty cents!

Mr. James Robert Munroe, of New Orleans, sends in the following three verses of "One of the Finest," the text of which was requested by the same correspondent:

He's one of the finest police,
The finest police ever known;
In uniform brilliantly shining,
As proud as a queen on her throne.

The ladies all call him their darling,
As he escorts them safe o'er Broadway;
While strolling his beat through the gay busy street,
The people admiringly say—

He's one of the finest, one of the finest,
Guarding their safety and peace;
Brave and courageous, never outrageous,
He's one of the finest police.

Mr. P. S. Allen, of Chicago, has unearthed a very interesting will. It was written sometime in the Twelfth Century, and is known as "Ass's Will" (Testamentum Asini):

Vocem dat cantoribus,
Collum potatoribus,
Virgam dat scholaribus.

Continued on page lxxviii

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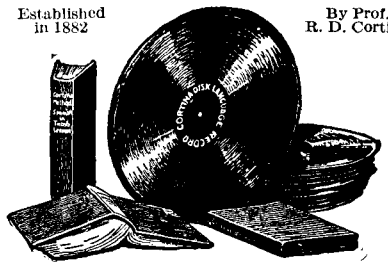

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxvi

An eminent theological scholar of New York, that sink of iniquity, supplies the following remarks about a little discussed branch of American social pathology:

> It is a bit strange that the Community Church and Ethical Culture have received so little notice in the more intelligent type of periodical. They are both full of material worthy of high satire. The first is almost fifty years old, but as yet it has an even smaller membership than the church of the new Messiah, Jiddu Krishnamurti. Its headquarters are at the corner of 34th street and Park avenue, New York, where the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes performs nearly every Sunday morning and evening—except during the Summer, when he usually goes to the country and fills himself with Higher Things in readiness for the Autumn uplift. It has a branch in Boston, which, until recently, was housed in a basement in Boylston street. There is another in Brooklyn and, I believe, a third in Chicago.
>
> The Rev. Dr. Holmes is the recognized Pope of them all, and the other ministers are the diocesan Bishops. In general, the Community Church is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Unitarianism. Its chief customers seem to be young salesmen who have a smattering of Tom Paine's philosophy, and young ladies who are without gentlemen friends. Both of these are convinced that the world is going to hell and that only Brotherhood, the reading of Ibsen and the spread of Birth Control will save it. Whenever a dozen Armenians are killed, or the babies' milk supply in Russia gives out, they at once pass a resolution calling upon the President and Congress to do something about it. When things are extra bad, they write six or seven letters of protest to the newspapers. All this usually gives them much relief.
>
> The Pope of the Ethical Culture movement is the aged Dr. Felix Adler, who writes a book about spiritual values and moral regeneration every other year. His cathedral is in Central Park West, and his audience is made up of the same type of person who bows to the Rev. Dr. Holmes. There is practically no difference between its philosophy and the philosophy of the temple in Park avenue. Of late there has been a drive to unite the two churches, but for some unintelligible reason they remain separate and distinct. The sanctuaries of both are very prosaic things. The atmosphere in them is even less religious than that of a Knights of Pythias hall.

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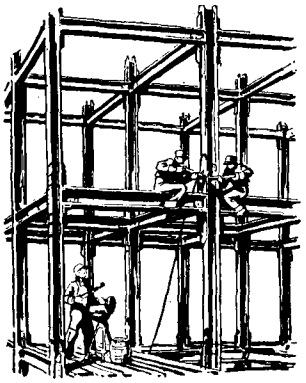
The tense, steel silhouette stretching high against the sky; the mighty network bridge that binds two distant shores; glistening, ribbon-like rails stretching across the continent; monster steam-belching steeds whose racing wheels pound out their rhythmic song of achievement; all acclaim the reign of steel, and mark the vision of men whose foresight and enterprise gave it birth and development. Among these, the humble bobbin-boy who fought his way up to "iron-master," captain of industry and benefactor, ever will rank commandingly as a master of achievement.



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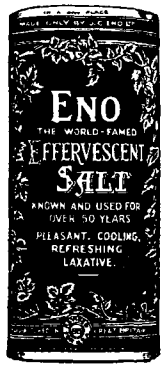

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The BORZOI Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

NOVEMBER, 1926 — BORZOI BOOKS — VOL. VIII. No. 5.

The Orphan Angel

ORIGINALITY, both in conception and in method, is the chief characteristic of *Elinor Wylie's* fiction. Both JENNIFER LORN and THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW displayed this quality in a high degree. Here were subtly satiric fantasies furnished forth with delectable and glittering detail connoting an exactitude of research which yet served always to ornament and never to encumber the unfolding of a unique romance. The background for both tales was the Eighteenth Century. The course of the former was traced from England through the Continent to mysterious Persia. The scene of the latter was Venice, and, again, France. Now, in THE ORPHAN ANGEL, *Elinor Wylie* has left her favorite century for a later period and has hit upon an even stranger and more romantic conception than graced either of her former novels.

The central figure of THE ORPHAN ANGEL is one of the most extraordinary geniuses in all English literature. The fantasy involves the supposition that a combination of odd circumstances enabled him to elude his actual historic fate. The book sweeps into immediate action with an eerie storm at sea, an almost spectral rescue, and the passage of the remarkable central figure into an entirely new and unfamiliar environment. Shortly the scene shifts to America, the America of the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, the United States of Monroe's Presidency in its second term, the United States of the New West and the opening of trade with Santa Fé over the famous Santa Fé trail.

Landing in Boston, the chief character of the story and his boon companion (one who furnishes in his whole heredity and outlook a fascinating foil to the other) adventure westward along the course of empire and on the strangest of quests. An atmosphere at first glance seemingly so alien to *Elinor Wylie's* predilection as that of the pioneering West, for instance, is re-created in a singularly fresh and lively vein. Carefully studied, as is the basic material for all her work, the early American scene vibrates with life and colour, furnishes exquisite humor (especially as

(*Continued on page lxxxii*)

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

The Orphan Angel

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background for her utterly different chief character), and yields new riches to her singular and inimitable treatment. Her native gift for re-creation of the past, rendered doubly glamorous by the persistence of an element of fantasy, has in none of her novels been more admirably displayed. And, as ever, her perfect sense of language, the poetry and subtle wit of her style, illumine every page.

It has been said that the foundation of the world's most absorbing stories is the Journey, the moving on from place to place. Love of such tales is embedded deep in the subconscious of every race, and the true American is essentially a nomad. Superimposed upon this strong fundamental appeal in THE ORPHAN ANGEL we have a strange quest and the mysterious identity of the chief character, which is sure to prove a subject for much discussion. About him move many beguiling and interesting folk affecting his destiny. Whether or not he still lived—and *Elinor Wylie's* own genius sometimes almost convinces us that *her* story, and not literary history, is the fact—here is a brilliantly imagined last chapter of his intensely romantic life, an epilogue so triumphantly conceived and related that it will long fascinate the world.

THE ORPHAN ANGEL has in common with other novels—some of the novels, for instance, of *Willa Cather*, *Hergesheimer*, *Cabell*, and *Dreiser*—only that it could not conceivably have been imagined or written by any one else. It is a permanently valuable part of our literature.

THE ORPHAN ANGEL. *By* ELINOR WYLIE. $2.50 *net.*

The History of Medicine

"ARCHITECTS of today," writes *F. G. Cruikshank* in his introduction to THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE, by *C. G. Cumston*, "even though condemned to give ferro-concrete expression to the spiritual striving of twentieth century post-war commercialism, still needs must recognize the eternal principles bequeathed to us from Greece, from Rome, from Medieval Europe, and indeed from China and Peru. But the Modern Physician, prouder and more complacent than any Architect, while turning the weekly pages of the *British Medical Journal* and *Lancet*, feels he has nothing to learn from the philosophic physicians of Cos, of Alexandria, of Rome, of Baghdad and Cordova, and from the contemporaries—no lesser men than they—of *Dante*, of *da Vinci*, of *Wren* and of *Newton*.

"A tolerant, and usually incorrectly verified allusion in the opening paragraph of an occasional address, that in itself gives renewed presentation to fallacies old before the Pyramids were built, is—too often—the sole tribute paid by Modern Physicians to the History of Medicine.

"Were it otherwise, the Modern Scientist would recharge his fountain pen with less complacency than now, to prescribe for his best patient the latest nostrum forced upon his intelligence by the 'artistic' blotting paper calendars so benevolently and insistently sent him, in the name of Science, by Syndicalized Pharmacists."

If knowledge of the History of Medicine is essential to physicians, of what value is it to the layman? The science of medicine is not yet a closed chapter: no understanding of the ideas current in the medical world today—and the ideas current in no other science or profession possess so great an importance for the layman—is possible without a knowledge of what led up to them.

Dr. Cumston's book in the History of Civilization Series is the first survey of the whole field by an American with the double qualification of historian and practitioner. His book is written both for the student and the general reader. It was he who last year arranged the International Congress for the History of Medicine in Geneva. The emphasis is laid on the broad principles of Hippocrates rather than on the minutiae of historical research.

A HISTORY OF MEDICINE. *By* C. G. CUMSTON, M.D., *with an introduction by* F. G. CRUIKSHANK. $5.00 *net.*

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Confidence for Patients

AN INSTANCE of progress observed in the history of medicine is given by *Nicholas Kopeloff*, Associate in Bacteriology at the Psychiatric Institute, Ward's Island, N. Y., in his book, WHY INFECTIONS? The earliest physiological theory of which we have any record is that of Hippocrates, who believed the body to contain four humors—blood, phlegm, yellow and black bile—which, existing within the limits of reasonable proportions, determined temperament and personality, and which, when unbalanced, brought about disease. This theory, the essence of which, at least in its relation to the determination of personality, is retained in current theories of the endocrine glands, was never seriously questioned until the seventeenth century, when it was replaced not by one notion, but by hundreds contradictory to one another.

It was not until the time of *Pasteur* that a definite and inevitable current was found for medical theory. He formulated "the bacterial or germ theory of infectious diseases which must for ever dominate medicine. No longer could malevolent spirits be held responsible for disease, nor could an improper admixture of the four humors be regarded as the cause of ill health. Disease was but another example of the struggle for existence. It was life preying on life: the invasion of the *macro*-organism by the *micro*-organism."

No one is better qualified to depict this struggle than *Dr. Kopeloff*. WHY INFECTIONS? tells a fascinating story from a point of view in which sanity and learning predominate, and the result, through its thorough study of the conditions determining the need for operations on the teeth, tonsils, and other organs, will be the ability of the reader, not indeed to treat his own case, but to understand better the treatment he is receiving.

WHY INFECTIONS? IN TEETH, TONSILS, AND OTHER ORGANS. *By* NICHOLAS KOPELOFF, PH.D. $2.00 *net.*

Alcohol and Longevity

"THE investigation which this book principally recounts has occupied my attention intermittently during the past six years," writes *Raymond Pearl*, author of ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY. "My interest in the general biological effects of alcohol goes back to 1914, when I began the study of its racial influence upon the domestic fowl. The present study of the relation of alcohol to longevity is really a direct outgrowth of that early work. Everyone said that alcohol shortened human life. But alcoholized fowls lived longer than those which got nothing but plain food and water. The torturing curiosity engendered by this apparent discrepancy in the behavior of two forms of life, in some other respects biologically quite similar to each other, only now finds relief as this book is finished."

Dr. Pearl is the director of the Institute of Biological Research at the Johns Hopkins University. In a previous book, THE BIOLOGY OF POPULATION GROWTH, he made an ingenious and conclusive use of statistical methods in biological theory. He took the figures for the rise and fall of populations where those figures were accurately known and where few outside conditions had tampered with the fundamental conditions of population.

In his new book, ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY, he has again used the statistical method. He presents life tables in detail for persons known to have been total abstainers, moderate drinkers, and heavy drinkers, on the evidence of statistics carefully collected by trained workers.

The fact is, alcohol acts in three ways, according to the amount consumed and the conditions of consumption: it acts first as a food; taken more carelessly, as a drug; and when taken with utter abandonment, it may act as a poison.

Not only the effects of alcohol on the individual but its effects on the race are taken into consideration. It was shown conclusively by *Dr. Pearl's* experiments that there was no proof of a higher proportion of abnormalities in development among the embryos of alcoholic ancestry than among those of non-alcoholic ancestry, and there has never been evidence to prove that alcohol produced any specific alteration of the germ plasm, as would be demanded by any supposition that an acquired character has been inherited.

The extensive literature in the field is critically reviewed, but the contribution of the book is original. The results in some particulars are entirely unexpected, but careful study of the material proves its critical value. In view of the popular misconceptions as to the biological effects of alcohol, the book should make a wide appeal at this time.

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY. *By* RAYMOND PEARL, *author of "The Biology of Population Growth."* $3.50 *net.*

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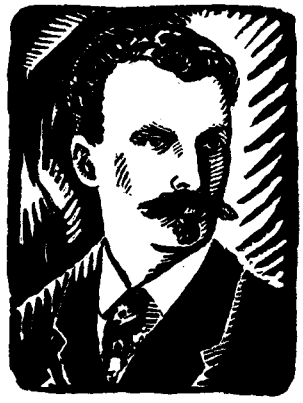

The Life of Maupassant

ALTHOUGH every nineteenth-century writer of half *Maupassant's* importance has been interpreted and biographised to the point of prolixity, *Maupassant* has had few biographers. Even in French there is only one biography, in spite of the thirty years that have gone by since his death. The reason for this has been the impossibility of securing the facts. The surviving members of *Maupassant's* family have rigorously suppressed the facts of his career, have jealously guarded the secret that underlay his life.

Thus *Ernest Boyd's* biography is a pioneering work. He was obliged to find the material not in the collation of a vast bibliography—the usual method of writing the life of a great writer dead thirty years—but in the piecing together of isolated incidents, producing the continuous story embodying all the known facts. In many cases an episode left identities obscure, and it lay with *Mr. Boyd* to discover from an authoritative source the identity of a personage whose importance becomes apparent in a different connection altogether.

For instance, an anecdote related by *Maupassant's* valet tells of an American woman who, in the course of a visit to *Maupassant's* family, scandalised the valet by asking him to bring her breakfast to her bedroom. Only through the extraordinary similarity of the valet's description of this lady and the description of *Blanche Roosevelt* in *Frank Harris's* contemporary portrait of *Maupassant* could *Mr. Boyd* discover that the one who stayed with *Maupassant's* family was the same as the one who accompanied *Maupassant* in England and who wrote the only record of his English visit.

A more important instance of *Mr. Boyd's* process concerns the identity of another woman, on account of whose presence in his house on Christmas Eve *Maupassant* broke his engagement to spend Christmas with his mother—the last Christmas before he went insane. So much, excepting the woman's identity, is admitted by the surviving members of his family. But who was the woman? It is known that there was one who maintained close relations with the author throughout many years—the original, indeed, of the heroine of NOTRE CŒUR, which *Mr. Boyd* disposes as "the final reflection of the author as the great lover of fashionable ladies." This woman, who has always been referred to otherwise than by her name, went to visit *Maupassant* at the asylum in Passy, not far from where they had met. This fact, and the description of the woman, which *Mr. Boyd* took from so remote a source as an unsigned article written twenty-six years ago in a French review, establishes her as the same as the one who had interrupted *Maupassant's* plan to spend his last Christmas with his mother.

The reason why *Maupassant's* family have guarded the secret of *Maupassant's* life is precisely the reason why *Mr. Boyd's* biography possesses such extraordinary interest. For what the family has kept secret is exactly what is most arresting in *Maupassant's* life. *Mr. Boyd* has been able to trace the hidden horror which has so carefully been concealed. He has plotted the curve of the author's physical life, on which, it is clear, the curve of his literary career is consequent—the development of what led to his disintegration into the three *Maupassants*, "a fine writer, an ass, and a very sick man," and ended in insanity and death.

Mr. Boyd edited all and translated most of the BORZOI *de Maupassant*, complete in eighteen volumes and recognized by critics as the best English edition of Maupassant's works.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. *By* ERNEST BOYD, author of "*Ireland's Literary Renaissance*," etc. $4.00 *net.*

Primitive Italy

"THE reader will be struck by two seeming contradictory merits in this volume—scientific caution and power of reconstruction. What a contrast exists between the old-time histories, which seemed definite because they were partly invented, and the history of today, full of gaps, studded with notes of interrogation, but capable of perfection! On the origins of Rome 'we know little,' says *L. Homo*, 'but we are beginning to be well grounded. Beneath its modest mien our progress has been great, and hopes are greater still.' The good historian distin-

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guishes between what is known, what is unknown provisionally, and what must in all likelihood remain unknown for ever. He rejects ill-founded hypotheses and paradoxical theses. But he avoids narrow specialism. He makes use of all sources of information. Knowledge of general history and experience of contemporary life help him to interpret the past. It is at bottom humanity which interests him in this or that human group. And so Rome's individuality here appears in the woof of history, linked to the past and the future, weaving in that woof among the contingencies durable creations which answer to the necessities of the people's life, and on which we must insist—political organization and legal organization."—*From the Foreword by Henri Berr.*

PRIMITIVE ITALY. *By* L. HOMO. *Translated by* V. GORDON CHILDE. *In the History of Civilization Series.* $6.00 *net.*

Evolution and the Future

FROM *Raymond Pearl's* experiments concerning the effects of alcohol on heredity we receive one instance of the enormous importance of precise evolutionary knowledge. This importance, paradoxically enough, is apt to be overlooked even by the most strenuous opponents of fundamentalist attacks upon evolution. It is easy for a public-spirited modernist to emphasize the truth of the evolutionary hypothesis, at the same time forgetting that to understand some of its applications to life is altogether as important as to believe in its general soundness.

The latest discoveries of biology concerning evolution and heredity are explained, and their importance to every layman's activity verified, by *Professor Julian Huxley*, of New College, Oxford, in his ESSAYS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. The word evolution is the property of the man in the street; the word chromosome is seldom heard.

But if the opinion of the man in the street as to the teaching of evolution be of any value, he must learn the word chromosome as well. The chromosomes are the agents of heredity. The behavior of the chemical particles in which hereditary factors are contained is the subject with which *Professor Huxley* is concerned. The strides made by recent biological discoveries enable him to explain the elements in chromosomes that determine sex, the inheritance of acquired characters, and even so specific a problem as why more boy babies die than girls.

ESSAYS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. *By* JULIAN HUXLEY, *author of "Essays of a Biologist."* $2.50 *net.*

A Deputy Was King

G. B. Stern's new novel, although complete in itself, carries on the fortunes of Toni, the fascinating heroine of THE MATRIARCH. It also chronicles the further doings of the twentieth-century generation of Rakonitzes, and the keen drama which develops when Lorraine, a hitherto unknown member of the tribe, suddenly comes into conflict with her young cousins. Toni breaks away at last from the domination of the family and the urgent claims of the business she has built up, and, abandoning both, marries an Englishman, Giles Goddard, comfortably off, and on the surface casual, lazy, and unemotional. You wonder how this marriage, counter race and counter temperament, is going to work out, especially when at first Toni yields herself entirely to the bewitchment of being spoilt and having the careless good time she has always longed for, but of which she feels she has hitherto been cheated. But when trouble comes, her inherent qualities of loyalty, sacrifice, and leadership rise above her temporary lapse into selfishness and extravagance, till we leave her in 1926, having bade farewell to the cities where she has always lived, to return to the land, amid the vineyards and olives of the South, very much as did her great-great grandmother in Hungary; and instinctively following tradition and taking her place as the new matriarch of the family.

A DEPUTY WAS KING, though typical of this author's special gifts of handling groups without ever confusing the individuals, and full of shrewd wit and brilliant character-study, yet touches a far deeper note of humanity, and shows a keener power of psychological insight, than ever before. The story too is full-bodied, long, leisurely in parts but always powerful; and it rises to moments of enormous emotional intensity. Giles Goddard, Toni's husband, is perhaps the surprise of the book, when he unexpectedly reveals his strength, and disabuses Toni of her fundamental conviction that "men were no good."

A DEPUTY WAS KING. *By* G. B. STERN, *author of "The Matriarch," "Thunderstorm," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

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Jacket for "The Orphan Angel"

Publishing Announcements

BEGINNING late this season, *Alfred A. Knopf* will publish at the rate of a volume a month the Novels and Tales of BENJAMIN DISRAELI. This is the first complete set of *Disraeli* to be published in the United States, containing even some stories never reissued; to each volume there is an introduction by *Philip Guedalla*. There will be twelve volumes in all, as follows:

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POPANILLA AND OTHER TALES (1827–1836)
CONTARINI FLEMING (1832)
ALROY (1833)
HENRIETTA TEMPLE (1837)
VENETIA (1837)
CONINGSBY (1839)
SYBIL (1845)
TANCRED (1847)
LOTHAIR (1870)
ENDYMION (1880), *with the posthumous fragment*

* * *

THE SCIENCE AND METHOD OF POLITICS, by *G. E. G. Catlin*, Assistant Professor of Government at Cornell University, will be published late this fall or early next spring.

* * *

THE MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, by *Herman Bang*, translated by *A. G. Chater*, will be published next year.

* * *

The biography of ROBERT SMITH in Volume III of THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY, originally announced as by *Bernard C. Steiner* and *Charles C. Tansill*, should be credited entirely to *Charles C. Tansill*.

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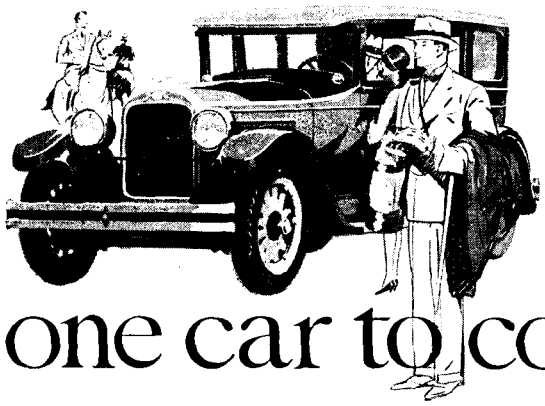

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Other Contents:

THE CATHOLIC PRESS — *By William C. Murphy, Jr.*

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